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“ Ships lately from the islands came,  
With wines, thou never heard’st their name.  
Montefiasco, Frontiniac,  
Vernaccio, and that old sack  
Young Herrie took to entertaine  
The muses in a sprightly vein.”

To Parson Weeks, an Invitation to London.  
*Musarum Deliciæ*, 1656.

And then *Flaccus Horace*,  
He was but a sowr-ass,  
And good for nothing but *Lyrics*;  
There’s but One to be found  
In all English ground  
Writes as well;—who is hight Robert Herick.

*Naps upon Parnassus*, 1658, *Sign. a 3 verso*.





Tempora cinxisset Foliorum densior umbra:  
Debetur Genio laurea Sylva tuo.  
Tempora et illa tibi mollis redimisset Oliva:  
Scilicet exclusis Versibus Arma tuis.  
Amicos Antiqua Novis, Succunda Severis:  
Hinc Juvenis luceat, Tæmina, Virgo Senex  
Ut solo minor es Phæbo, sic major es Unus  
Omnibus Ingenio, Mente Lepore, Stylo.

W. Marshall Fecit.

scripsit IHC.W.M

# HESPERIDES

THE POEMS AND OTHER REMAINS  
OF ROBERT HERRICK NOW  
FIRST COLLECTED.

EDITED BY  
W. CAREW HAZLITT.



*VOLUME THE FIRST.*

LONDON  
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH  
SOHO SQUARE

1869



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TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

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## PREFACE.



WO or three years ago, I had several conversations with the publisher of the present edition of Herrick's works on the subject of a new and improved issue of the *Hesperides* and other Poems. The publisher has had it indeed in his thoughts for a very long time to reprint the book; but his plan, unluckily, did not extend beyond a mere *verbatim* copy of the two volumes, which appeared under the auspices of the late Mr. Singer in 1846.<sup>1</sup> I believe that he subsequently, on the representations of myself and others, was induced to enlarge his scheme to the extent of including in an Appendix the few pieces found in the Ashmolean and Rawlinson MSS. But much more was capable of being done for Herrick; and it appeared to me, that it was emphatically desirable that no new edition of the poet should be allowed to pass the press without such additions and corrections as I and others felt to be necessary and feasible.

Thus stood the question, when it came to my knowledge, that the "*Hesperides*" and "*Noble Numbers*" were printed off, and that the volume was expected to be *out* very shortly. Under these circumstances and at this stage it was that I presumed, in the absence of any one else, to interpose, and I

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Singer's "*Biographical Notice*" is little more than a lame paraphrase of that attached to the edition of 1823.

prevailed on the publisher to put the book into my hands, and to postpone its appearance, until it could be rendered a little worthier of the poet, whose delightful compositions it enshrines.

Very numerous emendations and augmentations have now, as will be seen, been introduced into the preliminary pages, and many errors by Nichols, Singer, and others, have been rectified. I think it just to remark, that there is very little, if any thing, however, in my new notes and particulars, which it would not have been practicable for my predecessors to have obtained and utilized, if they had chosen *to take the trouble*. I have indicated my share in the Memoir and Notes by insertions between brackets.

It is strange enough that none of the editors of Herrick should have observed, that in the first and subsequent impressions of "*Witts Recreations*," 1640, &c are printed a considerable number of pieces by this writer, some common to the miscellany mentioned and to "*Hesperides*," others peculiar to the former, yet (if my opinion be correct) unquestionably from the same pen. Those which fall within the latter category are as follow :—

1. On Julias Weeping.
2. On a Beautifull Virgin.
3. On Chloris Walking in the Snow.
4. A Loving Bargain.
5. To Celia Weeping.
6. The Wake.
7. Domina Margarita Sandis. Anagr., &c.

These now form part of the Appendix. Six or eight other poems also occur, but the text presents no noticeable variations from that given in the common printed collection. The titles, however, sometimes differ. The poem headed in *Hesperides* "*A Short Hymne to Venus*" is called in *Witts Recreations* "*A Vow to Cupid*;" the verses in

Hesperides "To the Maides to Walke Abroad," are entitled in the other book "Abroad with the Maids," the stanzas addressed in Hesperides "To Electra," and beginning

" 'Tis ev'ning, my sweet ——"

are in the Recreations directed "To Julia;" and (not to enter into longer particulars) the well-known poem of "The Wake" is called in the Recreations "Alvar and Anthea," while a couple of stanzas which follow with the heading "The Wake," do not seem to be inserted at all in Hesperides.

In Harl. MS. 6917, are copies of the Epithalamium on Sir Clipesby Crewe; of the song beginning

"Good morrow to the day so faire——"

and twelve apparently unpublished lines headed "Upon Parting." The former I have given in the Appendix as the text exhibited important changes, an entire stanza in the "Epithalamium" having seemingly dropped out of the printed copy. In Add. MS. 11,811 in the British Museum, are other poems by Herrick. One of these is "The Fairy King," and as it struck me as most probably one of the series of elvish lyrics composed by Herrick (although inserted in the MS. under another name), I have included it in the Appendix with a second copy of the same production preserved in MS. Ashmole 38, with the title of "King Oberon's Apparel."

Harl. MS. 3865 is said to contain poems by Herrick, by a misprint in the Index to that collection. The article in question is the well-known copy of Henryson's Scottish *Æsop*.

In the Appendix are likewise given the fourteen letters addressed by the poet to his uncle during 1613-17.

Many of Herrick's pieces are copied almost word for word, without acknowledgment, by Henry Bold

in his "Wit a Sporting, in a Pleasant Grove of New Fancies," a trashy volume printed in 1657, 8vo. A Greek version of the poem, "On Celia Weeping," was inserted in a rare volume by Henry Stubbe of Christ Church, Oxford, entitled, "*Deliciæ Poetarum Anglicanorum in Græcum versæ*," Oxon. 1658, 8vo.; but it is here headed "*Julia Weeping*," under which name occurs also in "Witts Recreations" a distinct little poem, or rather epigram, extending only to a single couplet.

Herrick published his poems at an age when youth and inexperience could not be urged in extenuation of the blemishes which they presented. The author was fifty-seven years old when the "Hesperides" issued from the press, replete with beauties and excellencies, and at the same time abounding in passages of outrageous grossness. The title was perhaps rather apt to mislead, for besides golden apples, this garden assuredly contained many rank tares and poisonous roots. It would scarcely suffice to plead the freedom and breadth of speech customary among all classes and with both sexes at that period. Some share of the blame must, beyond question, be laid to Herrick's voluptuousness of temperament, and not very cleanly ardour of imagination; yet, after all deductions which it is possible to make, what a noble salvage remains! Enough beauty, wit, nay piety, to convert even the prudish to an admiration of the genius which shines transparent through all. This fine old fellow, this joyous heart, who lived to be eighty-three, in spite of "dull Devonshire" and the bad times, wrote almost as much as Carew, Lovelace, and Suckling united, and how much there is in his weed-choked garden, which is comparable with their best compositions! How little we know of him! how scantily he has been realized to us! Could we but raise up for a summer afternoon the Devonshire which he lived in,

and the people with whom he mixed, or summon the ghost of faithful Prudence Baldwin, we might be furnished with inspiration to do something better than the bare sketch which follows.

TO WILLIAM PERRY-HERRICK, Esq., of Beaumanor Park, near Loughborough, Leicestershire, I am happy to have the opportunity of expressing my sincerest thanks for his valuable help towards my attempt to render the present edition of the "Hesperides" as satisfactory as possible. During a recent visit to Beaumanor, I transcribed from the originals the letters to Sir William Herrick (or Heyrick); and from the family papers Mr. Herrick supplied me in the most obliging manner at the same time with several new items of information illustrative of the early life of his illustrious kinsman.

W. C. H.

Kensington,  
*Christmas*, 1868.

Robert Herrick










## [BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.]

F the "Hesperides" of Herrick it has been said with truth, that "there is no collection of poetry in our language, which, in some respects, more nearly resembles the *Carmina* of Catullus" both in beauties and defects; but our countryman has the advantage of the poet of Verona, that in addition to his festive and amatory spirit, we are often charmed with pictures of country life and manners, notices of old customs and popular superstitions, and with playful incursions into Fairyland. Indeed, the versatility of Herrick in catching the spirit of Anacreon, of Horace, or the pathos of Tibullus, as the occasion required, gives a varied charm to his volume which it is to be regretted should ever be disturbed by pollutions which were the common vice of his age.

Our poet was descended in the male line from an ancient and honourable family in Leicestershire, Robert Eyrick, of Houghton, who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century, being his immediate ancestor, many of whose descendants of mark are recorded in the ample account of the family collected by the diligence of the worthy John Nichols, in his *History of Leicestershire*.<sup>1</sup> Thomas Eyrick settled in Leices-

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[<sup>1</sup> For the pedigrees of Herrick of Houghton (mis-spelled Houghton in some old gazetteers) and Beaumanor, see Appendix, No. V.]

ter, and became a member of the Corporation in 1511. John Eyrick was admitted a freeman of the town in 1535, and afterwards held the office of Mayor; of [this gentleman] Nicholas Heryck, the poet's father, was the second son.<sup>1</sup> Nicholas, it appears, was articled about the year 1556, to a goldsmith in Cheapside, in which place and trade he afterwards himself settled, marrying, in 1582, Julian, daughter of William Stone, of Seghenoe, in Bedfordshire. The poet was one of the fruits of this union; he was born in [Wood Street?] Cheapside, and baptized at the church of St. Nicholas Vedast, August 24, 1591.<sup>2</sup> His father did not survive his birth much more than a year, for he died November 9th, 1592, of the injuries received in a fall from an upper window of his house into the street, and the circumstance of his will having been made

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[<sup>1</sup> There were at least two sons besides him, namely. Robert Heyricke who, in 1615, was an alderman of Leicester, and William, referred to presently. See "Notes and Queries" for Dec. 17, 1859. At Beaumanor are two portraits of Sir William Heyrick, one of his wife, and one of his mother (Mary Bond, who died in 1611, an. æt. 97); there is no clue to the artists.]

<sup>2</sup> [The poet] appears to have had two elder brothers; Thomas, who was placed with Mr. Massam, a merchant in London, but in 1610 appears to have retired into the country, and to have been afterwards settled in a small farm. To him the poem of "A Country Life" is addressed. This Thomas, it is believed, was the father of Thomas, who in 1688 resided at Market Harborough, and grandfather of Thomas, curate of that town, who published in 1691 a volume of poems; he was of Peter House, Cambridge, and dedicated his poems to Katharine, third wife of Lord Roos, afterwards Duke of Rutland. The principal poem in the volume, "The Submarine Voyage," is inscribed to the young Lord Roos.

Another brother, Nicholas, was a Levant merchant, and married Susanna, daughter of Dr. William Salter.

The verses "To his Dying Brother" were addressed to this posthumous child, William.

but two days before this event, makes it more than probable that the fall was not accidental.

[It was suspected, in fact, that Nicholas Herrick had been guilty of self-destruction, and from papers in the possession of the family, it appears that a long and tiresome litigation ensued, which resulted, however, in the defeat of Dr. Fletcher, Bishop of Bristol, who, as high almoner, had laid claim to the goods and chattels of the deceased. The matter was referred to arbitration, and the bishop was awarded a sum of 220*l.* in satisfaction of all pretensions. It is not recorded what the finding of the coroner's inquest was; but as the arbitrators had laid down that in case the death should be found accidental, administration should be granted to the widow (the deceased having, as it was thought, died intestate), and as this was the course actually pursued, the fair inference is, that the jury returned the death a casualty.

But subsequently a will was found, bearing date Nov. 7, 1592 (two days before his death), whereby, after commending his soul to the Almighty, and directing his body to be buried in the parish church, he says:—"My worldly goods I will and give as the Lord hath given me freely in this sorte," &c. By this instrument he left the third of his property to his widow, and the rest to be divided among his children.]

Though not extremely wealthy, he appears to have been in very good circumstances, if we consider the difference in the value of money at that time. He estimated his property at £3000, but it realized upwards of £5000. The poet's mother was thus left a widow, and at the time of her husband's death was enceinte, giving birth to a posthumous son William in 1593.

By his will [also] the children were left to the guardianship of their uncle, afterwards Sir William

Heyrick, of Beaumanor,<sup>1</sup> [near Loughborough, a property which Sir William acquired about 1595, but of which he did not, it seems, enter into permanent

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[<sup>1</sup> In 1603, William Herrick was appointed jeweller to the king for life.\* This must have been a rather profitable post, as we find that on the 2nd June, 1604, the sum of £6,422 9s. 7½*d.* was paid to Sir John Spilman, for pearls bought of him and Herrick. On the 11th June following, the same parties received on account of jewels purchased, £8,723 9s. 7½*d.*† On the 14th, the king granted to his favoured servant the *second* reversion of one of the four tellerships of the Exchequer, and on the 20th the grant was made out or confirmed. Before June 26, 1605, Herrick had been knighted, for a payment to him was ordered under that date, in which he is described as *Sir William Herrick*. In 1607, Sir William's name appears among those to whom grants had been made of rectory lands, and who were obliged by bond "to pay the value of the woods growing thereon as per survey, the woods being found of small value." On the 27th of October, this year, a discharge was granted to Herrick and others of these values.

On the 27th November, 1611, there was a re-grant to Herrick of the tellership of the Exchequer in reversion, after the four persons already promised; but a few days afterwards, Bowyer, one of these, seems to have been obliged to waive his prior claim, and was placed below Herrick in the list of reversionists. But the matter must be said to be rather obscure; and so far as the State Paper Office is concerned, there appears to be no means of knowing whether Herrick succeeded after all in his object. At Beaumanor, however, is a long and valuable series of receipts for moneys paid out of the Exchequer during Herrick's term of office, and there can be little doubt that he obtained the Tellership, and enjoyed its emoluments during several years.

On the 2nd January, 1613-14, we find Herrick, Sir Thomas Hunt, and Sir Thomas Hewitt, writing a joint letter to Sir Robert Cotton respecting the precedence of knighted aldermen. On March 26, 1617, the fines for alienations and the profits of the Hanaper were granted to Herrick,

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[\* Calendars of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1603-10, p. 7, etc. The office was a patent one, and the fee £150 a year.]

[† Other entries of a similar kind occur *ibid.*]

possession till about 1617<sup>1</sup>]. The poet's youth appears to have been passed in London, and from more than one allusion to his "beloved Westminster" in the following poems, we may fairly presume that this venerable seminary of education may add him to her list of worthies.<sup>2</sup>

[On the 25th September, 1607,<sup>3</sup> Herrick was bound

Sir Paul Banning, and Sir Baptist Hicks, until the £7,500 advanced by them to the king were repaid with interest; but £8000 were first to be paid out of the said fines to Sir Noel Caron and two others. On Oct 19, 1622, Herrick received confirmation of the manor of Beaumanor and other lands, co. Leicester, with an alteration of the tenure from knight's-service to soccage. In December, 1623, Herrick surrendered his reversion of the tellership, under what circumstances, or how, or why, we are left uninformed; and this is the last entry relating to him. He died, as the pedigree given elsewhere shows, March 2, 1652 3, at a great age, having represented Leicester in three Parliaments, and laid the foundation of a fortune and estate, which still flourish unimpaired.]

[<sup>1</sup> See "Notes and Queries" for December 17, 1859. The present manor-house is the third which has been, so far as can be ascertained, erected on the site. The house which Sir William Heyrick himself occupied was a pile surrounded by a double moat, and of extreme antiquity. Portions of it, indeed, were supposed to be as old as the reign of Edward III. This was pulled down by the grandfather of the present owner, who in turn demolished the more modern erection, and built on the ground the palatial structure which now forms the seat of the Herricks. The moats have been filled up.]

<sup>2</sup> In his "Tears to Thamysis," he thus expresses his regret at leaving the scenes of his youth:

Never again shall I with finny oar  
Put from or draw unto the faithful shore;  
And landing here, or safely landing there,  
Make way to my beloved Westminster;  
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth  
Of Julian Herrick gave to me my birth.

[<sup>3</sup> This information was kindly extracted for me from the family papers by Mr. W. Perry-Herrick, who possesses the original indentures. The term of apprenticeship appears to have been shortened to *seven* years in Charles the First's

apprentice for ten years to his uncle, the rich goldsmith; but the future bard and divine does not seem to have continued long at this doubtless unpalatable vocation.

Wood knew so little of the poet's life, that he actually confounded him with his cousin, Robert Herrick, a son of Sir William Herrick, of Beaumanor. This namesake of the author of "*Hesperides*" was of St. John's College, Oxford, and afterwards entered the army, in which service he died abroad in 1639, having only attained the rank of lieutenant. Some of the entries in his father's account-book refer to him, I suspect, and not to his cousin. The fact is, that the poet] was entered as fellow commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 161[4-5], and from several letters to his uncle, chiefly for pecuniary [help towards his support at college<sup>1</sup> and the purchase of necessaries,] it appears that he remained at St. John's about three years, and then removed to Trinity Hall, with the intention of studying for the law, but where, as he says, "by reason of the privacie of the house, the quantitie of expence will be shortened." It does not appear that his legal studies were long persevered in, as before he quitted the University he took his degree not in *law* but in *arts*.

[In the account-book of Sir William Herrick preserved at Beaumanor are entries of various payments

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time, from an allusion in Lupton's "*London and the Countrey Carbonadoed and Quartered in several Characters*," 1632; it has since been abridged to five.

[<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, No. IV., and particularly Letter II. Nichols in his "*History of Leicestershire*," vol. ii. part ii. p. 631, states incorrectly that he selected the six letters which he printed (not too accurately) in his work *from a great number*; he had access to precisely the same number as the present writer, namely, fourteen; but that there may have been many more at one period, seems not at all unlikely. All the modern editors of the "*Hesperides*" copy Nichols's error.]

to Herrick the poet, and the original letters to his uncle bear at the foot, in some cases, the receipt of the person by whose hands the remittances came to him.

Mr. W. Perry-Herrick has plausibly suggested that the payments made by Sir William to his nephew were simply on account of the fortune which belonged to Robert in right of his father, and which his uncle held in trust; this was about £400; and I think from allusions in the letters printed elsewhere, that this view may be the correct one, especially taking into consideration the state of manners at that period, and the tone in which superiors were addressed even by their most intimate and dearest kindred.

Herrick took his A.B. in January, 1616-17, and his Master's degree in 1620. As there are no matriculations at St. John's, Cambridge, of an earlier date than 1628-9, it is not surprising that that of the poet has not been discovered. Herrick is last recorded as a defaulter for commons in 1629, the year of his presentation to Dean Prior; whence it may be inferred that he removed from Cambridge direct to his living.

Herrick stood indebted to his college for *battles* in the year of his departure from the university £10 16s. 9d. (including his unpaid caution-money—£3); and he appears to have discharged the caution, and to have left the balance owing. These particulars may be thought trivial; but as the erroneous idea has been favoured by his biographers, that he was heavily in debt at this time, the true nature and extent of his pecuniary obligations might, it was thought, be pointed out with advantage. It was in fact the rule, rather than the exception, for the young collegians of those days (as of these) to be behind-hand with their payments, and so compromise their tutors, who were supposed to be answerable to the college. Herrick's



name is only one of several, which appear on the debit-side of the Trinity-hall account-books.]

He subsequently obtained the patronage of the Earl of Exeter, [and] it appears that by his recommendation he was presented to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, which became vacant by the promotion of Dr. Barnaby Potter to the see of Carlisle.

[Dean-Prior, or Dean-Priors, a village between Ashburton and Brent, in the archdeaconry of Totness, was valued in the king's books at £24; its annual value was £50; and the presentation, in Herrick's time, was in the Giles or Gyles family. On what authority he is stated to have received the vicarage *from the king*, I must confess myself ignorant; it is far more probable that he managed, through Lord Exeter or otherwise, to enlist in his favour the interest of Sir John Giles, who was then patron, and who lies buried in the chancel of the church.]

Wood tells us, that "he here exercised his muse as well in poetry as in other learning, and became much beloved by the gentry in those parts for his florid and witty discourses."

Whether he had acquired habits which made the tranquil life of a country clergyman irksome to him, or from whatever cause, if we may judge from passages in his poems, it would appear that he was not quite reconciled to the dulness and obscurity of his retirement. The river of Deanbourn, near which he resided, he describes as *rockie* and *rude*, and the inhabitants of its vicinity are characterized as

A people currish; churlish as the seas;  
And rude, almost, as rudest salvages.

And in another place he says:

More discontents I never had,  
Since I was born, than here;

Where I have been, and still am sad,  
In this dull Devonshire.

Yet it was during this period of his life that, thrown upon the resources of his imagination, the beauties of surrounding nature seem to have awakened in his mind the love of song, and, as it has been happily said,<sup>1</sup> "he acquired that love of flowers and of fragrance, which imparted to his verse the beauty of the one, and the sweetness of the other." He himself seems to be sensible of this, for he adds,

Yet justly, too, I must confess  
I ne'er invented such  
Ennobled numbers for the press  
Than where I loath'd so much.

The greater part of the poems contained in his "Hesperides" bear evidence of having been composed during his first residence at Dean Prior; many of the most beautiful are upon rural subjects, and others are addressed to natives of Devonshire. . . . [It remains to be noticed, however, that Herrick's earliest performance was possibly his Elegy on Lord Bernard Stuart, a Scottish military hero, himself an author, whose memory had been revived in 1619 by Walter Quin's poem. But this is a mere hypothesis.]<sup>2</sup>

In 1648, he was ejected from his vicarage by the predominant puritan party, to whom it is obvious that his loyal spirit must have rendered him obnoxious, but it appears that his departure from Dean Prior was accompanied by the regrets of all his flock.

[<sup>1</sup> Introduction to Edit. 1823, xi.]

<sup>2</sup> Yet we may also gather that some of them are to be attributed to the period previous to his taking orders, for he himself says:

Before I went  
To banishment  
Into the loathed West,  
I could rehearse  
A lyric verse,  
And speak it with the best.

If we may give credit to his own effusions upon this occasion, he rather hailed his expulsion as a deliverance than viewed it as a misfortune: he had probably long sighed for the intercourse of more congenial spirits, and the excitement attendant upon the wit-combats at the Mermaid; and for the converse of such men as Ben Jonson, Selden, Charles Cotton, Denham, and others, with whom he appears to have lived in habits of intimacy: and he thus exults in the prospect of exchanging what he considered as his banishment for more congenial scenes:

From the dull confines of the drooping west,  
To see the day-spring from the pregnant east,  
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly  
To thee, blest place of my nativity;  
London my home is: though by hard fate sent  
Into a long and dreary banishment.

With little expectation of being restored to his living, and perhaps with no wish to return, on his arrival in London, he took up his residence in St. Anne's, Westminster, and assumed the lay habit. The payment of fifths of the revenues of his vicarage, which was customary upon ejection, was soon cruelly discontinued, and Walker, in his "*Sufferings of the Clergy*," states that he subsisted by charity.<sup>1</sup> The idea of collecting and publishing his poems at this period, therefore, may have originated in an honest desire to contribute to his own necessities. . . . As he wrote for bread, we may hope that it was rather from necessity than choice, that, to suit them to the depraved taste of the times, some things were [retained] which under other circumstances his better feelings would have prompted him to omit.

[There was a foolish tradition at Dean Prior in the last century,] that Herrick was the originator of "*Poor Robin's Almanack*," and Nichols remarks, that

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<sup>1</sup> But his uncle was still living, and his relations do not seem to have been at all needy.]

his poverty during his residence in London renders this not improbable; but it appears that this almanack was first published in 1661 or 1662, so that if Herrick was the author, it can scarcely be attributed to his poverty, as he was then restored to his vicarage. That he may have engaged in other literary pursuits during his sojourn in London is highly probable, but none of the fruits of his labour are upon record.

[Herrick, however, had been, prior to his ejection, a contributor to a little volume printed in 1635,<sup>1</sup> and in 1639, was entered at Stationers' Hall what was probably either a very small tract or a mere broadside, namely, "His Mistress Shade," by Robert Herrick. This was followed in 1640, while he was still in possession of his living, by "The Several Poems Written by Robert Herrick." But no *separate* publication anterior to 1647-8, when his "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" were printed together in a thick octavo, has ever been met with.

Several of the poems which occur in this collection are also found, as I have already remarked, in the later editions of "Witts Recreations," 1650, 8vo. &c., where they stand without name of author, and sometimes under varying titles, almost as if they had been derived from some independent source.]<sup>2</sup>

[A generation ago,] Herrick's name was yet known to the older inhabitants of Dean Prior, and Mr. Nichols found [in or about 1796] that the "Farewell to Dean Bourn" was still traditionally remembered, though imperfectly, as it had never been committed to writing, but conveyed from father to son by oral instruction.

On the publication of Dr. Nott's Selections from Herrick's "Hesperides" in 1810, an article appeared in

[<sup>1</sup> "A Description of the King and Queen of Fayries," &c., more particularly described hereafter.]

[<sup>2</sup> Appendix, No. III.]

the "Quarterly Review" for August of that year, [from the pen of Mr. Barron Field, the well-known friend of Coleridge and Lamb ;]'<sup>1</sup> and as the account of a visit he made to Dean Prior in quest of traditional information about our poet is brief and interesting, it may with propriety find a place here.

"Being in Devonshire during the last summer, we took an opportunity of visiting Dean Prior, for the purpose of making some inquiries concerning Herrick, who, from the circumstance of having been vicar of that parish (where he is still talked of as a poet, a wit, and a hater of the country,) for twenty years, might be supposed to have left some unrecorded memorials of his existence behind him.

"We found many persons in the village who could repeat some of his lines, and none who were not acquainted with his 'Farewell to Dean Bourn,' which they said he uttered as he crossed the brook, upon being ejected by Cromwell from the vicarage to which he had been presented by Charles the First. But they added, with an air of innocent triumph, 'he did see it again,' as was the fact after the Restoration. And, indeed, though he calls Devonshire 'dull,' yet as he admits at the same time that he never invented such ennobled numbers for the press as in that 'loathed spot,' the good people of Dean Prior have not much reason to be dissatisfied.

"The person, however, who knows more of Herrick than all the rest of the neighbourhood, we found to be a poor woman in the 99th year of her age, named Dorothy King. She repeated to us, with great exactness, five of his 'Noble Numbers,' among which was the beautiful Litany. These she had learned from her mother, who was apprenticed to Herrick's successor at the vicarage. She called them her prayers, which, she said, she was in the habit of

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[<sup>1</sup> "Notes and Queries," 1st Series, x. 27.]

putting up in bed, whenever she could not sleep; and she therefore began the Litany at the second stanza:—

When I lie within my bed, &c.

Another of her midnight orisons was the poem beginning

Every night thou dost me fright,  
And keep mine eyes from sleeping, &c.

She had no idea that these poems had been printed, and could not have read them if she had seen them. She is in possession of few traditions as to the person, manners, and habits of life of the poet; but in return, she has a whole budget of anecdotes respecting his ghost; and these she details with a careless but serene gravity, which one would not willingly decompose by any hints at a remote possibility of their not being exactly true. Herrick, she says, was a bachelor, and kept a maidservant,<sup>1</sup> as his poems indeed discover, but she adds, which they do not discover, that he also kept a pet pig, which he taught to drink out of a tankard. And this important circumstance, together with a tradition that he one day threw his sermon at the congregation, with a curse for their inattention, forms almost the sum total of what we could collect of the poet's life. After his death, indeed, he furnished more ample materials for biography, and we could fill a volume with the fearful achievements of his wandering spirit;

But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.

These traditionary tales of two centuries old, serve to show the respect in which a literary man is held even by the vulgar and uneducated."

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<sup>1</sup> Prudence Baldwin, whose memory is enshrined in his verses, and who we may presume from her faithful services was deserving of the poet's esteem.

Herrick was succeeded in the Vicarage of Dean Prior by John Syms,<sup>1</sup> who held the incumbency from 1648 to 1660, soon after which it was restored to the author of the "*Hesperides*," who [continued to enjoy the living till his decease, at the ripe age of eighty-three, in the October of 1674. The precise date of his *death* cannot be fixed; but in the church-register of Dean Prior is still preserved the following entry: "Robert Herrick, vicker, was buried y<sup>e</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> day October, 1674."<sup>2</sup> It is very uncertain where the poet was buried, but he is supposed to lie either in the chancel, near the tomb of Sir John Giles, or in the churchyard. A search for his will was undertaken several years ago, but without success, in the archives of the registry at Exeter.]

In 1857 a costly monument was erected to his memory in Dean Prior Church by the poet's kinsman and present head of his family, William Perry-Herrick, Esq., of Beau Manor Park, Leicestershire. It is cut out of a solid block of Caen stone, and adorned with a rich carving of fruit and foliage. The inscription is on a brass plate, and runs as follows:—

IN THIS CHURCHYARD LIE THE REMAINS OF

ROBERT HERRICK

AUTHOR OF THE *HESPERIDES* & OTHER POEMS

OF AN ANCIENT FAMILY  
IN LEICESTERSHIRE AND  
BORN IN THE YEAR 1591  
HE WAS EDUCATED AT ST.  
JOHN'S COLL. AND TRI-  
NITY HALL CAMBRIDGE

PRESENTED TO THIS LIV-  
ING BY KING CHARLES I.  
IN THE YEAR 1629 EJECT-  
ED DURING THE COMMON-  
WEALTH & REINSTATED  
SOON AFTER Y<sup>E</sup> RESTORA-  
TION

<sup>1</sup> *Introduct. to Edit.* 1823, xiv., where Drake's "*Literary Hours*" (Nos. 42-3-4) are quoted as the authority.]

[<sup>2</sup> "*Notes and Queries*," 1st Ser. i. 291.]



*BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.*    xxv

HE DIED VICAR OF THIS PARISH IN THE YEAR 1674

THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED

TO HIS MEMORY BY HIS KINSMAN WILLIAM PERRY-

HERRICK, OF BEAU MANOR PARK

LEICESTERSHIRE A.D. 1857.

*VIRTUS OMNIA NOBILITAT.*

OVER MORTALL PARTS MAY WRAPT IN SEARE CLOTHS LYE  
THEIR SPIRITS NEVER WITH THEIR BODIES DIE  
HESPERIDES

As a loyalist and sufferer in the cause, there can be no doubt that Herrick was popular with the Cavalier party, and that his poems were received with the favour they deserved by his contemporaries, for that they were popular must be inferred from the number of them which were set to music by Henry Lawes, Lanieri, Wilson, and Ramsay; it is somewhat difficult to account for the seeming neglect which they experienced in after times. He is very briefly noticed by the earlier writers on English poetry; the short notices of Phillips, Winstanley, and Anthony a Wood, manifest that they were very slightly acquainted with his works, and the first of these unjustly represents him as inspired by no goddess but his maid Prue, but he quaintly adds, "A pretty flowry and pastoral gale of fancy, a vernal prospect of some hill, cave, rock, or fountain, but for the interruption of other trivial passages, might have made up none of the worst poetic landscapes."

Wood speaks more favourably of his poetry; but Granger, in his "Biographical History," after re-echoing Phillips, says flippantly enough, that "Prue was but indifferently qualified to be a tenth muse."

About the year 1796, Mr. Nichols, in his diligent researches after the worthies of Leicestershire, was naturally led to the examination of Herrick's poetry,

and gave some notices in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1796 and 1797, which were the first attempts to awaken attention to its merits in recent times. The first edition of Mr. George Ellis's "Specimens of the Early English Poets" omits any notice of him; but in the second edition, four extracts are given, not all of them the best that might have been adduced.

In 1798, Dr. Drake, in his "Literary Hours," published three papers on the Life, Writings, and Genius of Robert Herrick, in which numerous specimens of his poetry were given, with such particulars of his life as he could collect, and an accurate and dispassionate critique upon its merits.

[It has been already stated that in] 1810, Dr. Nott, a physician of Bristol, published a small volume containing Selections from the "Hesperides," but as he had been anticipated by Dr. Drake in his notices of the poet, his preface is very brief; he however added a few notes to the poems, which are principally illustrative, with an occasional critical remark, briefly calling the attention of the reader to their merits, and pointing out the classical imitations.

[Nott's] publication was noticed in the article in the "Quarterly Review" for August, 1810, [by Mr. Barron Field, and there is a certain share of probability that this paper may have] tended to make the poet's merits and defects more generally known.

[At length, in 1823, Mr. Thomas Maitland (better known perhaps as Lord Dundrennan) published the "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" entire with] a judicious preface, wherein the editor justly observes, that "*Selections* from the writings of an author are not popular. Readers, and above all, readers of poetry, are fond of exercising their own judgment in *selecting*, upon which they naturally place greater reliance than upon that of any editor whatever. In this view, it has been thought advisable to republish the whole of the 'Hesperides,' although the work

certainly contains much that might have been omitted without injury to the fame of the author, and probably without diminishing the pleasure of the generality of his readers. At the same time, it has never been considered necessary with a view to publication to exclude 'The Miller,' 'The Reve,' or 'The Wife of Bath,' with her facetious prologue, from the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage;' or to prune the exuberance of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, or Dryden, —in all of whose writings as much impurity is to be found as in the 'Hesperides.' There is no good reason why Herrick should be differently dealt with, more especially as his poetry is generally illustrative of the taste and manners of the times. These must ever be subjects of interest, and the 'Hesperides' is therefore now given precisely as it was presented by the author to the public in 1648."

"It appears to us," says a writer already cited, "that Herrick trifled in this way solely in compliment to the taste of the age; and that whenever he wrote to please himself he wrote from the heart to the heart."

His "Night-piece," his "Corinna going a Maying," his "Gather ye rose buds while yemay," and his "Mad Maid's Song," are not greater proofs of his taste and feeling than of his genius. Such real poetry as is to be found in his "When he would have his Verses read," "No Bashfulness in Begging," "Upon his departure hence," "His wish to Privacy," "His Alms," "His Winding Sheet," and the "Epitaph on a Child,"

But born and like a short delight,

"His Thanksgiving to God for his House," and "His Litany," are "Noble Numbers" indeed.

Herrick possessed a vigour of fancy, a warmth of feeling, a soundness of sense, and an ease of versification sufficient to rank him very high in the scale of English minor poets; and we are quite convinced

that when the list of these is made out in future his name will not be forgotten."

"Herrick," says Mr. Campbell, "were we to fix our eyes on a small portion of his works, might be pronounced a writer of delightful Anaereontic spirit. He has passages where the thought seems to dance into numbers from his very heart, and where he frolics like a being made up of melody and pleasure, as where he sings,

Gather ye rose buds while ye may, &c.

In the same spirit are his verses 'To Anthea,' concluding,—

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me;  
And hast command of every part,  
To live and die for thee.

But his beauties are deeply involved in surrounding coarseness and extravagance. What is divine has much of poetry, that which is human has the frailty of flesh."

But his most enthusiastic admirer and warmest panegyrist, is a writer in the "Retrospective Review," published in August, 1823,<sup>1</sup> and who gave, in that miscellany, selections from the "Hesperides" which abundantly justify the following eulogium:

"While the phlegmatic grace and pedantry of Waller, and the grace without pedantry of Carew, have been the subjects of general observation, the varied modulation and exquisite harmony of Herrick's muse have been totally neglected. He who excels both, not only in structure of his verse, but in the more essential requisites of poetry, is less known than either. But forgetting the impurities of our author, and estimating the chaster effusions of

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<sup>1</sup> Vol. v. p. 156.

his felicitous genius, we do not hesitate to pronounce him **THE VERY BEST OF ENGLISH LYRIC POETS**. He is the most joyous and gladsome of bards, singing like the grasshopper, as if he would never grow old. He is as fresh as the spring, as blithe as the summer, and as ripe as the autumn. We know of no English poet who is so *abandonné*, as the French term it, who so wholly gives himself up to his present feelings, who is so much heart and soul in what he writes, and this not on one subject only, but on all subjects alike. The spirit of song dances in his veins, and flutters around his lips—now bursting into the joyful and hearty voice of the epicurean; sometimes breathing forth strains soft as the sigh of 'buried love,' and sometimes uttering feelings of the most delicate pensiveness. It is that delicate pathos, which is at the same time natural and almost playful, which most charms us in the writings of Herrick. As for his versification, it presents one of the most varied specimens of rhythmical harmony in the language, flowing with an almost wonderful grace and flexibility."

The same writer observes, that "Herrick had so very high a notion of the value of his compositions, that he conceived it necessary only to mention his friends in this volume in order to confer immortality upon them. He constituted himself high priest of the temple of fame, and assumed the power of apotheosizing such writers as he conceived deserving of that honour, never once dreaming of the possibility of both himself and his works being neglected or forgotten. Many addresses to his friends and relations, avowing his potency in this high vocation, are scattered through his works. Some of them, however, have juster titles to immortality than the lay of the poet can confer—such as Selden and Ben Jonson, &c."

Having indicated to the reader, and in some cases adduced the testimony to the claim our poet has to his attention, he can well dispense with any fur-

ther observations on our part, and we cannot do better than to take our leave of him and the poet in the words of his most ardent admirer.

“And now farewell, young Herrick! for young is the spirit of thy poetry, as thy wisdom is old: mayest thou flourish in immortal youth, thou boon companion and most jocund songster! May thy purest poems be piped from hill to hill, throughout England; and thy spirit, tinged with superstitious lore, be gladdened by the music! May the flowers breathe incense to thy fame, for thou hast not left one of them unsung! May the silvery springs and circumambient air murmur thy praises, as thou hast warbled theirs! And may those who live well, sing, and those who love well, sigh sweet panegyrics to thy memory! Ours shall not be wanting, for we have read thee much, and like thee much.”

Thou shalt not all die; for while Love's fire shines  
Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines.

S. W. S[INGER].

MICKLEHAM, Feb. 1846.

*HESPERIDES:*

• OR,

THE WORKS

BOTH

HUMANE & DIVINE

OF

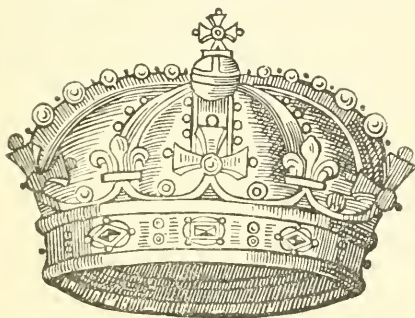
ROBERT HERRICK *Esq.*

---

OVID.

*Effugient avidos Carmina nostra Rogos.*

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LONDON.

Printed for *John Williams*, and *Francis Eglesfield*,  
and are to be sold at the Crown and Marygold  
in Saint *Pauls* Church-yard. 1648.







TO THE MOST  
ILLVSTRIOVS,  
AND  
Most Hopefull PRINCE,  
CH A R L E S,  
Prince of *Wales*.



W<sup>ell</sup> may my Book come forth like  
Publique Day,  
When such a *Light* as *You* are leads  
the way:  
Who are my Works *Creator*, and  
alone

The *Flame* of it, and the *Expansion*.  
And look how all those heavenly Lamps acquire  
Light from the Sun, that *inexhausted Fire*:  
So all my *Morne* and *Evening Stars* from You  
Have their *Existence*, and their *Influence* too.  
Full is my Book of Glories; but all These  
By You become *Immortall Substances*.





## HESPERIDES.

### THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.



SING of brooks, of blossomes, birds,  
and bowers :

Of April, May, of June, and July-  
flowers.

I sing of may-poles, hock-carts, was-  
sails, wakes,

Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their bridall-cakes.

I write of youth, of love, and have accesse

By these, to sing of cleanly-wantonnesse.

I sing of dewes, of raines, and piece by piece

Of balme, of oyle, of spice, and amber-greece.

I sing of times trans-shifting ; and I write

How roses first came red, and lillies white.

I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing

The court of Mab, and of the fairie-king.

I write of hell ; I sing, and ever shall,

Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

### TO HIS MUSE.

WHITHER, mad maiden, wilt thou roame ?

Farre safer 'twere to stay at home ;

Where thou mayst sit, and piping please

The poore and private cottages.

Since coats and hamlets best agree  
 With this thy meaner minstralsie.  
 There with the reed, thou mayst expresse  
 The shepherds fleecie happinesse :  
 And with thy eclogues intermixe  
 Some smooth and harmlesse beucolicks.  
 There on a hillock thou mayst sing  
 Unto a handsome shephardling ;  
 Or to a girle (that keeps the neat)  
 With breath more sweet then violet.  
 There, there, perhaps, such lines as these  
 May take the simple villages.  
 But for the court, the country wit  
 Is despicable unto it.  
 Stay then at home, and doe not goe  
 Or flie abroad to seeke for woe.  
 Contempts in courts and cities dwell ;  
 No critick haunts the poore mans cell :  
 Where thou mayst hear thine own lines read  
 By no one tongue, there, censured.  
 That man's unwise will search for ill,  
 And may prevent it, sitting still.

## TO HIS BOOKE.

**W**HILE thou didst keep thy candor undefil'd,  
 Deerely I lov'd thee, as my first-borne child :  
 But when I saw thee wantonly to roame  
 From house to house, and never stay at home ;  
 I brake my bonds of love, and bad thee goe,  
 Regardlesse whether well thou sped'st, or no.  
 On with thy fortunes then, what e're they be ;  
 If good I'll smile, if bad I'll sigh for thee.

## ANOTHER.

**T**O read my booke the virgin shie  
 May blush, while Brutus standeth by :  
 But when he's gone, read through what's writ,  
 And never staine a cheeke for it.

ANOTHER.

WHIO with thy leaves shall wipe, at need,  
The place, where swelling piles do breed :  
May every ill, that bites, or smarts,  
Perplexe him in his hinder-parts.

TO THE SOURE READER.

IF thou dislik'st the piece thou light'st on first ;  
Thinke that of all, that I have writ, the worst :  
But if thou read'st my booke unto the end,  
And still do'st this, and that verse, reprehend :  
O perverse man ! If all disgustfull be,  
The extreame scabbe take thee, and thine, for me.

TO HIS BOOKE.

COME thou not neere those men, who are like  
bread  
O're-leven'd ; or like cheese o're-renetted.

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

IN sober mornings, doe not thou rehearse .  
The holy incantation of a verse ;  
But when that men have both well drunke, and fed,  
Let my enchantments then be sung, or read.  
When laurell spirts i'th' fire, and when the hearth  
Smiles to it selfe, and guilds the rooffe with mirth ;  
When up the thyrs\* is rais'd, and when the sound  
Of sacred orgies† flyes, A round, a round.  
When the rose raignes, and locks with ointments  
shine,  
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

\* A javelin twind with ivy.

† Songs to Bacchus.

## UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

**D**ROOP, droop no more, or hang the head,  
 Ye roses almost withered ;  
 Now strength, and newer purple get,  
 Each here declining violet.  
 O primroses ! let this day be  
 A resurrection unto ye ;  
 And to all flowers ally'd in blood,  
 Or sworn to that sweet sister-hood :  
 For health on Julia's cheek hath shed  
 Clarret, and creame commingled.  
 And those her lips doe now appeare  
 As beames of corral, but more cleare.

## TO SILVIA TO WED.

**L**ET us (though late) at last (my Silvia) wed ;  
 And loving lie in one devoted bed.  
 Thy watch may stand, my minutes fly poste haste ;  
 No sound calls back the yeere that once is past.  
 Then, sweetest Silvia, let's no longer stay ;  
*True love, we know, precipitates delay.*  
 Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove ;  
*No man at one time, can be wise, and love.*

## THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA.

**I** DREAMT the roses one time went  
 To meet and sit in parliament :  
 The place for these, and for the rest  
 Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast :  
 Over the which a state was drawne  
 Of Tiffanie, or cob-web lawne ;  
 Then in that parly, all those powers  
 Voted the rose, the queen of flowers.  
 But so, as that her self should be  
 The maide of honour unto thee.

NO BASHFULNESSE IN BEGGING.

TO get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside ;  
*Who feares to aske, doth teach to be deny'd.*

THE FROZEN HEART.

I FREEZE, I freeze, and nothing dwels  
 In me but snow, and ysicles.  
 For pitties sake, give your advice,  
 To melt this snow, and thaw this ice ;  
 I'le drink down flames, but if so be  
 Nothing but love can supple me ;  
 I'le rather keepe this frost, and snow,  
 Then to be thaw'd, or heated so.

TO PERILLA.

AH, my Perilla ! do'st thou grieve to see  
 Me, day by day, to steale away from thee ?  
 Age cals me hence, and my gray haire bid come,  
 And haste away to mine eternal home ;  
 'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,  
 That I must give thee the supremest kisse :  
 Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring  
 Part of the creame from that religious spring ;  
 With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet ;  
 That done, then wind me in that very sheet  
 Which wrapt thy smooth limbs (when thou didst  
     implore  
 The gods protection, but the night before) ;  
 Follow me weeping to my turfe, and there  
 Let fall a primrose, and with it a teare :  
 Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be  
 Devoted to the memory of me :  
 Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep  
 Still in the coole and silent shades of sleep.

## A SONG TO THE MASKERS.

1 COME down, and dance ye in the toyle  
 Of pleasures, to a heate ;  
 But if to moisture, let the oyle  
 Of roses be your sweat.

2 Not only to your selves assume  
 These sweets, but let them fly ;  
 From this to that, and so perfume  
 E'ne all the standers by.

3 As goddesse Isis, when she went,  
 Or glided through the street,  
 Made all that touch't her, with her scent,  
 And whom she touch't, turne sweet.

## TO PERENNA.

WHEN I thy parts runne o're, I can't espie  
 In any one, the least indecencie :  
 But every line and limb diffused thence,  
 A faire and unfamiliar excellence :  
 So that the more I look, the more I prove,  
 Ther's still more cause, why I the more should love.

## TREASON.

THE seeds of treason choake up as they spring :  
*He acts the crime, that gives it cherishing.*

## TWO THINGS ODIUS.

TWO of a thousand things, are disallow'd,  
 A lying rich man, and a poore man proud.



TO HIS MISTRESSÉS.

HELPE me ! helpe me ! now I call  
 To my pretty witchcrafts all :  
 Old I am, and cannot do  
 That, I was accustom'd to.  
 Bring your magicks, spels, and charmes,  
 To en flesh my thighs, and armes :  
 Is there no way to beget  
 In my limbs their former heat ?  
 Æson had, as poets faine,  
 Baths that made him young againe :  
 Find that medicine, if you can,  
 For your drie-decrepid man :  
 Who would faine his strength renew,  
 Were it but to pleasure you.

THE WOUNDED HEART.

COME bring your sampler, and with art,  
 Draw in't a wounded heart ;  
 And dropping here, and there :  
 Not that I thinke, that any dart,  
 Can make yours bleed a teare :  
 Or peirce it any where ;  
 Yet doe it to this end : that I,  
                     May by  
                     This secret see,  
             Though you can make  
 That heart to bleed, your's ne'r will ake  
                     For me.

NO LOATHSOMNESSE IN LOVE.

WHAT I fancy, I approve,  
*No dislike there is in love :*  
 Be my mistresse short or tall,  
 And distorted there-withall :

Be she likewise one of those,  
 That an acre hath of nose :  
 Be her forehead, and her eyes  
 Full of incongruities :  
 Be her cheeks so shallow too,  
 As to shew her tongue wag through :  
 Be her lips ill hung, or set,  
 And her grinders black as jet ;  
 Ha's she thinne haire, hath she none,  
 She's to me a paragon.

TO ANTHEA.

IF, deare Anthea, my hard fate it be  
 To live some few-sad-howers after thee :  
 Thy sacred corse with odours I will burne ;  
 And with my lawrell crown thy golden vrne.  
 Then holding up, there, such religious things,  
 As were, time past, thy holy filitings :  
 Nere to thy reverend pitcher I will fall  
 Down dead for grief, and end my woes withall :  
 So three in one small plat of ground shall ly,  
 Anthea, Herrick, and his poetry.

THE WEEPING CHERRY.

I SAW a cherry weep, and why ?  
 Why wept it ? but for shame,  
 Because my Julia's lip was by,  
 And did out-red the same.  
 But, pretty fondling, let not fall  
 A teare at all for that :  
 Which rubies, corralles, scarlets, all  
 For tincture, wonder at.

SOFT MUSICK.

THE mellow touch of musick most doth wound  
 The soule, when it doth rather sigh, then sound.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT KINGS AND SUBJECTS.

TWIXT kings and subjects ther's this mighty  
odds,  
Subjects are taught by men ; kings by the Gods.

HIS ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

SOME would know  
Why I so  
Long still doe tarry,  
And ask why  
Here that I  
Live, and not marry ?  
Thus I those  
Doe oppose ;  
What man would be here,  
Slave to thrall,  
If at all  
He could live free here ?

UPON JULIA'S FALL.

JULIA was carelesse, and withall,  
She rather took, then got a fall :  
The wanton ambler chanc'd to see  
Part of her leggs sinceritie :  
And ravish'd thus, it came to passe,  
The nagge, like to the prophets asse,  
Began to speak, and would have been  
A telling what rare sights h'ad seen :  
And had told all ; but did refraine,  
Because his tongue was ty'd againe.

EXPENCES EXHAUST.

LIVE with a thrifty, not a needy fate ;  
*Small shots paid often, waste a vast estate.*

## LOVE WHAT IT IS.

LOVE is a circle that doth restlesse move  
In the same sweet eternity of love.

## PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

WHEN what is lov'd is present, love doth  
spring;  
But being absent, love lies languishing.

## NO SPOUSE BUT A SISTER.

A BACHELOUR I will  
Live as I have liv'd still,  
And never take a wife  
To crucifie my life:  
But this I'll tell ye too,  
What now I meane to doe;  
A sister, in the stead  
Of wife, about I'll lead;  
Which I will keep embrac'd,  
And kisse, but yet be chaste.

## THE POMANDER BRACELET.

TO me my Julia lately sent  
A bracelet richly redolent:  
The beads I kist, but most lov'd her  
That did perfume the pomander.

## THE SHOOE-TYING.

ANTHEA bade me tye her shooe;  
I did; and kist the instep too:  
And would have kist unto her knee,  
Had not her blush rebuked me.

THE CARKANET.

INSTEAD of orient pearls of jet,  
 I sent my love a carkanet :  
 About her spotlesse neck she knit  
 The lace, to honour me, or it :  
 Then think how wrapt was I to see  
 My jet t'enthrell such ivorie.

HIS SAILING FROM JULIA.

WHEN that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm  
 gone  
 Unto that watrie desolation :  
 Devoutly to thy closet-gods then pray,  
 That my wing'd ship may meet no Remora.  
 Those deities which circum-walk the seas,  
 And look upon our dreadfull passages,  
 Will from all dangers re-deliver me,  
 For one drink-offering poured out by thee.  
 Mercie and truth live with thee ! and forbear  
 In my short absence, to unsluce a teare :  
 But yet for loves-sake, let thy lips doe this,  
 Give my dead picture one engendring kisse :  
 Work that to life, and let me ever dwell  
 In thy remembrance, Julia. So farewell.

HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST, AND  
 WHY SO CALLED.

WHY this flower is now call'd so,  
 List, sweet maids, and you shal know.  
 Understand, this first-ling was  
 Once a brisk and bonny lasse,  
 Kept as close as Danae was :  
 Who a sprightly springall lov'd,  
 And to have it fully prov'd,

Up she got upon a wall,  
 Tempting down to slide withall :  
 But the silken twist unty'd,  
 So she fell, and bruis'd, she dy'd.  
 Love, in pittty of the deed,  
 And her loving-lucklesse speed,  
 Turn'd her to this plant, we call  
 Now, The Flower of the Wall.

WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOUR.

THESE fresh beauties, we can prove,  
 Once were virgins sick of love,  
 Turn'd to flowers. Still in some  
 Colours goe, and colours come.

TO HIS MISTRESSE OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER  
 TOYING OR TALKING.

YOU say I love not, 'cause I doe not play  
 Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.  
 You blame me too, because I cannt devise  
 Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes :  
 By loves religion, I must here confesse it,  
 The most I love, when I the least expresse it.  
*Small griefs find tongues:* full casques are ever found  
 To give, if any, yet but little sound.  
*Deep waters noyse-lesse are ;* and this we know,  
*That chiding streams betray small depth below.*  
 So when love speechlesse is she doth expresse  
 A depth in love, and that depth, bottomlesse.  
 Now since my love is tongne-lesse, know me such,  
 Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS MISTRESSES.

I HAVE lost, and lately, these  
 Many dainty mistresses :  
 Stately Julia, prime of all ;  
 Sapho next, a principall :

Smooth Anthea, for a skin  
 White, and heaven-like chrystalline :  
 Sweet Electra, and the choice  
 Myrha, for the lute, and voice.  
 Next, Corinna, for her wit,  
 And the graceful use of it :  
 With Perilla : all are gone ;  
 Onely Herrick's left alone,  
 For to number sorrow by  
 Their departures hence, and die.

THE DREAM.

ME thought, last night, Love in an anger came,  
 And brought a rod, so whipt me with the same :  
 Mirtle the twigs were, meerly to imply ;  
 Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle cruelty,  
 Patient I was : Love pitifull grew then,  
 And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole agen.  
 Thus like a bee, Love-gentle stil doth bring  
 Hony to salve, where he before did sting.

THE VINE.

I DREAM'D this mortal part of mine  
 Was metamorphoz'd to a vine ;  
 Which crawling one and every way,  
 Enthrall'd my dainty Lucia.  
 Me thought, her long small legs and thighs  
 I with my tendrils did surprize ;  
 Her belly, buttocks, and her waste  
 By my soft nerv'lits were embrac'd :  
 About her head I writhing hung,  
 And with rich clusters (hid among  
 The leaves) her temples I behung :  
 So that my Lucia seem'd to me  
 Young Bacchus ravisht by his tree.  
 My curls about her neck did craule,  
 And armes and hands they did enthrall :

So that she could not freely stir,  
 (All parts there made one prisoner).  
 But when I crept with leaves to hide  
 Those parts, which maids keep unesp'y'd,  
 Such fleeting pleasures there I took,  
 That with the fancie I awook ;  
 And found (ah me !) this flesh of mine  
 More like a stock, then like a vine.

## TO LOVE.

I'M free from thee ; and thou no more shalt heare  
 My puling pipe to beat against thine eare :  
 Farewell my shackles, (though of pearle they be)  
 Such precious thraldome ne'r shall fetter me.  
 He loves his bonds, who, when the first are broke,  
 Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

## ON HIMSELFE.

YOUNG I was, but now am old,  
 But I am not yet grown cold ;  
 I can play, and I can twine  
 'Bout a virgin like a vine :  
 In her lap too I can lye  
 Melting, and in fancie die :  
 And return to life, if she  
 Claps my cheek, or kisseth me ;  
 Thus, and thus it now appears  
 That our love out-lasts our yeeres.

## LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH-PIN.

LOVE and my selfe (belceve me) on a day  
 At childish push-pin (for our sport) did play :  
 I put, he pusht, and heedless of my skin,  
 Love prickt my finger with a golden pin :



Since which, it festers so, that I can prove  
'Twas but a trick to poyson me with love :  
Little the wound was ; greater was the smart ;  
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

THE ROSARIE.

ONE ask'd me where the roses grew ?  
I bade him not goe seek ;  
But forthwith bade my Julia shew  
A bud in either cheek.

UPON CUPID.

OLD wives have often told, how they  
Saw Cupid bitten by a flea :  
And thereupon, in tears half drown'd,  
He cry'd aloud, Help, help the wound :  
He wept, he sobb'd, he call'd to some  
To bring him lint, and balsamum,  
To make a tent, and put it in,  
Where the steletto pierc'd the skin :  
Which being done, the fretfull paine  
Asswag'd, and he was well again.

THE PARCÆ, OR, THREE DAINTY DESTINIES.

THE ARMELET.

THREE lovely Sisters working were  
(As they were closely set)  
Of soft and dainty maiden-haire,  
A curious armelet.  
I smiling, ask'd them what they did ?  
(Faire Destinies all three)  
Who told me, they had drawn a thred  
Of life, and 'twas for me.

They shew'd me then, how fine 'twas spun ;  
 And I reply'd thereto,  
 I care not now how soone 'tis done,  
 Or cut, if cut by you.

## SORROWES SUCCEED.

WHEN one is past, another care we have,  
*Thus woe succeeds a woe ; as wave a wave.*

## CHERRY-PIT.

JULIA and I did lately sit  
 Playing for sport, at cherry-pit :  
 She threw ; I cast ; and having thrown,  
 I got the pit, and she the stone.

## TO ROBIN RED-BREST.

L AID out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be  
 With leaves and mosse-work for to cover me :  
 And while the wood-nymphs my cold corps inter,  
 Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister !  
 For epitaph, in foliage, next write this,  
*Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is.*

## DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.

MORE discontents I never had  
 Since I was born, then here ;  
 Where I have been, and still am sad,  
 In this dull Devon-shire :  
 Yet justly too I must confesse ;  
 I ne'r invented such  
 Ennobled numbers for the presse,  
 Then where I loath'd so much.

TO HIS PATERNALL COUNTRY.

O EARTH! earth! earth! heare thou my voice,  
 and be  
 Loving, and gentle for to cover me :  
 Banish'd from thee I live ; ne'r to return,  
 Unlesse thou giv'st my small remains an urne.

CHERRIE-RIPE.

C HERRIE-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,  
 Full and faire ones ; come, and buy :  
 If so be, you ask me where  
 They doe grow ? I answer, There,  
 Where my Julia's lips doe smile ;  
 There's the land, or Cherry-ile :  
 Whose plantations fully show  
 All the yeere, where cherries grow.

TO HIS MISTRESSES.

P UT on your silks ; and piece by piece  
 Give them the scent of amber-greece :  
 And for your breaths too, let them smell  
 Ambrosia-like, or nectarell :  
 While other gums their sweets perspire,  
 By your owne jewels set on fire.

TO ANTHEA.

N OW is the time, when all the lights wax dim ;  
 And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him  
 Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me  
 Under that holy-oke, or gospel-tree :  
 Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think upon  
 Me, when thou yeerly go'st procession :  
 Or for mine honour, lay me in that tombe  
 In which thy sacred reliques shall have roome  
 For my embalming, sweetest, there will be  
 No spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

## THE VISION TO ELECTRA.

I DREAM'D we both were in a bed  
 Of roses, almost smothered :  
 The warmth and sweetnes had me there  
 Made lovingly familiar ;  
 But that I heard thy sweet breath say,  
 Faults done by night, will blush by day :  
 I kist thee panting, and I call  
 Night to the record ! that was all.  
 But ah ! if empty dreames so please,  
 Love, give me more such nights as these.

## DREAMES.

HERE we are all, by day : by night w' are hurl'd  
 By dreames, each one, into a sev'rall world.

## AMBITION.

IN man, ambition is the common'st thing :  
 Each one, by nature, loves to be a king.

## HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

JULIA, if I chance to die  
 Ere I print my poetry ;  
 I most humbly thee desire  
 To commit it to the fire :  
 Better 'twere my book were dead,  
 Then to live not perfected.

## MONEY GETS THE MASTERIE.

FIGHT thou with shafts of silver, and o'come,  
 When no force else can get the masterdome.

THE SCAR-FIRE. ✓

WATER, water I desire,  
 Here's a house of flesh on fire :  
 Ope' the fountains and the springs,  
 And come all to buckittings :  
 What ye cannot quench, pull downe ;  
 Spoile a house, to save a towne :  
 Better 'tis that one shu'd fall,  
 Then by one, to hazard all.

UPON SILVIA, A MISTRESSE.

WHEN some shall say, Faire once my Silvia was ;  
 Thou wilt complaine, False now's thy looking-  
 glasse :  
 Which renders that quite tarnisht, which was green ;  
 And priceless now, what peerless once had been :  
 Upon thy forme more wrinkles yet will fall,  
 And comming downe, shall make no noise at all.

CHEERFULNESSE IN CHARITIE : OR,  
 THE SWEET SACRIFICE.

THIS not a thousand bullocks thies  
 Can please those heav'nly deities,  
 If the vower don't express  
 In his offering, cheerfulness.

ONCE POORE, STILL PENURIOUS.

GOES the world now, it will with thee goe hard :  
 The fattest hogs we grease the more with lard.  
*To him that has, there shall be added more ;  
 Who is penurious, he shall still be poore.*

## SWEETNESSE IN SACRIFICE.

'TIS not greatness they require,  
 To be offer'd up by fire :  
 But 'tis sweetness that doth please  
*Those eternall essences.*

## STEAME IN SACRIFICE.

IF meat the gods give, I the steame  
 High-towring wil devote to them :  
 Whose easie natures like it well,  
 If we the roste have, they the smell.

## UPON JULIA'S VOICE.

SO smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,  
 As, could they hear, the damn'd would make no  
                   noise ;  
 But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,  
 Melting melodious words to lutes of amber.

## AGAIINE.

WHEN I thy singing next shall heare,  
 Ile wish I might turne all to eare,  
 To drink in notes, and numbers, such  
 As blessed soules cann't heare too much :  
 Then melted down, there let me lye  
 Entranc'd, and lost confusedly :  
 And by thy musique stricken mute,  
 Die, and be turn'd into a lute.

## ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE.

ALL things decay with time : the forrest sees  
 The growth, and down-fall of her aged trees ;  
 That timber tall, which three-score lustres stood  
 The proud dictator of the state-like wood :

I meane, the soveraigne of all plants, the oke  
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleavers stroke.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOURE SWEET MONTHS.

FIRST, April, she with mellow showrs  
Opens the way for early flowers ;  
Then after her comes smiling May,  
In a more rich and sweet aray ;  
Next enters June, and brings us more  
Jems then those two that went before :  
Then, lastly, July comes, and she  
More wealth brings in then all those three.

NO SHIPWRACK OF VERTUE. TO A FRIEND.

THOU sail'st with others in this Argus here ;  
Nor wrack or bulging thou hast cause to feare :  
But trust to this, my noble passenger ;  
Who swims with vertue, he shall still be sure  
Ulysses-like, all tempests to endure ;  
And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MISTRESSE

ELIZAB: HERRICK.

FIRST, for effusions due unto the dead,  
My solemne vowes have here accomplished :  
Next, how I love thee, that my griefe must tell,  
Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Deare, farewell.

OF LOVE. A SONET.

HOW Love came in, I do not know,  
Whether by th' eye, or eare, or no ;  
Or whether with the soule it came  
At first, infused with the same ;

Whether in part 'tis here or there,  
 Or, like the soule, whole every where :  
 This troubles me ; but I as well  
 As any other, this can tell ;  
 That when from hence she does depart,  
 The out-let then is from the heart.

TO ANTHEA.

AH my Anthea ! Must my heart still break ?  
*Love makes me write, what shame forbids to  
 speak.*

Give me a kisse, and to that kisse a score ;  
 Then to that twenty, adde an hundred more :  
 A thousand to that hundred : so kisse on,  
 To make that thousand up a million.  
 Treble that million, and when that is done,  
 Let's kisse afresh, as when we first begun.  
 But yet, though Love likes well such scenes as these  
 There is an act that will more fully please :  
 Kissing and glancing, soothing, all make way  
 But to the acting of this private play :  
 Name it I would ; but being blushing red,  
 The rest Ile speak, when we meet both in bed.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES : AND THE QUARRIE  
 OF PEARLS.

SOME ask'd me where the rubies grew ?  
 And nothing I did say ;  
 But with my finger pointed to  
 The lips of Julia.  
 Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where ?  
 Then spoke I to my girle,  
 To part her lips, and shew'd them there  
 The quarelets of pearl.



## CONFORMITIE.

CONFORMITY was ever knowne  
A foe to dissolution :  
Nor can we that a ruine call,  
Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS COMMING WITH HIS  
ARMY INTO THE WEST.

WELCOME, most welcome to our vowes and us,  
Most great, and universall genius !  
The drooping west, which hitherto has stood  
As one, in long-lamented-widow-hood,  
Looks like a bride now, or a bed of flowers,  
Newly refresh't, both by the sun, and showers.  
War, which before was horrid, now appears  
Lovely in you, brave prince of cavaliers !  
A deale of courage in each bosome springs  
By your accesse ; *O you the best of kings !*  
Ride on with all white omens ; so, that where  
Your standard's up, we fix a conquest there.

## UPON ROSES.

UNDER a lawne, then skyes more cleare,  
Some ruffled roses nestling were ;  
And snugging there, they seem'd to lye  
As in a flowrie nunnery :  
They blush'd, and look'd more fresh then flowers  
Quickned of late by pearly showers ;  
And all, because they were possest  
But of the heat of Julia's breast :  
Which as a warme, and moistned spring,  
Gave them their ever flourishing.

TO THE KING AND QUEENE, UPON THEIR  
UNHAPPY DISTANCES.

WOE, woe to them, who, by a ball of strife,  
Doe, and have parted here a man and wife :  
Charles the best husband, while Maria strives  
To be, and is, the very best of wives :  
Like streams, you are divorce'd ; but 't will come, when  
These eyes of mine shall see you mix agen.  
'Thus speaks the oke, here ; C. and M. shall meet,  
Treading on amber, with their silver-feet :  
Nor wil't be long, ere this accomplish'd be ;  
The words found true, C. M. remember me.

DANGERS WAIT ON KINGS.

AS oft as night is banish'd by the morne,  
So oft, we'll think, we see a king new born.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID : OR, THE UNGENTLE  
GUEST.

ONE silent night of late,  
When every creature rested,  
Came one unto my gate,  
And knocking, me molested.

Who's that, said I, beats there,  
And troubles thus the sleepe ?  
Cast off, said he, all feare,  
And let not locks thus keep ye.

For I a boy am, who  
By moonlesse nights have swerved ;  
And all with showers wet through,  
And e'en with cold half starved.

I pittifull arose,  
 And soon a taper lighted ;  
 And did my selfe disclose  
 Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,  
 And wings too, which did shiver ;  
 And looking down below,  
 I spy'd he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine  
 Brought him, as love professes,  
 And chaf'd his hands with mine,  
 And dry'd his dropping tresses :

But when he felt him warm'd,  
 Let's try this bow of ours,  
 And string, if they be harm'd,  
 Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
 And wedded string and arrow,  
 And struck me that it went  
 Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew  
 Away, and thus said flying,  
 Adieu, mine host, adieu,  
 Ile leave thy heart a dying.

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS  
 FATHER.

THAT for seven lusters I did never come  
 To doe the rites to thy religious tombe ;  
 That neither haire was cut, or true teares shed  
 By me, o'r thee, *as justments to the dead* :  
 Forgive, forgive me ; since I did not know  
 Whether thy bones had here their rest, or no.

But now 'tis known, behold, behold, I bring  
 Unto thy ghost th' effused offering :  
 And look, what smallage, night-shade, cypresse, yew,  
 Unto the shades have been, or now are due,  
 Here I devote ; and something more then so ;  
 I come to pay a debt of birth I owe.  
 Thon gav'st me life, but mortall ; for that one  
 Favour, Ile make full satisfaction ;  
 For my life mortall, rise from out thy herse,  
 And take a life immortall from my verse.

## DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

l A SWEET disorder in the dresse  
 Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse :  
 A lawne about the shoulders thrown  
 Into a fine distraction :  
 An erring lace, which here and there  
 Enthralls the crimson stomacher :  
 A cuffe neglectfull, and thereby  
 Ribbands to flow confusedly :  
 A winning wave (deserving note)  
 In the tempestuous petticoate :  
 A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye  
 I see a wilde civility :  
 Doe more bewitch me, then when art  
 Is too precise in every part.

## TO HIS MUSE.

WERE I to give thee baptime, I wo'd chuse  
 To christen thee, the Bride, the Bashfull  
 Muse,  
 Or Muse of Roses : since that name does fit  
 Best with those virgin-verses thou hast writ :  
 Which are so cleane, so chaste, as none may feare  
 Cato the censor, sho'd he scan each here.

UPON LOVE.

LOVE scorch'd my finger, but did spare  
 The burning of my heart ;  
 To signifie, in love my share  
 Sho'd be a little part.

Little I love ; but if that he  
 Wo'd but that heat recall :  
 That joynt to ashes sho'd be burnt,  
 Ere I wo'd love at all.

DEAN-BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON, BY  
 WHICH SOMETIMES HE LIVED.

DEAN-BOURN, farewell ; I never look to see  
 Deane, or thy warty incivility.  
 Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams,  
 And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames ;  
 To my content, I never sho'd behold,  
 Were thy streames silver, or thy rocks all gold.  
 Rockie thou art ; and rockie we discover  
 Thy men ; and rockie are thy wayes all over.  
 O men, O manners ; now, and ever knowne  
 To be a *rockie generation* !  
 A people currish ; churlish as the seas ;  
 And rude, almost, as rudest salvages :  
 With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when  
 Rockes turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

KISSING USURIE.

BIANCHIA, let  
 Me pay the debt  
 I owe thee for a kisse  
 Thou lend'st to me ;  
 And I to thee  
 Will render ten for this :

If thou wilt say,  
 Ten will not pay  
 For that so rich a one ;  
 Ile cleare the summe,  
 If it will come  
 Unto a million.

By this I guesse,  
 Of happinesse  
 Who has a little measure :  
 He must of right,  
 To th'utmost mite,  
 Make payment for his pleasure.

2  
 To JULIA.

HOW rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art,  
 In each thy dainty, and peculiar part !  
 First, for thy queen-ship on thy head is set  
 Of flowers a sweet commingled coronet :  
 About thy neck a carkanet is bound,  
 Made of the rubie, pearle, and diamond :  
 A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb :  
 About thy wrist, the rich \* Dardanium.  
 Between thy breast, then doune of swans more white,  
 There playes the saphire with the chrysolite.  
 No part besides must of thy selfe be known,  
 But by the topaz, opal, calcedon.

To LAURELS.

A FUNERALL stone,  
 Or verse, I covet none ;  
 But onely crave  
 Of you, that I may have  
 A sacred laurel springing from my grave :

---

\* A bracelet, from Dardanus so call'd.

Which being seen,  
 Blest with perpetuall greene,  
 May grow to be  
 Not so much call'd a tree,  
 As the eternall monument of me.

HIS CAVALIER.

GIVE me that man, that dares bestride  
 The active sea-horse, & with pride,  
 Through that huge field of waters ride :  
 Who, with his looks too, can appease  
 The ruffling winds and raging seas,  
 In mid'st of all their outrages.  
 This, this a virtuous man can doe,  
 Saile against rocks, and split them too ;  
 I! and a world of pikes passe through.

ZEAL REQUIRED IN LOVE.

I'LE doe my best to win, when'ere I woove :  
*That man loves not, who is not zealous too.*

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee,  
 Two Cupids fell at odds ;  
 And whose the pretty prize shu'd be,  
 They vow'd to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,  
 And for their boldness stript them :  
 And taking thence from each his flame ;  
 With rods of mirtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,  
 When quiet grown sh'ad seen them,  
 She kist, and wip'd thir dove-like eyes ;  
 And gave the bag between them.

## LOVE KILL'D BY LACK.

LET me be warme ; let me be fully fed :  
*Luxurious Love by wealth is nourished.*  
 Let me be leane, and cold, and once grown poore,  
 I shall dislike what once I lov'd before.

## TO HIS MISTRESSE.

CHOOSE me your Valentine ;  
 Next, let us marry :  
 Love to the death will pine,  
 If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vows,  
 Or vow ye never :  
 Loves doctrine disallowes  
 Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice  
 Deare, to undoe me ;  
 If you prove faithlesse thrice,  
 None then will wooe you.

## TO THE GENEROUS READER.

SEE, and not see ; and if thou chance t'espie  
 Some aberrations in my poetry ;  
 Wink at small faults, the greater, ne'rthelesse  
 Hide, and with them, their father's nakedness.  
 Let's doe our best, our watch and ward to keep :  
 Homer himself, in a long work, may sleep.

## TO CRITICKS.

I LE write, because Ile give  
 You criticks means to live :  
 For sho'd I not supply  
 The cause, th'effect wo'd die.



DUTY TO TYRANTS.

GOOD princes must be pray'd for : for the bad  
 They must be borne with, and in rev'rence had  
 Doe they first pill thee, next, pluck off thy skin ?  
*Good children kisse the rods, that punish sin.*  
 Touch not the tyrant ; let the gods alone  
 To strike him dead, that but usurps a throne.

BEING ONCE BLIND, HIS REQUEST TO BIANCHA.

WHEN age or chance has made me blind,  
 So that the path I cannot find :  
 And when my falls and stumblings are  
 More then the stones i'th'street by farre :  
 Goe thou afore ; and I shall well  
 Follow thy perfumes by the smell :  
 Or be my guide ; and I shall be  
 Led by some light that flows from thee.  
 Thus held, or led by thee, I shall  
 In wayes confus'd, nor slip or fall.

UPON BLANCH.

BLANCH swears her husband's lovely ; when a  
 scald  
 Has blear'd his eyes : besides, his head is bald.  
 Next, his wilde eares, like lethern wings full spread,  
 Flutter to flie, and beare away his head.

NO WANT WHERE THERE'S LITTLE.

TO bread and water none is poore ;  
 And having these, what need of more ?  
 Though much from out the Cess be spent,  
*Nature with little is content.*

## BARLY-BREAK : OR, LAST IN HELL.

WE two are last in hell : what may we feare  
 To be tormented, or kept pris'ners here ?  
 Alas ! if kissing be of plagues the worst,  
 We'll wish, in hell we had been last and first.

## THE DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY no other thing is, then a beame  
 Flasht out between the middle and extreame.

## TO DIANE ME.

DEARE, though to part it be a hell,  
 Yet, Dianeme, now farewell :  
 Thy frown, last night, did bid me goe ;  
 But whither, onely grief do's know.  
 I doe beseech thee, ere we part,  
 (If mercifull, as faire thou art ;  
 Or else desir'st that maids sho'd tell  
 Thy pittie by Loves-chronicle)  
 O Dianeme, rather kill  
 Me, then to make me languish stil !  
 'Tis cruelty in thee to'th'height,  
 Thus, thus to wound, not kill out-right :  
 Yet there's a way found, if thou please,  
 By sudden death to give me ease :  
 And thus devis'd, doe thou but this,  
 Bequeath to me one parting kisse :  
 So sup'rabundant joy shall be  
 The executioner of me.

TO ANTHEA LYING IN BED.

SO looks Anthea, when in bed she lyes,  
 Orecome, or halfe betray'd by tiffanies :  
 Like to a twi-light, or that simpring dawn,  
 That roses shew, when misted o're with lawn.  
 Twilight is yet, till that her lawnes give way ;  
 Which done, that dawne, turnes then to perfect day.

TO ELECTRA.

MORE white then whitest lillies far,  
 Or snow, or whitest swans you are :  
 More white then are the whitest creames,  
 Or moone-light tinselling the streames :  
 More white then pearls, or Juno's thigh ;  
 Or Pelops arme of yvorie.  
 True, I confesse ; such whites as these  
 May me delight, not fully please :  
 Till, like Ixion's cloud, you be  
 White, warme, and soft to lye with me.

A COUNTRY LIFE : TO HIS BROTHER,  
 M. THO: HERRICK.

THRICE, and above blest, my soules halfe, art  
 thou,  
 In thy both last, and better vow :  
 Could'st leave the city, for exchange, to see  
 The countries sweet simplicity :  
 And it to know, and practice ; with intent  
 To grow the sooner innocent :  
 By studying to know vertue ; and to aime  
 More at her nature, then her name :  
 The last is but the least ; the first doth tell  
 Wayes lesse to live, then to live well :

And both are knowne to thee, who now can'st live  
Led by thy conscience ; to give  
Justice to soone-pleas'd nature ; and to show,  
Wisdome and she together goe,  
And keep one centre : this with that conspires,  
To teach man to confine desires :  
And know, that riches have their proper stint,  
In the contented mind, not mint.  
And can'st instruct, that those who have the itch  
Of craving more, are never rich.  
These things thou know'st to'th'height, and dost  
prevent  
That plague ; because thou art content  
With that heav'n gave thee with a warie hand,  
(More blessed in thy brasse, then land)  
To keep cheap nature even, and upright ;  
To coole, not cocker appetite.  
Thus thou canst tearcely live to satisfie  
The belly chiefly ; not the eye :  
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,  
Lesse with a neat, then needfull diet.  
But that which most makes sweet thy country life,  
Is, the fruition of a wife :  
Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast  
Got, not so beautifull, as chaste :  
By whose warme side thou dost securely sleep,  
While Love the centinell doth keep,  
With those deeds done by day, which n'er affright  
Thy silken slumbers in the night.  
Nor has the darknesse power to usher in  
Feare to those sheets, that know no sin.  
But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,  
Gives thee each night a maidenhead.  
The damaskt medowes, and the peebly streames  
Sweeten, and make soft your dreames :  
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well-weav'd  
bowrs,  
With fields enameled with flowers,

Present their shapes ; while fantasie discloses  
Millions of lillies mixt with roses.  
Then dream, ye heare the lamb by many a bleat  
Woo'd to come suck the milkie teat :  
While Faunus in the vision comes to keep,  
From rav'ning wolves, the fleecie sheep.  
With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet  
To make sleep not so sound, as sweet :  
Nor can these figures so thy rest endeare,  
As not to rise when Chanticleere  
Warnes the last watch ; but with the dawne dost rise  
To work, but first to sacrifice ;  
Making thy peace with heav'n, for some late fault,  
With holy-meale, and spirting-salt.  
Which done, thy painfull thumb this sentence tells us,  
*Jove for our labour all things sells us.*  
Nor are thy daily and devout affaires  
Attended with those desp'rate cares,  
Th' industrious merchant has ; who for to find  
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,  
And back again ; tortur'd with fears, doth fly,  
Untaught, to suffer poverty.  
But thou at home, blest with securest ease,  
Sitt'st, and beleev'st that there be seas,  
And watrie dangers ; while thy whiter hap,  
But sees these things within thy map.  
And viewing them with a more safe survey,  
Mak'st easie feare unto thee say,  
*A heart thrice wull'd with oke, and brasse, that man  
Had, first, durst plow the ocean.*  
But thou at home without or tyde or gale,  
Canst in thy map securely saile :  
Seeing those painted countries ; and so guesse  
By those fine shades, their substances :  
And from thy compasse taking small advice,  
Buy'st travell at the lowest price.  
Nor are thine eares so deafe, but thou canst heare,  
Far more with wonder, then with feare,

Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and kings ;  
And beleieve there be such things :  
When of these truths, thy happyer knowledge lyes,  
More in thine cares, then in thine eyes.  
And when thou hear'st by that too-true-report,  
Vice rules the most, or all at court :  
Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,  
Vertue had, and mov'd her sphere.  
But thou liv'st fearlesse ; and thy face ne'r shewes  
Fortune when she comes, or goes.  
But with thy equall thoughts, prepar'd dost stand,  
To take her by the either hand :  
Nor car'st which comes the first, the foule or faire ;  
*A wise man ev'ry way lies square.*  
And like a surly oke, with storms perplex't ;  
Growes still the stronger, strongly vex't.  
Be so, bold spirit ; stand center-like, unmov'd ;  
And be not onely thought, but prov'd  
To be what I report thee ; and inure  
Thy selfe, if want comes to endure :  
And so thou dost : for thy desires are  
Confin'd to live with private Larr :  
Not curious whether appetite be fed,  
Or with the first, or second bread.  
Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates :  
Hunger makes coorse meats, delicates.  
Can'st, and unurg'd, forsake that larded fare,  
Which art, not nature, makes so rare ;  
To taste boyl'd nettles, colworts, beets, and eate  
These, and sowre herbs, as dainty meat ?  
While soft opinion makes thy Genius say,  
*Content makes all ambrosia.*  
Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter size  
So much for want, as exercise :  
To numb the sence of dearth, which sho'd sinne  
haste it,  
Thou might'st but onely see't, not taste it.  
Yet can thy humble roose maintaine a quire

Of singing crickets by thy fire :  
 And the brisk mouse may feast her selfe with crums,  
 Till that the green-ey'd kitling comes.  
 Then to her cabbin, blest she can escape  
 The sudden danger of a rape.  
 And thus thy little-well-kept stock doth prove,  
*Wealth cannot make a life, but Love.*  
 Nor art thou so close-handed, but can'st spend  
 (Counsell concurring with the end)  
 As well as spare : still conning o'r this theame,  
 To shun the first, and last extreame.  
 Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,  
 Or to exceed thy tether's reach :  
 But to live round, and close, and wisely true  
 To thine owne selfe ; and knowne to few.  
 Thus let thy rurall sanctuary be  
 Elizium to thy wife and thee ;  
 There to disport your selves with golden measure :  
*For seldome use commends the pleasure.*  
 Live, and live blest ; thrice happy paire ; let breath,  
 But lost to one, be th' others death.  
 And as there is one love, one faith, one troth,  
 Be so one death, one grave to both.  
 Till when, in such assurance live, ye may  
 Nor feare, or wish your dying day.

## DIVINATION BY A DAFFADILL.

**W**HEN a daffadill I sec,  
 Hanging down his head t'wards me ;  
 Guesse I may, what I must be :  
 First, I shall decline my head ;  
 Secondly, I shall be dead ;  
 Lastly, safely buried.

## TO THE PAINTER, TO DRAW HIM A PICTURE.

COME, skilfull Lupo, now, and take  
 Thy bice, thy vंबर, pink, and lake ;  
 And let it be thy pensil's strife,  
 To paint a bridgeman to the life :  
 Draw him as like too, as you can,  
 An old, poore, lying, flatt'ring man :  
 His cheeks be-pimpled, red and blue ;  
 His nose and lips of mulbrie hiew.  
 Then for an easie fansie, place  
 A burling iron for his face :  
 Next, make his cheeks with breath to swell,  
 And for to speak, if possible :  
 But do not so ; for feare, lest he  
 Sho'd by his breathing, poyson thee.

## UPON CUFFE. EPIG.

CUFFE comes to church much ; but he keeps  
     his bed  
 Those Sundayes onely, when as briefs are read.  
 This makes Cuffe dull ; and troubles him the most,  
 Because he cannot sleep i'th' Church, free-cost.

## UPON FONE A SCHOOL-MASTER. EPIG.

FONE says, those mighty whiskers he do's weare,  
 Are twigs of birch, and willow, growing there :  
 Is so, we'll think too, when he do's condemne  
 Boyes to the lash, that he do's whip with them.

## A LYRICK TO MIRTH.

WHILE the milder fates consent,  
 Let's enjoy our merriment :  
 Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play ;  
 Kisse our dollies night and day :



Crown'd with clusters of the vine ;  
 Let us sit, and quaffe our wine.  
 Call on Bacchus ; chaunt his praise ;  
 Shake the thyrses, and bite the bayes :  
 Rouze Anacreon from the dead ;  
 And return him drunk to bed :  
 Sing o're Horace ; for ere long  
 Death will come and mar the song :  
 Then shall Wilson and Gotiere  
 Never sing, or play more here.

TO THE EARLE OF WESTMERLAND.

WHEN my date's done, and my gray age  
 must die ;  
 Nurse up, great lord, this my posterity :  
 Weak though it be ; long may it grow, and stand,  
 Shor'd up by you, (*brave Earle of Westmerland.*)

AGAINST LOVE.

WHEN ere my heart, love's warmth, but enter-  
 taines,  
 O frost ! O snow ! O haile ! forbid the banes.  
 One drop now deads a spark ; but if the same  
 Once gets a force, floods cannot quench the flame.  
 Rather then love, let me be ever lost ;  
 Or let me 'gender with eternall frost.

UPON JULIA'S RIBAND.

AS shews the aire, when with a rain-bow grae'd ;  
 So smiles that riband 'bout my Julia's waste :  
 Or like — nay 'tis that Zonulet of love,  
 Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

## ✓ THE FROZEN ZONE: OR, JULIA DISDAINFULL.

WHITHER? say, whither shall I fly,  
 To slack these flames wherein I frie?  
 To the treasures, shall I goe,  
 Of the raine, frost, haile, and snow?  
 Shall I search the under-ground,  
 Where all damps, and mists are found?  
 Shall I seek, for speedy ease,  
 All the floods, and frozen seas?  
 Or descend into the deep,  
 Where eternall cold does keep?  
 These may coole; but there's a zone  
 Colder yet then any one:  
 That's my Julia's breast; where dwels  
 Such destructive ysicles;  
 As that the congelation will  
 Me sooner starve, then those can kill.

## AN EPITAPH UPON A SOBER MATRON.

WITH blamelesse carriage, I liv'd here,  
 To' th' almost sev'n and fortieth yeare.  
 Stout sons I had, and those twice three;  
 One onely daughter lent to me:  
 The which was made a happy Bride,  
 But thrice three Moones before she dy'd.  
 My modest wedlock, that was known  
 Contented with the bed of one.

## TO THE PATRON OF POETS, M. END: PORTER.

LET there be patrons; patrons like to thee,  
 Brave Porter! poets ne'r will wanting be:  
 Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live  
 In thee, thou man of men! who here do'st give

Not onely subject-matter for our wit,  
But likewise oyle of maintenance to it :  
For which, before thy threshold, we'll lay downe  
Our thyrs, for scepter ; and our baies for crown.  
For to say truth, all garlands are thy due ;  
The laurell, mirtle, oke, and ivie too.

THE SADNESSE OF THINGS FOR SAPHO'S SICKNESSE.

**L**ILLIES will languish ; violets look ill ;  
Sickly the prim-rose ; pale the daffadill :  
That gallant tulip will hang down his head, ✓  
Like to a virgin newly ravished.  
Pansies will weep ; and marygolds will wither ;  
And keep a fast, and funerall together,  
If Sapho droop ; daisies will open never,  
But bid good-night, and close their lids for ever.

LEANDERS OBSEQUIES.

**W**HEN as Leander young was drown'd,  
No heart by love receiv'd a wound ;  
But on a rock himselfe sate by,  
There weeping sup'rabundantly.  
Sighs numberlesse he cast about,  
And all his tapers thus put out :  
His head upon his hand he laid ;  
And sobbing deeply, thus he said,  
Ah, cruell sea ! and looking on't,  
Wept as he'd drowne the Hellespont.  
And sure his tongue had more exprest,  
But that his teares forbad the rest.

HOPE HEARTENS.

**N**ONE goes to warfare, but with this intent ;  
The gaines must dead the feare of detriment.

FOURE THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE.

HEALTH is the first good lent to men ;  
 A gentle disposition then :  
 Next, to be rich by no by-ways ;  
 Lastly, with friends t'enjoy our dayes.

HIS PARTING FROM MRS. DOROTHY KENEDAY.

WHEN I did goe from thee, I felt that smart,  
 Which bodies do, when souls from them  
     depart.  
 Thou did'st not mind it; though thou then might'st  
     see  
 Me turn'd to tears ; yet did'st not weep for me.  
 'Tis true, I kist thee ; but I co'd not heare  
 Thee spend a sigh, t'accompany my teare.  
 Me thought 'twas strange, that thou so hard sho'dst  
     prove,  
 Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry part spake  
     love.  
 Prethee (lest maids sho'd censure thee) but say  
 Thou shed'st one teare, when as I went away ;  
 And that will please me somewhat : though I know,  
 And Love will swear't, my dearest did not so.

THE TEARE SENT TO HER FROM STANES.

1. GLIDE, gentle streams, and beare  
     Along with you my teare  
         To that coy girle ;  
         Who smiles, yet slayes  
         Me with delayes ;  
     And strings my tears as pearle.

2. See ! see, she's yonder set,  
Making a carkanet  
Of maiden-flowers !  
There, there present  
This orient,  
And pendant pearle of ours.
3. Then say, I've sent one more  
Jem to enrich her store ;  
And that is all  
Which I can send,  
Or vainly spend,  
For tears no more will fall.
4. Nor will I seek supply  
Of them, the spring's once drie ;  
But Ile devise,  
(Among the rest)  
A way that's best  
How I may save mine eyes.
5. Yet say ; sho'd she condemne  
Me to surrender them ;  
Then say ; my part  
Must be to weep  
Out them, to keep  
A poore, yet loving heart.
6. Say too, She wo'd have this ;  
She shall : then my hope is,  
That when I'm poore,  
And nothing have  
To send, or save ;  
I'm sure she'll ask no more.

UPON ONE LILLIE, WHO MARRYED WITH A MAID  
CALL'D ROSE.

WHAT times of sweetnesse this faire day fore-  
shows,  
When as the Lilly marries with the Rose!  
What next is lookt for? but we all sho'd see  
To spring from these a sweet posterity.

AN EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

VIRGINS promis'd when I dy'd,  
That they wo'd each primrose-tide,  
Duely, morne and ev'ning, come,  
And with flowers dresse my tomb.  
Having promis'd, pay your debts,  
Maids, and here strew violets.

UPON SCOBBLE. EPIG.

SCOBBLE for whoredome whips his wife; and  
cryes,  
He'll slit her nose; but blubb'ring, she replyes,  
Good sir, make no more cuts i'th' outward skin,  
One slit's enough to let adultry in.

THE HOURE-GLASSE.

THAT houre-glasse, which there ye see  
With water fill'd, sirs, credit me,  
The humour was, as I have read,  
But lovers tears inchristalled.  
Which, as they drop by drop doe passe  
From th' upper to the under-glasse,  
Do in a trickling manner tell,  
(By many a watrie syllable)  
That lovers tears in life-time shed,  
Do restless run when they are dead.

## HIS FARE-WELL TO SACK.

FAREWELL, thou thing, time-past so knowne, so  
deare

To me, as blood to life and spirit : neare,  
Nay, thou more neare then kindred, friend, man, wife,  
Male to the female, soule to body : life  
To quick action, or the warme soft side  
Of the resigning, yet resisting bride.  
The kisse of virgins ; first-fruits of the bed ;  
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maidenhead :  
These, and a thousand sweets, co'd never be  
So neare, or deare, as thou wast once to me.  
O thou the drink of gods, and angels ! wine  
That scatter'st spirit and lust ; whose purest shine,  
More radiant then the summers sun-beams shows ;  
Each way illustrious, brave ; and like to those  
Comets we see by night ; whose shagg'd portents  
Fore-tell the comming of some dire events :  
Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,  
Throwing about his wild, and active fires.  
'Tis thou, above nectar, O divinest soule !  
(Eternall in thy self) that canst controule  
That, which subverts whole nature, grief and care ;  
Vexation of the mind, and damn'd despaire.  
'Tis thou, alone, who with thy mistick fan,  
Work'st more then wisdom, art, or nature can,  
To rouze the sacred madnesse ; and awake  
The frost-bound-blood, and spirits ; and to make  
Them frantick with thy raptures, flashing through  
The soule, like lightning, and as active too.  
'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three  
Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee.  
Horace, Anacreon both had lost their fame,  
Hadst thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame.  
Phæbean splendour ! and thou Thespian spring !  
Of which, sweet swans must drink, before they sing

Their true-pac'd numbers, and their holy-layes,  
 Which makes them worthy cedar, and the bayes.  
 But why? why longer doe I gaze upon  
 Thee with the eye of admiration?  
 Since I must leave thee; and enforc'd, must say  
 To all thy witching beauties, Goe, away.  
 But if thy whimpring looks doe ask me why?  
 Then know, that nature bids thee goe, not I.  
 'Tis her erroneous self has made a braine  
 Uncapable of such a soveraigne,  
 As is thy powerfull selfe. Prethee not smile;  
 Or smile more inly; lest thy looks beguile  
 My vowes denounc'd in zeale, which thus much show  
     thee,  
 That I have sworn, but by thy looks to know thee.  
 Let others drink thee freely; and desire  
 Thee and their lips espous'd; while I admire,  
 And love thee; but not taste thee. Let my muse  
 Faile of thy former helps; and onely use  
 Her inadult'rate strength: what's done by me  
 Hereafter, shall smell of the lamp, not thee.

## UPON GLASCO. EPIG.

GLASCO had none, but now some teeth has got:  
 Which though they furre, will neither ake, or  
     rot.  
 Six teeth he has, whereof twice two are known  
 Made of a haft, that was a mutton-bone.  
 Which not for use, but meerly for the sight,  
 He weares all day, and drawes those teeth at night.

UPON MRS. ELIZ: WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME  
OF AMARILLIS.

SWEET Amarillis, by a spring's  
 Soft and soule-melting murmurings,  
 Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew



A Robin-red-brest ; who at view,  
 Not seeing her at all to stir,  
 Brought leaves and mosse to cover her :  
 But while he, perking, there did prie  
 About the arch of either eye ;  
 The lid began to let out day ;  
 At which poore Robin flew away :  
 And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd ;  
 He chirpt for joy, to see himself disceav'd.

## THE CUSTARD.

FOR second course, last night, a custard came  
 To th' board, so hot, as none co'd touch the  
 same :

Furze, three or foure times with his cheeks did blow  
 Upon the custard, and thus cooled so ;  
 It seem'd by this time to admit the touch :  
 But none cold eate it, 'cause it stunk so much.

## TO MYRRHA HARD-HEARTED.

✓

FOLD now thine armes ; and hang the head,  
 Like to a Lillie withered :  
 Next, look thou like a sickly moone ;  
 Or like Jocasta in a swoone.  
 Then weep, and sigh, and softly goe,  
 Like to a widdow drown'd in woe :  
 Or like a virgin full of ruth,  
 For the lost sweet-heart of her youth :  
 And all because, faire maid, thou art  
 Insensible of all my smart ;  
 And of those evill dayes that be  
 Now posting on to punish thee.  
 The Gods are easie, and condemne  
 All such as are not soft like them.

✓

## THE EYE.

MAKE me a heaven ; and make me there  
 Many a lesse and greater spheare.  
 Make me the straight, and oblique lines ;  
 The motions, lations, and the signes.  
 Make me a chariot, and a sun ;  
 And let them through a zodiac run :  
 Next, place me zones, and tropicks there ;  
 With all the seasons of the yeare.  
 Make me a sun-set ; and a night :  
 And then present the mornings-light  
 Cloath'd in her chamlets of delight.  
 To these, make clouds to poure downe raine ;  
 With weather foule, then faire againe.  
 And when, wise artist, that thou hast,  
 With all that can be, this heaven grac't ;  
 Ah ! what is then this curious skie,  
 But onely my Corinna's eye ?

## UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED, MR. J. WARR.

WHAT wisdom, learning, wit, or worth,  
 Youth, or sweet nature, co'd bring forth,  
 Rests here with him ; who was the fame,  
 The volume of himselfe, and name.  
 If, reader, then thou wilt draw neere,  
 And doe an honour to thy teare ;  
 Weep then for him, for whom laments  
 Not one, but many monuments.

## UPON GRYLL.

GRYLL eates, but ne're sayes grace ; to speak the  
 troth,  
 Gryll either keeps his breath to coole his broth ;  
 Or else because Grill's roste do's burn his spit,  
 Gryll will not therefore say a grace for it.

THE SUSPITION UPON HIS OVER-MUCH FAMILIARITY  
WITH A GENTLEWOMAN.

AND must we part, because some say,  
Loud is our love, and loose our play,  
And more then well becomes the day?  
Alas for pittie! and for us  
Most innocent, and injur'd thus  
Had we kept close, or play'd within,  
Suspition now had been the sinne,  
And shame had follow'd long ere this,  
T'ave plagu'd, what now unpunisht is.  
But we as fearlesse of the sunne,  
As faultlesse; will not wish undone,  
What now is done: since *where no sin*  
*Unbolts the doore, no shame comes in.*  
Then, comely and most fragrant maid,  
Be you more warie, then afraid  
Of these reports; because you see  
The fairest most suspected be.  
The common formes have no one eye,  
Or eare of burning jealousie  
To follow them: but chiefly, where  
Love makes the cheek, and chin a sphere  
To dance and play in: trust me, there  
Suspicion questions every haire.  
Come, you are faire; and sho'd be seen  
While you are in your sprightfull green:  
And what though you had been embrac't  
By me, were you for that unchast?  
No, no, no more then is yond' moone,  
Which shining in her perfect noone;  
In all that great and glorious light,  
Continues cold, as is the night.  
Then, beauteous maid, you may retire;  
And as for me, my chast desire

Shall move t'wards you ; although I see  
 Your face no more : so live you free  
 From Fames black lips, as you from me.

## SINGLE LIFE MOST SECURE.

SUSPICION, discontent, and strife,  
 Come in for dowrie with a wife.

## THE CURSE. A SONG.

GOE, perjur'd man ; and if thou ere return  
 To see the small remainders in mine urne :  
 When thou shalt laugh at my religious dust ;  
 And ask, Where's now the colour, forme and trust  
 Of woman's beauty ? and with hand more rude  
 Rifle the flowers which the virgins strew'd :  
 Know, I have pray'd to Furie, that some wind  
 May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

## THE WOUNDED CUPID. SONG.

CUPID as he lay among  
 Roses, by a bee was stung.  
 Whereupon in anger flying  
 To his mother, said thus crying ;  
 Help ! O help ! your boy's a dying.  
 And why, my pretty lad, said she ?  
 Then blubbering, replied he,  
 A winged snake has bitten me,  
 Which country people call a bee.  
 At which she smil'd ; then with her hairs  
 And kisses drying up his tears :  
 Alas ! said she, my wag ! if this  
 Such a pernicious torment is :  
 Come tel me then, how great's the smart  
 Of those, thou woundest with thy dart !

TO DEWES. A SONG.

I BURN, I burn; and beg of you  
 To quench, or coole me with your dew.  
 I frie in fire, and so consume,  
 Although the pile be all perfume.  
 Alas! the heat and death's the same;  
 Whether by choice, or common flame:  
 To be in oyle of roses drown'd,  
 Or water; where's the comfort found?  
 Both bring one death; and I die here,  
 Unlesse you coole me with a teare:  
 Alas! I call; but ah! I see  
 Ye coole, and comfort all, but me.

SOME COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

TO conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall  
 By th'hand of him who is the generall.

THE VISION.

SITTING alone, as one forsook,  
 Close by a silver-shedding brook;  
 With hands held up to Love, I wept;  
 And after sorrowes spent, I slept:  
 Then in a vision I did see  
 A glorious forme appeare to me:  
 A virgins face she had; her dresse  
 Was like a sprightly Spartanesse.  
 A silver bow with green silk strung,  
 Down from her comely shoulders hung:  
 And as she stood, the wanton aire  
 Dandled the ringlets of her haire.  
 Her legs were such Diana shows,  
 When tuckt up she a hunting goes;  
 With buskins shortned to descrie  
 The happy dawning of her thigh:

Which when I saw, I made accesse  
 To kisse that tempting nakednesse :  
 But she forbad me, with a wand  
 Of mirtle she had in her hand :  
 And chiding me, said, Hence, remove,  
 Herrick, thou art too coorse to love.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

YOU say, to me-wards your affection's strong;  
 Pray love me little, so you love me long.  
 Slowly goes farre : the meane is best : desire  
 Grown violent, do's either die, or tire.

UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE.

'T WAS but a single rose,  
 Till you on it did breathe;  
 But since, me thinks, it shows  
 Not so much rose, as wreathe.

UPON A WIFE THAT DYED MAD WITH JEALOUSIE.

IN this little vault she lyes,  
 Here, with all her jealousies :  
 Quiet yet ; but if ye make  
 Any noise, they both will wake,  
 And such spirits raise, 'twill then  
 Trouble Death to lay agen.

UPON THE BISHOP OF LINCOLNE'S IMPRISONMENT.

NEVER was day so over-sick with showres,  
 But that it had some intermitting houres.  
 Never was night so tedious, but it knew  
 The last watch out, and saw the dawning too.  
 Never was dungeon so obscurely deep,  
 Wherein or light, or day, did never peep.

Never did moone so ebbe, or seas to wane,  
 But they left hope-seed to fill up againe.  
 So you, my lord, though you have now your stay,  
 Your night, your prison, and your ebbe ; you may  
 Spring up afresh ; when all these mists are spent,  
 And star-like, once more, guild our firmament.  
 Let but that mighty Cesar speak, and then,  
 All bolts, all barres, all gates shall cleave ; as when  
 That earth-quake shook the house, and gave the stout  
 Apostles, way, unshackled, to goe out.  
 This, as I wish for, so I hope to see ;  
 Though you, my lord, have been unkind to me :  
 To wound my heart, and never to apply,  
 When you had power, the meanest remedy :  
 Well ; though my grieve by you was gall'd, the more ;  
 Yet I bring balme and oile to heal your sore.

## DISSWASIONS FROM IDLENESSE.

CYNTHIUS pluck ye by the eare,  
 That ye may good doctrine heare.  
 Play not with the maiden-haire ;  
 For each ringlet there's a snare.  
 Cheek, and eye, and lip, and chin ;  
 These are traps to take fooles in.  
 Armes, and hands, and all parts else,  
 Are but toiles, or manicles  
 Set on purpose to enthrall  
 Men, but slothfulls most of all.  
 Live employ'd, and so live free  
 From these fetters ; like to me  
 Who have found, and still can prove,  
*The lazie man the most doth love.*

## UPON STRUT.

STRUT, once a fore-man of a shop we knew ;  
 But turn'd a ladies usher now, 'tis true :  
 Tell me, has Strut got ere a title more ?  
 No ; he's but fore-man, as he was before.

AN EPITHALAMIE TO SIR THOMAS SOUTHWELL  
 AND HIS LADIE.

## I.

NOW, now's the time ; so oft by truth  
 Promis'd sho'd come to crown your youth.  
 Then faire ones, doe not wrong  
 Your joyes, by staying long :  
 Or let Love's fire goe out,  
 By lingring thus in doubt :  
 But learn, that time once lost,  
 Is ne'r redeem'd by cost.  
 Then away ; come, Hymen, guide  
 To the bed, the bashfull bride.

## II.

Is it, sweet maid, your fault these holy  
 Bridall-rites goe on so slowly ?  
 Deare, is it this you dread,  
 The losse of maiden-head ?  
 Beleeve me ; you will most  
 Esteeme it when 'tis lost :  
 Then it no longer keep,  
 Lest issue lye asleep.  
 Then away ; come, Hymen, guide  
 To the bed, the bashfull bride.

## III.

These precious-pearly-purling teares,  
 But spring from ceremonious feares.



And 'tis but native shame,  
That hides the loving flame :  
And may a while controule  
The soft and am'rous soule ;  
But yet, Love's fire will wast  
Such bashfulnesse at last.  
Then away ; come, Hymen, guide  
To the bed, the bashfull bride.

IV.

Night now hath watch'd her self half blind ;  
Yet not a maiden-head resign'd !  
    'Tis strange, ye will not flie  
    To Love's sweet mysterie.  
    Might yon full-moon the sweets  
    Have, promis'd to your sheets ;  
    She soon wo'd leave her spheare,  
    To be admitted there.  
Then away ; come, Hymen, guide  
To the bed, the bashfull bride.

V.

On, on devoutly, make no stay ;  
While Domiduca leads the way :  
    And Genius who attends  
    The bed for luckie ends :  
    With Juno goes the houres,  
    And Graces strewing flowers.  
    And the boyes with sweet tunes sing,  
    Hymen ! O Hymen ! bring  
Home the turtles ; Hymen, guide  
To the bed, the bashfull bride.

VI.

Behold ! how Hymen's taper-light  
Shews you how much is spent of night.  
    See, see the bride-groom's torch  
    Halfe wasted in the porch.

And now those tapers five,  
That shew the womb shall thrive :  
Their silv'rie flames advance,  
To tell all prosp'rous chance  
Still shall crown the happy life  
Of the good man and the wife.

## VII.

Move forward then your rosie feet,  
And make, what ere they touch, turn sweet.  
May all, like flowrie meads  
Smell, where your soft foot treads ;  
And every thing assume  
To it, the like perfume :  
As Zephyrus when he 'spires  
Through woodbine, and sweet-bryers.  
Then away ; come, Hymen, guide  
To the bed, the bashfull bride.

## VIII.

And now the yellow vaile, at last,  
Over her fragrant cheek is cast.  
Now seems she to expresse  
A bashfull willingnesse :  
Shewing a heart consenting ;  
As with a will repenting.  
Then gently lead her on  
With wise suspicion :  
For that, matrons say, a measure  
Of that passion sweetens pleasure.

## IX.

You, you that be of her neerest kin,  
Now o're the threshold force her in.  
But to avert the worst ;  
Let her, her fillets first  
Knit to the posts : this point  
Remembring, to anoint

The sides : for 'tis a charme  
Strong against future harme :  
And the evil deads, the which  
There was hidden by the witch.

## X.

O Venus! thou, to whom is known  
The best way how to loose the zone  
Of virgins! tell the maid,  
She need not be afraid :  
And bid the youth apply  
Close kisses, if she cry :  
And charge, he not forbears  
Her, though she woove with teares.  
Tel them, now they must adven-ter,  
Since that Love and Night bid enter.

## XI.

No fatal owle the bedsted keeps,  
With direful notes to fright your sleeps :  
No furies, here about,  
To put the tapers out,  
Watch, or did make the bed :  
'Tis omen full of dread :  
But all faire signs appeare  
Within the chamber here.  
Juno here, far off, doth stand  
Cooling sleep with charming wand.

## XII.

Virgins, weep not; 'twill come, when,  
As she, so you'l be ripe for men.  
Then grieve her not, with saying  
She must no more a Maying :  
Or by rose-buds devine,  
Who'l be her Valentine.  
Nor name those wanton reaks  
Y'ave had at barly-breaks.

But now kisse her, and thus say,  
Take time, lady, while ye may.

## XIII.

Now barre the doors, the bride-groom puts  
The eager boyes to gather nuts.  
And now, both Love and Time  
To their full height doe clime :  
O ! give them active heat  
And moisture, both compleat :  
Fit organs for encrease,  
To keep, and to release  
That, which may the honour'd stem  
Circle with a diadem.

## XIV.

And now, behold ! the bed or couch  
That ne'r knew brides, or bride-grooms touch,  
Feels in it selfe a fire ;  
And tickled with desire,  
Pants with a downie brest,  
As with a heart possest :  
Shrugging as it did move,  
Ev'n with the soule of love.  
And, oh ! had it but a tongue,  
Doves, 'two'd say, yee bill too long.

## XV.

O enter then ! but see ye shun  
A sleep, untill the act be done.  
Let kisses, in their close,  
Breathe as the damask rose :  
Or sweet, as is that gumme  
Doth from Panchaia come.  
Teach nature now to know,  
Lips can make cherries grow  
Sooner, then she, ever yet,  
In her wisdome co'd beget.

## XVI.

On your minutes, hours, dayes, months, years,  
Drop the fat blessing of the spears.  
That good, which Heav'n can give  
To make you bravely live;  
Fall, like a spangling dew,  
By day, and night on you.  
May Fortunes lilly-hand  
Open at your command;  
With all luckie birds to side  
With the bride-groom, and the bride.

## XVII.

Let bounteous Fate your spindles full  
Fill, and winde up with whitest wooll.  
Let them not cut the thred  
Of life, untill ye bid.  
May death yet come at last;  
And not with desp'rate hast:  
But when ye both can say,  
Come, let us now away.  
Be ye to the barn then born,  
Two, like two ripe shocks of corn.

## TEARES ARE TONGUES.

WHEN Julia chid, I stood as mute the while,  
As is the fish, or tonguelesse crocodile.  
Aire coyn'd to words, my Julia co'd not heare;  
But she co'd see each eye to stamp a teare:  
By which, mine angry mistresse might descry,  
Teares are the noble language of the eye.  
And when true love of words is destitute,  
The eyes by tears speak, while the tongue is mute.

## UPON A YOUNG MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN.

LET all chaste matrons, when they chance to see  
 My num'rous issue, praise, and pitty me.  
 Praise me, for having such a fruitfull wombe ;  
 Pity me too, who found so soone a tomb.

## TO ELECTRA.

ILE come to thee in all those shapes  
 As Jove did, when he made his rapes :  
 Onely, Ile not appeare to thee,  
 As he did once to Semele.  
 Thunder and lightning Ile lay by,  
 To talk with thee familiarly.  
 Which done, then quickly we'll undresse  
 To one and th'others nakednesse.  
 And ravisht, plunge into the bed,  
 Bodies and souls commingled,  
 And kissing, so as none may heare,  
 We'll weary all the fables there.

## HIS WISH.

IT is sufficient if we pray  
 To Jove, who gives, and takes away :  
 Let him the land and living finde ;  
 Let me alone to fit the mind.

## HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA.

NOONE-DAY and midnight shall at once be  
 scene :  
 Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and greene :  
 Fire and water shall together lye  
 In one-self-sweet-conspiring sympathie :  
 Summer and winter shall at one time show  
 Ripe eares of corne, and up to th'eares in snow :

Seas shall be sandlesse ; fields devoid of grasse ;  
Shapelesse the world, as when all chaos was,  
Before, my deare Perilla, I will be  
False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

LOVE PERFUMES ALL PARTS.

IF I kisse Anthea's brest,  
There I smell the phenix nest :  
If her lip, the most sincere  
Altar of incense, I smell there.  
Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all  
Richly aromaticall.  
Goddesse Isis cann't transfer  
Musks and ambers more from her :  
Nor can Juno sweeter be,  
When she lyes with Jove, then she.

TO JULIA.

PERMIT me, Julia, now to goe away ;  
Or by thy love, decree me here to stay.  
If thou wilt say, that I shall live with thee ;  
Here shall my endless tabernacle be :  
If not, as banisht, I will live alone  
There, where no language ever yet was known.

ON HIMSELFE.

LOVE-SICK I am, and must endure  
A desp'rate grief, that finds no cure.  
Ah me ! I try ; and trying. prove,  
*No herbs have power to cure love.*  
Onely one soveraign salve I know,  
And that is death, the end of woe.

## VERTUE IS SENSIBLE OF SUFFERING.

THOUGH a wise man all pressures can sustaine ;  
 His vertue still is sensible of paine :  
 Large shoulders though he has, and well can beare,  
 He feesles when packs do pinch him ; and the where.

## THE CRUELL MAID.

AND, cruell maid, because I see  
 You scornfull of my love, and me :  
 Ile trouble you no more ; but goe  
 My way, where you shall never know  
 What is become of me : there I  
 Will find me out a path to die ;  
 Or learne some way how to forget  
 You, and your name, for ever : yet  
 Ere I go hence ; know this from me,  
 What will, in time, your fortune be :  
 This to your coyennesse I will tell ;  
 And having spoke it once, farewell.  
 The lillie will not long endure ;  
 Nor the snow continue pure :  
 The rose, the violet, one day  
 See, both these lady-flowers decay :  
 And you must fade, as well as they.  
 And it may chance that Love may turn,  
 And, like to mine, make your heart burn  
 And weep to see't ; yet this thing doe,  
 That my last vow commends to you :  
 When you shall see that I am dead,  
 For pittie let a teare be shed ;  
 And, with your mantle o're me cast,  
 Give my cold lips a kisse at last :  
 If twice you kisse, you need not feare,  
 That I shall stir, or live more here.  
 Next, hollow out a tombe to cover  
 Me ; me, the most despised lover :



And write thereon, *This, reader, know,*  
*Love kill'd this man.* No more but so.

TO DIANE.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,  
 Which star-like sparkle in their skies:  
 Nor be you proud, that you can see  
 All hearts your captives; yours, yet free:  
 Be you not proud of that rich haire,  
 Which wantons with the love-sick aire:  
 When as that rubie, which you weare,  
 Sunk from the tip of your soft eare,  
 Will last to be a precious stone,  
 When all your world of beautie's gone.

TO THE KING, TO CURE THE EVILL.

TO find that tree of life, whose fruits did feed,  
 And leaves did heale, all sick of humane seed:  
 To finde Bethesda, and an angel there,  
 Stirring the waters, I am come; and here,  
 At last, I find, after my much to doe,  
 The tree, Bethesda, and the angel too:  
 And all in your blest hand, which has the powers  
 Of all those suppling-healing herbs and flowers.  
 To that soft charm, that spell, that magick bough,  
 That high enchantment I betake me now:  
 And to that hand, the branch of Heavens faire tree,  
 I kneele for help; O! lay that hand on me,  
 Adored Cesar! and my faith is such,  
 I shall be heal'd, if that my KING but touch.  
 The evill is not yours: my sorrow sings,  
 Mine is the evill, but the cure, the *Kings*.

HIS MISERY IN A MISTRESSE.

WATER, water I espie:  
 Come, and coole ye: all who frie  
 In your loves; but none as I.

Though a thousand showres be  
Still a falling, yet I see  
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have seas  
For to quench ye, or some ease  
From your kinder mistresses.

I have one, and she alone,  
Of a thousand thousand known,  
Dead to all compassion.

Such an one, as will repeat  
Both the cause, and make the heat  
More by provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despaire  
Of my cure, doe you beware  
Of those girles, which cruell are.

UPON JOLLIE'S WIFE.

FIRST, Jollies wife is lame ; then next, loose-hipt :  
Squint ey'd, hook-nos'd ; and lastly, kidney lipt.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN, OBJECTING TO HIM  
HIS GRAY HAIRES.

AM I despis'd, because you say,  
And I dare sweare, that I am gray ?  
Know, lady, you have but your day :  
And time will come when you shall weare  
Such frost and snow upon your haire :  
And when, though long, it comes to passe,  
You question with your looking-glasse ;  
And in that sincere christall seek,  
But find no rose-bud in your cheek :  
Nor any bed to give the shew  
Where such a rare carnation grew.

Ah ! 'then too late, close in your chamber keeping,  
     It will be told  
     That you are old ;  
 By those true teares y'are weeping.

TO CEDARS.

I F 'mongst my many poems, I can see  
 One onely, worthy to be washt by thee :  
 I live for ever ; let the rest all lye  
 In dennes of darkness, or condemn'd to die.

UPON CUPID.

L OVE, like a gypsie, lately came ;  
 And did me much importune  
 To see my hand ; that by the same  
     He might fore-tell my fortune.

He saw my palme ; and then, said he,  
     I tell thee, by this score here ;  
 That thou, within few months, shalt be  
     The youthfull Prince D' Amour here.

I smil'd ; and bade him once more prove,  
     And by some crosse-line show it ;  
 That I co'd ne'r be Prince of Love,  
     Though here the princely poet.

HOW PRIMROSES CAME GREEN.

V IRGINS, time-past, known were these,  
     Troubled with green-sicknesses,  
 Turn'd to flowers : stil the hieu,  
 Sickly girles, they beare of you.

TO JOS : LO : BISHOP OF EXETER.

WHOM sho'd I feare to write to, if I can  
 Stand before you, my learn'd diocesan ?  
 And never shew blood-guiltinesse, or feare  
 To see my lines excathedrated here.  
 Since none so good are, but you may condemne ;  
 Or here so bad, but you may pardon them.  
 If then, my lord, to sanctifie my muse  
 One onely poem out of all you'l chuse ;  
 And mark it for a rapture nobly writ,  
 'Tis good confirm'd ; for you have bishop't it.

UPON A BLACK TWIST, ROUNDING THE ARME OF  
 THE COUNTESSE OF CARLILE.

I SAW about her spotlesse wrist,  
 Of blackest silk, a curious twist ;  
 Which, circumvolving gently, there  
 Enthrall'd her arme, as prisoner.  
 Dark was the jayle ; but as if light  
 Had met t'engender with the night ;  
 Or so, as darknesse made a stay  
 To shew at once, both night and day.  
 I fancie more ! but if there be  
 Such freedome in captivity ;  
 I beg of Love, that never I  
 May in like chains of darknesse lie.

ON HIMSELFE.

I FEARE no earthly powers ;  
 But care for crowns of flowers :  
 And love to have my beard  
 With wine and oile besmear'd.  
 This day Ile drowne all sorrow ;  
 Who knowes to live to morrow ?

UPON PAGGET.

PAGGET, a school-boy, got a sword, and then  
 He vow'd destruction both to birch, and men :  
 Who wo'd not think this yonker fierce to fight ?  
 Yet comming home, but somewhat late, last night ;  
 Untrusse, his master bade him ; and that word  
 Made him take up his shirt, lay down his sword.

A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA.

JULIA, I bring  
 To thee this ring,  
 Made for thy finger fit ;  
 To shew by this,  
 That our love is  
 Or sho'd be, like to it.

Close though it be,  
 The joynt is free :  
 So when Love's yoke is on,  
 It must not gall,  
 Or fret at all  
 With hard oppression.

But it must play  
 Still either way ;  
 And be, too, such a yoke,  
 As not too wide,  
 To over-slide ;  
 Or be so strait to choak.

So we, who beare,  
 This beame, must reare  
 Our selves to such a height :  
 As that the stay  
 Of either may  
 Create the burden light.

And as this round  
Is no where found  
To flaw, or else to sever :  
So let our love  
As endless prove ;  
And pure as gold for ever.

## TO THE DETRACTER.

WHERE others love, and praise my verses ; still  
Thy long-black-thumb-nail marks 'em out  
for ill :

A fellow take it, or some whit-flaw come  
For to unslate, or to untile that thumb !  
But cry thee mercy : exercise thy nailes  
To scratch or claw, so that thy tongue not railes :  
Some numbers prurient are, and some of these  
Are wanton with their itch ; scratch, and 'twill please.

## UPON THE SAME.

I ASK'T thee oft, what poets thou hast read,  
And lik'st the best ? Still thou reply'st, The dead.  
I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be ;  
Then sure thou't like, or thou wilt envie me.

## JULIA'S PETTICOAT.

THY azure robe, I did behold,  
As ayrie as the leaves of gold ;  
Which erring here, and wandring there,  
Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where :  
Sometimes 'two'd pant, and sigh, and heave,  
As if to stir it scarce had leave :  
But having got it ; thereupon,  
'Two'd make a brave expansion.  
And pounc't with stars, it shew'd to me  
Like a celestiall canopie.

TO MUSICK.

## DISTRUST.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

GET up, get up for shame, the blooming morne  
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.  
See how Aurora throwes her faire  
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire :  
Get up, sweet-slug-a-bed, and see  
The dew-bespangling herbe and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,  
Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,  
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?  
When all the birds have mattens seyed,  
And sung their thankfull hymnes : 'tis sin,  
Nay, profanation to keep in,  
When as a thousand virgins on this day,  
Spring, sooner then the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise ; and put on your foliage, and be seene  
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and  
greene ;  
And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
For jewels for your gowne, or haire :  
Feare not ; the leaves will strew  
Gemms in abundance upon you :  
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :  
Come, and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :  
And Titan on the eastern hill  
Retires himselfe, or else stands still  
Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be brieft in  
praying :  
Few beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and comming, marke  
How each field turns a street ; each street a parke  
Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how  
Devotion gives each house a bough,  
Or branch : each porch, each doore, ere this,  
An arke a tabernacle is  
Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove ;  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
Can such delights be in the street,  
And open fields, and we not see't ?  
Come, we'll abroad ; and let's obey  
The proclamation made for May :



And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;  
But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girle, this day,  
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of youth, ere this, is come  
Back, and with White-thorn laden home.  
Some have dispatcht their cakes and creame,  
Before that we have left to dreame :

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,  
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :

Many a green-gown has been given ;  
Many a kisse, both odde and even :  
Many a glance too has been sent  
From out the eye, love's firmament :

Many a jest told of the keyes betraying  
This night, and locks pickt, yet w'are not a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime ;  
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die  
Before we know our liberty.  
Our life is short ; and our dayes run  
As fast away as do's the sunne :

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine  
Once lost, can ne'r be found againe :

So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;  
All love, all liking, all delight  
Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying ;  
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

ON JULIA'S BREATH.

BREATHE, Julia, breathe, and Ile protest,  
Nay more, Ile deeply sweare,  
That all the spices of the East  
Are circumfused there.

## UPON A CHILD. AN EPITAPH.

BUT borne, and like a short delight,  
 I glided by my parents sight.  
 That done, the harder fates deny'd  
 My longer stay, and so I dy'd.  
 If pittying my sad parents teares,  
 You'l spil a tear, or two with theirs :  
 And with some flowrs my grave bestrew,  
 Love and they'l thank you for't. Adieu.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HORACE AND LYDIA  
 TRANSLATED ANNO 1627, AND SET  
 BY MR. RO : RAMSEY.

*Hor.* WHILE, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,  
 Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me  
 To hug thy whitest neck : then I,  
 The Persian King liv'd not more happily.

*Lyd.* While thou no other didst affect,  
 Nor Cloe was of more respect ;  
 Then Lydia, far-fam'd Lydia,  
 I flourish't more then Roman Ilia.

*Hor.* Now Thracian Cloe governs me,  
 Skilfull i' th' harpe, and melodie :  
 For whose affection, Lydia, I,  
 So Fate spares her, am well content to die.

*Lyd.* My heart now set on fire is  
 By Ornithes sonne, young Calais ;  
 For whose commutuell flames here I,  
 To save his life, twice am content to die.

*Hor.* Say our first loves we sho'd revoke,  
 And sever'd joyne in brazen yoke :  
 Admit I Cloe put away,  
 And love againe love-cast-off Lydia ?

*Lyd.* Though mine be brighter then the star ;  
Thou lighter then the cork by far :  
Rough as th' Adratick sea, yet I  
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

## THE CAPTIV'D BEE : OR, THE LITTLE FILCHER.

AS Julia once a slumb'ring lay,  
It chanc't a bee did flie that way,  
After a dew, or dew-like shower,  
To tippie freely in a flower.  
For some rich flower, he took the lip  
Of Julia, and began to sip ;  
But when he felt he suckt from thence  
Hony, and in the quintessence :  
He drank so much he scarce co'd stir ;  
So Julia took the pilferer.  
And thus surpriz'd, as filchers use,  
He thus began himselfe t'excuse :  
Sweet lady-flower, I never brought  
Hither the least one theeving thought :  
But taking those rare lips of yours  
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers ;  
I thought I might there take a taste,  
Where so much sirrop ran at waste.  
Besides, know this, I never sting  
The flower that gives me nourishing :  
But with a kisse, or thanks, doe pay  
For honie, that I beare away.  
This said, he laid his little scrip  
Of honie, 'fore her ladiship :  
And told her, as some tears did fall,  
That, that he took, and that was all.  
At which she smil'd ; and bade him goe  
And take his bag ; but thus much know,  
When next he came a pilfring so,  
He sho'd from her full lips derive,  
Hony enough to fill his hive.



And as I prune my feather'd youth, so I  
 Doe mar'l how I co'd die,  
 When I had thee, my chiefe preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and blesse that hand,  
 Which makes me stand  
 Now as I doe ; and but for thee,  
 I must confesse, I co'd not be.  
 The debt is paid : for he who doth resigne  
 Thanks to the gen'rous vine ;  
 Invites fresh grapes to fill his presse with wine.

TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER  
 WILLIAM HERRICK.

L IFE of my life, take not so soone thy flight,  
 But stay the time till we have bade Good night.  
 Thou hast both wind and tide with thee ; thy way  
 As soone dispatcht is by the night, as day.  
 Let us not then so rudely henceforth goe  
 Till we have wept, kist, sigh't, shook hands, or so.  
 There's paine in parting ; and a kind of hell,  
 When once true-lovers take their last fare-well.  
 What ? shall we two our endlesse leaves take here  
 Without a sad looke, or a solemne teare ?  
 He knowes not love, that hath not this truth proved,  
*Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.*  
 Pay we our vows, and goe ; yet when we part,  
 Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart  
 Into thy loving hands : for Ile keep none  
 To warme my breast, when thou my pulse art gone.  
 No, here Ile last, and walk, a harmless shade,  
 About this urne, wherein thy dust is laid,  
 To guard it so, as nothing here shall be  
 Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

## THE OLIVE BRANCH.

SADLY I walk't within the field,  
 To see what comfort it wo'd yeeld:  
 And as I went my private way,  
 An olive-branch before me lay:  
 And seeing it, I made a stay.  
 And took it up, and view'd it; then  
 Kissing the omen, said Amen:  
 Be, be it so, and let this be  
 A divination unto me:  
 That in short time my woes shall cease;  
 And love shall crown my end with peace.

## UPON MUCH-MORE. EPIG.

MUCH-MORE provides, and hoords up like an  
 ant;  
 Yet Much-more still complains he is in want.  
 Let Much-more justly pay his tythes; then try  
 How both his meale and oile will multiply.

## TO CHERRY-BLOSSOMES.

YE may simper, blush, and smile,  
 And perfume the aire a while:  
 But, sweet things, ye must be gone;  
 Fruit, ye know, is comming on:  
 Then, ah! then, where is your grace,  
 When as cherries come in place?

## HOW LILLIES CAME WHITE.

WHITE though ye be; yet, lillies, know,  
 From the first ye were not so:  
     But Ile tell ye  
     What befell ye;  
 Cupid and his mother lay  
 In a cloud; while both did play,

He with his pretty finger prest  
 The rubie niplet of her breast ;  
 Out of the which, the creame of light,  
     Like to a dew,  
     Fell downe on you,  
 And made ye white.

TO PANSIES.

AH, cruell Love ! must I endure  
 Thy many scorns, and find no cure ?  
 Say, are thy medicines made to be  
 Helps to all others, but to me ?  
 Ile leave thee, and to pausies come ;  
 Comforts you'l afford me some :  
 You can ease my heart, and doe  
 What Love co'd ne'r be brought unto.

ON GELLI-FLOWERS BEGOTTEN.

WHAT was't that fell but now  
 From that warme kisse of ours ?  
 Look, look, by Love I vow  
     They were two Gelli-flowers.

Let's kisse, and kisse agen ;  
     For if so be 'our closes  
 Make Gelli-flowers, then  
     I'm sure they'l fashion roses.

THE LILLY IN A CHRISTAL.

YOU have beheld a smiling rose  
     When virgins hands have drawn  
     O'r it a cobweb lawne :  
 And here, you see, this lilly shows,

Tomb'd in a christal stone,  
More faire in this transparent case,  
Then when it grew alone ;  
And had but single grace.

You see how creame but naked is ;  
Nor daunces in the eye  
Without a strawberrie :  
Or some fine tincture, like to this,  
Which draws the sight thereto,  
More by that wantoning with it ;  
Then when the paler hieu  
No mixture did admit.

You see how amber through the streams  
More gently stroaks the sight,  
With some conceal'd delight ;  
Then when he darts his radiant beams  
Into the boundlesse aire :  
Where either too much light his worth  
Doth all at once impaire,  
Or set it little forth.

Put purple grapes, or cherries in-  
To glasse, and they will send  
More beauty to commend  
Them, from that cleane and subtile skin,  
Then if they naked stood,  
And had no other pride at all,  
But their own flesh and blood,  
And tinctures naturall.

Thus lillie, rose, grape, cherry, creame,  
And straw-berry do stir  
More love, when they transfer  
A weak, a soft, a broken beame ;  
Then if they sho'd discover  
At full their proper excellence ;  
Without some secan cast over,  
To juggle with the sense.



Thus let this christal'd lillie be  
 A rule, how far to teach,  
 Your nakednesse must reach :  
 And that, no further, then we see  
 Those glaring colours laid  
 By Arts wise hand, but to this end  
 They sho'd obey a shade ;  
 Lest they too far extend.

So though y'are white as swan, or snow,  
 And have the power to move  
 A world of men to love :  
 Yet, when your lawns & silks shal flow ;  
 And that white cloud divide  
 Into a doubtful twi-light ; then,  
 Then will your hidden pride  
 Raise greater fires in men.

TO HIS BOOKE.

LIKE to a bride, come forth, my boock, at last,  
 With all thy richest jewels over-cast :  
 Say, if there be 'mongst many jems here ; one  
 Deservelesse of the name of Paragon :  
 Blush not at all for that ; since we have set  
 Some pearls on queens, that have been counterfet.

UPON SOME WOMEN.

THOU who wilt not love, doe this ;  
 Learne of me what woman is.  
 Something made of thred and thrumme ;  
 A meere botch of all and some.  
 Pieces, patches, ropes of haire ;  
 In-laid garbage ev'ry where.  
 Out-side silk, and out-side lawne ;  
 Seeanes to cheat us neatly drawne.

False in legs, and false in thighs ;  
 False in breast, teeth, haire, and eyes :  
 False in head, and false enough ;  
 Onely true in shreds and stuffe.

SUPREME FORTUNE FALLS SOONEST.

WHILE leanest beasts in pastures feed,  
*The fattest ox the first must bleed.*

THE WELCOME TO SACK.

SO soft streams meet, so springs with gladder  
 smiles  
 Meet after long divorcement by the iles :  
 When love, the child of likenesse, urgeth on  
 Their christal natures to an union.  
 So meet stolne kisses, when the moonie nights  
 Call forth fierce lovers to their wisht delights :  
 So kings & queens meet, when desire convinces  
 All thoughts, but such as aime at getting princes,  
 As I meet thee. Soule of my life, and fame !  
 Eternall lamp of love ! whose radiant flame  
 Out-glares the heav'ns Osiris ;\* and thy gleams  
 Out-shine the splendour of his mid-day beams.  
 Welcome, O welcome my illustrious spouse ;  
 Welcome as are the ends unto my vows :  
 I ! far more welcome then the happy soile,  
 The sea-scourg'd merchant, after all his toile,  
 Salutes with tears of joy ; when fires betray  
 The smoakie chimneys of his Ithaca.  
 Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,  
 Poore pittyyed exile ? Tell me, did thy graces  
 Flie discontented hence, and for a time  
 Did rather choose to blesse another clime ?

---

\* The Sun.

Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move me,  
 By thy short absence, to desire and love thee?  
 Why frowns my sweet? Why won't my saint confer  
 Favours on me, her fierce idolater?  
 Why are those looks, those looks the which have been  
 Time-past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in  
 Like a dull twi-light? Tell me; and the fault  
 Ile expiate with sulphur, haire, and salt:  
 And, with the christal humour of the spring,  
 Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.  
 Wo't thou not smile, or tell me what's amisse?  
 Have I been cold to hug thee, too remisse,  
 Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, ha's desire  
 To thee-ward dy'd i'th'embers, and no fire  
 Left in this rak't-up ash-heap, as a mark  
 To testifie the glowing of a spark?  
 Have I divorce't thee onely to combine  
 In hot adult'ry with another wine?  
 True, I confesse I left thee, and appeale  
 'Twas done by me, more to confirme my zeale,  
 And double my affection on thee; as doe those,  
 Whose love growes more enflam'd, by being foes.  
 But to forsake thee ever, co'd there be  
 A thought of such like possibilitie?  
 When thou thy selfe dar'st say, thy iles shall lack  
 Grapes, before Herrick leaves canarie sack.  
 Thou mak'st me ayrie, active to be born,  
 Like Iphyclus, upon the tops of corn.  
 Thou mak'st me nimble, as the winged howers,  
 To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,  
 And ride the sun-beams. Can there be a thing  
 Under the heavenly Isis,\* that can bring  
 More love unto my life, or can present  
 My genius with a fuller blandishment?  
 Illustrious idoll! co'd th' Ægyptians seek  
 Help from the garlick, onyon, and the leek,

---

\* The Moon.

And pay no vowes to thee ? who wast their best  
God, and far more transcendent then the rest ?  
Had Cassius, that weak water-drinker, known  
Thee in thy vine, or had but tasted one  
Small chalice of thy frantick liquor ; he  
As the wise Cato had approv'd of thee.  
Had not Joves\* son, that brave Tyrrinthian swain,  
(Invited to the Thesbian banquet) ta'ne  
Full goblets of thy gen'rous blood ; his spright  
Ne'r had kept heat for fifty maids that night.  
Come, come and kisse me ; love and lust commends  
Thee, and thy beauties ; kisse, we will be friends  
Too strong for fate to break us : look upon  
Me, with that full pride of complexion,  
As queenes meet queenes ; or come thou unto me,  
As Cleopatra came to Anthonie ;  
When her high carriage did at once present  
To the Triumvir, love and wonderment.  
Swell up my nerves with spirit ; let my blood  
Run through my veines, like to a hasty flood.  
Fill each part full of fire, active to doe  
What thy commanding soule shall put it to.  
And till I turne apostate to thy love,  
Which here I vow to serve, doe not remove  
Thy fiers from me ; but Apollo's curse  
Blast these-like actions, or a thing that's worse ;  
When these circumstants shall but live to see  
The time that I prevaricate from thee.  
Call me the sonne of beere, and then confine  
Me to the tap, the tost, the turfe ; let wine  
Ne'r shine upon me ; may my numbers all  
Run to a sudden death, and funerall.  
And last, when thee, deare spouse, I disavow,  
Ne'r may propheticque Daphne crown my brow.

---

\* Hercules.

IMPOSSIBILITIES TO HIS FRIEND.

MY faithful friend, if you can see  
 The fruit to grow up, or the tree :  
 If you can see the colour come  
 Into the blushing peare, or plum :  
 If you can see the water grow  
 To cakes of ice, or flakes of snow :  
 If you can see, that drop of raine  
 Lost in the wild sea, once againe :  
 If you can see, how dreams do creep  
 Into the brain by easie sleep :  
 Then there is hope that you may see  
 Her love me once, who now hates me.

UPON LUGGS. EPIG.

LUGGS, by the condemnation of the Bench,  
 Was lately whipt for lying with a wench.  
 Thus paines and pleasures turne by turne succeed :  
*He smarts at last, who do's not first take heed.*

UPON GUBBS. EPIG.

GUBBS calls his children kitlings : and wo'd bound  
 (Some say) for joy, to see those kitlings drown'd.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST TO  
 GOOD VERSES.

NOW is the time for mirth,  
 Nor cheek, or tongue be dumbe :  
 For with the flowrie earth,  
 The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come ;  
 For now each tree do's weare,  
 Made of her pap and gum,  
 Rich beads of amber here.

Now raignes the rose, and now  
Th' Arabian dew besmears  
My uncontrolled brow,  
And my retorted haire.

Homer, this health to thee,  
In sack of such a kind,  
That it wo'd make thee see,  
Though thou wert ne'r so blind.

Next, Virgil, Ile call forth,  
To pledge this second health  
In wine, whose each cup's worth  
An Indian common-wealth.

A goblet next Ile drink  
To Ovid ; and suppose,  
Made he the pledge, he'd think  
The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup  
Of aromatike wine,  
Catullus, I quaffe up  
To that terce muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat ;  
O Bacchus ! coole thy raies !  
Or frantick I shall eate  
Thy thyrese, and bite the bayes.

Round, round, the roof do's run ;  
And being ravisht thus,  
Come, I will drink a tun  
To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus, next,  
This flood I drink to thee :  
But stay ; I see a text,  
That this presents to me.

Behold, Tibullus lies  
 Here burnt, whose smal return  
 Of ashes, scarce suffice  
 To fill a little urne.

Trust to good verses then ;  
 They onely will aspire,  
 When pyramids, as men,  
 Are lost, i'th'funerall fire.

And when all bodies meet  
 In Lethe to be drown'd ;  
 Then onely numbers sweet,  
 With endless life are crown'd.

FAIRE DAYES: OR, DAWNES DECEITFULL.

FAIRE was the dawne ; and but e'ne now the skies  
 Shew'd like to creame, enspir'd with straw-  
 berries :

But on a sudden, all was chang'd and gone  
 That smil'd in that first-sweet complexion.  
 Then thunder-claps and lightning did conspire  
 To teare the world, or set it all on fire.  
 What trust to things, below when as we see,  
 As men, the heavens have their hypocrisie ?

LIPS TONGUELESSE.

FOR my part, I never care  
 For those lips, that tongue-ty'd are :  
 Tell-tales I wo'd have them be  
 Of my mistresse, and of me.  
 Let them prattle how that I  
 Sometimes freeze, and sometimes frie :  
 Let them tell how she doth move  
 Fore or backward in her love :  
 Let them speak by gentle tones,  
 One and th'other's passions :

How we watch, and seldome sleep ;  
 How by willowes we doe weep :  
 How by stealth we meet, and then  
 Kisse, and sigh, so part agen.  
 This the lips we will permit  
 For to tell, nor publish it.

TO THE FEVER, NOT TO TROUBLE JULIA.

TH'AST dar'd too farre ; but, Furie, now forbear  
 To give the least disturbance to her haire :  
 But lesse presume to lay a plait upon  
 Her skins most smooth, and cleare expansion.  
 'Tis like a lawnie-firmament as yet  
 Quite dispossess of either fray, or fret.  
 Come thou not neere that filmne so finely spred,  
 Where no one piece is yet unlevelled.  
 This if thou dost, woe to thee Furie, woe,  
 Ile send such frost, such haile, such sleet, and snow,  
 Such flesh-quakes, palsies, and such feares as shall  
 Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all.  
 And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be  
 More shak't thy selfe, then she is scorcht by thee.

TO VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honour,  
 You doe bring  
 In the spring ;  
 And wait upon her.  
 She has virgins many,  
 Fresh and faire ;  
 Yet you are  
 More sweet then any.  
 Y'are the maiden posies,  
 And so grac't,  
 To be plac't,  
 'Fore damask roses.



Yet though thus respected,  
     By and by  
     Ye doe lie,  
 Poore girles, neglected.

## UPON BUNCE. EPIG.

MONEY thou ow'st me ; prethee fix a day  
 For payment promis'd, though thou never pay :  
 Let it be doomes-day ; nay, take longer scope ;  
 Pay when th'art honest ; let me have some hope.

## TO CARNATIONS. A SONG.

STAY while ye will, or goe ;  
     And leave no scent behind ye :  
 Yet trust me, I shall know  
     The place, where I may find ye :

Within my Lucia's cheek,  
     Whose livery ye weare,  
 Play ye at hide or seek,  
     I'm sure to find ye there.

## TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,  
 Old Time is still a flying :  
 And this same flower that smiles to day,  
     To morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
     The higher he's a getting ;  
 The sooner will his race be run,  
     And neerer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,  
     When youth and blood are warmer ;  
 But being spent, the worse, and worst  
     Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;  
 And while ye may, goe marry :  
 For having lost but once your prime,  
 You may for ever tarry.

SAFETY TO LOOK TO ONE'S SELFE.

FOR my neighbour Ile not know,  
 Whether high he builds or no :  
 Onely this Ile look upon,  
 Firm be my foundation.  
 Sound, or unsound, let it be ;  
 'Tis the lot ordain'd for me.  
 He who to the ground do's fall,  
*Has not whence to sink at all.*

TO HIS FRIEND, ON THE UNTUNEABLE TIMES.

PLAY I co'd once ; but, gentle friend, you see  
 My harp hung up, here on the willow tree.  
 Sing I co'd once ; and bravely too enspire,  
 With luscious numbers, my melodious lyre.  
 Draw I co'd once, although not stocks or stones,  
 Amphion-like, men made of flesh and bones,  
 Whether I wo'd ; but, ah ! I know not how,  
 I feele in me, this transmutation now.  
 Griefe, my deare friend, has first my harp unstrung ;  
 Wither'd my hand, and palsie-struck my tongue.

HIS POETRIE HIS PILLAR.

ONELY a little more  
 I have to write,  
 Then Ile give o're,  
 And bid the world good-night.  
 'Tis but a flying minute,  
 That I must stay,  
 Or linger in it ;  
 And then I must away.

O Time that cut'st down all!  
 And scarce leav'st here  
 Memoriall  
 Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot  
 In vaults beneath?  
 And piece-meale rot  
 Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone,  
 I reare for me,  
 Ne'r to be thrown  
 Downe, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up,  
 If so they please,  
 Here is my hope,  
 And my pyramides.

SAFETY ON THE SHORE.

WHAT though the sea be calme? Trust to the  
 shore:  
 Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc't  
 before.

A PASTORALL UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE CHARLES,  
 PRESENTED TO THE KING, AND SET BY  
 MR. NIC: LANIERE.

*The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.*

*Amin.*

GOOD day, Mirtillo. *Mirt.* And to you no lesse:  
 And all faire signs lead on our shepardesse.

*Amar.* With all white luck to you. *Mirt.* But say,  
 what news

Stirs in our sheep-walk? *Amin.* None, save that  
 my ewes,

My weathers, lambes, and wanton kids are well,  
 Smooth, faire, and fat ; none better I can tell :  
 Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast  
 For his sheep-shearers. *Mir.* True, these are the least.  
 But, dear Amintas, and, sweet Amarillis,  
 Rest but a while here, by this bank of lillies.  
 And lend a gentle eare to one report  
 The country has. *Amint.* From whence ? *Amar.*

From whence ? *Mir.* The court.  
 Three dayes before the shutting in of May,  
 (With whitest wool be ever crown'd that day !)  
 To all our joy, a sweet-fac't child was borne,  
 More tender then the childhood of the morne.

*Chor.* Panpipe to him, and bleats of lambs and sheep,  
 Let lullaby the pretty prince asleep !

*Mirt.* And that his birth sho'd be more singular,  
 At noone of day, was seene a silver star,  
 Bright as the wise-men's torch, which guided them  
 To God's sweet babe, when borne at Bethlehem ;  
 While golden angels (some have told to me)  
 Sung out his birth with heav'nly minstralsie.

*Amint.* O rare ! But is't a trespasse if we three  
 Sho'd wend along his baby-ship to see ?

*Mir.* Not so, not so. *Chor.* But if it chance to prove  
 At most a fault, 'tis but a fault of love.

*Amar.* But, deare Mirtillo, I have heard it told,  
 Those learned men brought incense, myrrhe, and gold,  
 From countries far, with store of spices, sweet,  
 And laid them downe for offrings at his feet.

*Mirt.* 'Tis true indeed ; and each of us will bring  
 Unto our smiling, and our blooming king,  
 A neat, though not so great an offering.

*Amar.* A garland for my gift shall be  
 Of flowers, ne'r suckt by th'theev'ing bee :  
 And all most sweet ; yet all lesse sweet then he.

*Amint.* And I will beare along with you  
 Leaves dropping downe the honyed dew,  
 With oaten pipes, as sweet, as new.

*Mirt.* And I a sheep-hook will bestow,  
To have his little king-ship know,  
As he is prince, he's shepherd too.

*Chor.* Come let's away, and quickly let's be drest,  
And quickly give, *The swiftest grace is best.*  
And when before him we have laid our treasures,  
We'll blesse the babe, then back to countrie pleasures.

## TO THE LARK.

GOOD speed, for I this day  
Betimes my mattens say :  
Because I doe  
Begin to wooe :  
Sweet singing lark,  
Be thou the clark,  
And know thy when  
To say, Amen.  
And if I prove  
Blest in my love ;  
Then thou shalt be  
High-priest to me,  
At my returne,  
To incense burne ;  
And so to solemnize  
Love's, and my sacrifice.

## THE BUBBLE. A SONG.

TO my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares,  
Flie, thou made bubble of my sighs and tears.  
In the wild aire, when thou hast rowl'd about,  
And, like a blasting planet, found her out ;  
Stoop, mount, passe by to take her eye, then glare  
Like to a dreadfull comet in the aire :  
Next, when thou dost perceive her fixed sight,  
For thy revenge to be most opposite ;  
Then like a globe, or ball of wild-fire, flie,  
And break thy self in shivers on her eye.

## A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESSE.

YOU are a tulip seen to day,  
But, dearest, of so short a stay ;  
That where you grew, scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,  
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,  
Will force you hence, and in an houre.

You are a sparkling rose i'th'bud,  
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood  
Can shew where you or grew, or stood.

You are a full-spread faire-set vine,  
And can with tendrills love intwine,  
Yet dry'd, ere you distill your wine.

You are like balme inclosed, well,  
In amber, or some chrystall shell,  
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty violet,  
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set  
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,  
But die you must, faire maid, ere long,  
As he, the maker of this song.

THE BLEEDING HAND : OR, THE SPRIG OF  
EGLANTINE GIVEN TO A MAID.

FROM this bleeding hand of mine,  
Take this sprig of eglantine.  
Which, though sweet unto your smell,  
Yet the fretfull bryar will tell,  
He who plucks the sweets shall prove  
Many thorns to be in love.

LYRICK FOR LEGACIES.

GOLD I've none, for use or show,  
 Neither silver to bestow  
 At my death ; but thus much know,  
 That each lyrick here shall be  
 Of my love a legacie,  
 Left to all posterity.  
 Gentle friends, then doe but please,  
 To accept such coynes as these ;  
 As my last remembrances.

A DIRGE UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT  
 VALIANT LORD, BERNARD STUART.

I.

HENCE, hence, profane ; soft silence let us have .  
 While we this trentall sing about thy grave.

II.

Had wolves or tigers seen but thee,  
 They wo'd have shew'd civility ;  
 And, in compassion of thy yeeres,  
 Washt those thy purple wounds with tears.  
 But since th'art slaine ; and in thy fall,  
 The drooping kingdome suffers all.

*Chor.* This we will doe ; we'll daily come  
 And offer tears upon thy tomb :  
 And if that they will not suffice,  
 Thou shalt have soules for sacrifice.

Sleepe in thy peace, while we with spice perfume thee,  
 And cedar wash thee, that no times consume thee.

Live, live thou dost, and shalt ; for why ?  
*Soules doe not with their bodies die :*  
 Ignoble off-springs, they may fall  
 Into the flames of funerall :

When as the chosen seed shall spring  
Fresh, and for ever flourishing.

*Cho.* And times to come shall, weeping, read thy  
glory,  
Lesse in these marble stones, then in thy  
story.

TO PERENNA, A MISTRESSE.

DEARE Perenna, prethee come,  
And with smallage dresse my tomb:  
Adde a cypresse-sprig thereto,  
With a teare; and so adieu.

GREAT BOAST, SMALL ROST.

OF flanks and chines of beefe doth Gorrell boast  
He has at home; but who tasts boil'd or rost?  
Look in his brine-tub, and you shall find there  
Two stiffe blew pigs-feet, and a sow's cleft eare.

UPON A BLEARE-EY'D WOMAN.

WITHER'D with yeeres, and bed-rid mamma  
lyes;  
Dry-rosted all, but raw yet in her eyes.

THE FAIRIE TEMPLE: OR, OBERON'S CHAPPELL.  
DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN MERRIFIELD,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

RARE temples thou hast seen, I know,  
And rich for in and outward show:  
Survey this chappell, built, alone,  
Without or lime, or wood, or stone:  
Then say, if one th'ast seenie more fine  
Then this, the fairies once, now thine.



THE TEMPLE.

**A** WAY enchac't with glasse & beads  
 There is, that to the chappel leads :  
 Whose structure, for his holy rest,  
 Is here the halcion's curious nest :  
 Into the which who looks shall see  
 His temple of idolatry :  
 Where he of god-heads has such store,  
 As Rome's Pantheon had not more.  
 His house of Rimmon, this he calls,  
 Girt with small bones, instead of walls.  
 First, in a neech, more black then jet,  
 His idol-cricket there is set :  
 Then in a polisht ovall by  
 There stands his idol-beetle-flie :  
 Next in an arch, akin to this,  
 His idol-canker seated is :  
 Then in a round, is plac't by these;  
 His golden god, Cantharides.  
 So that where ere ye look, ye see,  
 No capitoll, no cornish free,  
 Or freeze, from this fine fripperie.  
 Now this the fairies wo'd have known,  
 Theirs is a mixt religion.  
 And some have heard the elves it call  
 Part pagan, part papisticall.  
 If unto me all tongues were granted,  
 I co'd not speak the saints here painted.  
 Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,  
 Who 'gainst Mabs-state plac't here right is.  
 Saint Will o'th'wispe, of no great bignes,  
 But alias call'd here *fatuus ignis*.  
 Saint Frip, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, S. Fillie,  
 Neither those other-saint-ships will I  
 Here goe about for to recite  
 Their number, almost infinite,

Which one by one here set downe are  
 In this most curious calendar.  
 First, at the entrance of the gate,  
 A little-puppet-priest doth wait,  
 Who squeaks to all the commers there,  
*Favour your tongues, who enter here.*  
*Pure hands bring hither, without staine.*  
 A second pules, *Hence, hence, profane.*  
 Hard by, i'th'shell of halfe a nut,  
 The holy-water there is put:  
 A little brush of squirrils haire,  
 Compos'd of odde, not even paires,  
 Stands in the platter, or close by,  
 To purge the fairie family.  
 Neere to the altar stands the priest,  
 There off'ring up the holy-grist:  
 Ducking in mood, and perfect tense,  
 With (much-good-do't him) reverence.  
 The altar is not here foure-square,  
 Nor in a forme triangular;  
 Nor made of glasse, or wood, or stone,  
 But of a little transverce bone;  
 Which boyes, and bruckel'd children call  
 (Playing for points and pins) cockall.  
 Whose linnen-drapery is a thin  
 Subtile and ductile codlin's skin;  
 Which o're the board is smoothly spred,  
 With little seale-work damasked.  
 The fringe that circumbinds it too,  
 Is spangle-work of trembling dew,  
 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,  
 Like frost-work glitt'ring on the snow.  
 Upon this fetuous board doth stand  
 Something for shew-bread, and at hand  
 (Just in the middle of the altar)  
 Upon an end, the fairie-psalter,  
 Grac't with the trout-flies curious wings,  
 Which serve for watched ribbanings.

Now, we must know, the elves are led  
 Right by the rubrick, which they read.  
 And if report of them be true,  
 They have their text for what they doe ;  
 I, and their book of Canons too.  
 And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,  
 They have their book of Articles :  
 And if that fairie knight not lies,  
 They have their book of Homilies :  
 And other Scriptures, that designe  
 A short, but righteous discipline.  
 The bason stands the board upon  
 To take the free-oblation :  
 A little pin-dust ; which they hold  
 More precious, then we prize our gold :  
 Which charity they give to many  
 Poore of the parish, if there's any.  
 Upon the ends of these neat railes  
 Hatcht, with the silver-light of snails,  
 The elves, in formall manner, fix  
 Two pure, and holy candlesticks :  
 In either which a small tall bent  
 Burns for the altar's ornament.  
 For sanctity, they have, to these,  
 Their curious copes and surplices  
 Of cleanest cobweb, hanging by  
 In their religious vesterie.  
 They have their ash-pans, & their brooms  
 To purge the chappel and the rooms :  
 Their many mumbling masse-priests here,  
 And many a dapper chorister.  
 There ush'ring vergers, here likewise,  
 Their canons, and their chaunteries :  
 Of cloyster-monks they have enow,  
 I, and their abby-lubbers too :  
 And if their legend doe not lye,  
 They much affect the papacie :  
 And since the last is dead, there's hope,

*Elve Boniface shall next be pope.*  
 They have their cups and chalices;  
 Their pardons and indulgences:  
 Their beads of nits, bells, books, & wax  
 Candles, forsooth, and other knacks:  
 Their holy oyle, their fasting-spittle;  
 Their sacred salt here, not a little.  
 Dry chips, old shooes, rags, grease, & bones;  
 Beside their fumigations,  
 To drive the devill from the cod-piece  
 Of the fryar, of work an odde-piece.  
 Many a trifle too, and trinket,  
 And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.  
 Next, then, upon the chanters side  
 An apples-core is hung up dry'd,  
 With ratling kirknills, which is rung  
 To call to morn, and even-song.  
 The saint, to which the most he prays  
 And offers incense nights and dayes,  
 The lady of the lobster is,  
 Whose foot-pace he doth stroak and kisse;  
 And, humbly, chives of saffron brings,  
 For his most cheerfull offerings.  
 When, after these, h'as paid his vows,  
 He lowly to the altar bows:  
 And then he dons the silk-worms shed,  
 Like a Turks turbant on his head,  
 And reverently departeth thence,  
 Hid in a cloud of frankincense:  
 And by the glow-worms light wel guided,  
 Goes to the feast that's now provided.

TO MISTRESSE KATHERINE BRADSHAW, THE LOVELY,  
 THAT CROWNED HIM WITH LAUREL.

MY Muse in meads has spent her many houres,  
 Sitting, and sorting severall sorts of flowers,  
 To make for others garlands; and to set

On many a head here, many a coronet :  
But, amongst all encircled here, not one  
Gave her a day of coronation ;  
Till you, sweet mistresse, came and enterwove  
A laurel for her, ever young as love,  
You first of all crown'd her ; she must of due,  
Render for that, a crowne of life to you.

THE PLAUDITE, OR END OF LIFE.

**I**F after rude and boystrous seas,  
My wearyed pinnace here finds ease :  
If so it be I've gain'd the shore  
With safety of a faithful ore :  
If having run my barque on ground,  
Ye see the aged vessell crown'd :  
What's to be done ? but on the sands  
Ye dance, and sing, and now clap hands.  
The first act's doubtfull, but we say,  
It is the last commends the play.

TO THE MOST VERTUOUS MISTRESSE POT, WHO  
MANY TIMES ENTERTAINED HIM.

**W**HEN I through all my many poems look,  
And see your selfe to beautifie my book ;  
Me thinks that onely lustre doth appeare  
A light ful-filling all the region here.  
Guild still with flames this firmament, and be  
A lamp eternall to my poetrie.  
Which if it now, or shall hereafter shine,  
'Twas by your splendour, lady, not by mine.  
The oile was yours ; and that I owe for yet :  
*He payes the halfe, who do's confesse the debt.*

TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so  
With thy delicious numbers ;  
That being ravisht, hence I goe  
Away in easie slumbers.  
Ease my sick head,  
And make my bed,  
Thou power that canst sever  
From me this ill :  
And quickly still :  
Though thou not kill  
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
From a consuming fire,  
Into a gentle-licking flame,  
And make it thus expire.  
Then make me weep  
My paines asleep ;  
And give me such repoes,  
That I, poore I,  
May think, thereby,  
I live and die  
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those maiden showers,  
Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew  
A baptime o're the flowers.  
Melt, melt my paines,  
With thy soft straines ;  
That having ease me given,  
With full delight,  
I leave this light ;  
And take my flight  
For heaven.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN WITH A SWEET VOICE.

SO long you did not sing, or touch your lute,  
We knew 'twas flesh and blood, that there sate  
mute.

But when your playing, and your voice came in,  
'Twas no more you then, but a cherubin.

UPON CUPID.

AS lately I a garland bound,  
'Mongst roses, I there Cupid found :  
I took him, put him in my cup,  
And drunk with wine, I drank him up.  
Hence then it is, that my poore brest  
Co'd never since find any rest.

UPON JULIA'S BREASTS.

DISPLAY thy breasts, my Julia, there let me  
Behold that circummortall purity :  
Betweene whose glories, there my lips Ile lay,  
Ravisht, in that faire *Via Lactea*.

BEST TO BE MERRY.

FOOLES are they, who never know  
How the times away doe goe :  
But for us, who wisely see  
Where the bounds of black death be :  
Let's live merrily, and thus  
Gratifie the genius.

THE CHANGES. TO CORINNA.

BE not proud, but now encline  
Your soft eare to discipline.  
You have changes in your life,  
Sometimes peace, and sometimes strife :

You have ebbes of face and flowes,  
 As your health or comes, or goes ;  
 You have hopes, and doubts, and feares  
 Numberlesse, as are your haire.  
 You have pulses that doe beat  
 High, and passions lesse of heat.  
 You are young, but must be old,  
 And, to these, ye must be told,  
 Time, ere long, will come and plow  
 Loathed furrowes in your brow :  
 And the dimnesse of your eye  
 Will no other thing imply,  
     But you must die  
     As well as I.

## NO LOCK AGAINST LETCHERIE.

BARRE close as you can, and bolt fast too your  
 doore,  
 To keep out the letcher, and keep in the whore:  
 Yet, quickly you'll see by the turne of a pin,  
 The whore to come out, or the letcher come in.

## NEGLECT.

*ART quickens nature ; care will make a face :  
 Neglected beauty perisheth apace.*

## UPON HIMSELFE.

MOP-EY'D I am, as some have said,  
 Because I've liv'd so long a maid :  
 But grant that I sho'd wedded be,  
 Sho'd I a jot the better see ?  
 No, I sho'd think, that marriage might,  
 Rather then mend, put out the light.



## UPON A PHYSITIAN.

THOU can'st to cure me, doctor, of my cold,  
And caught'st thy selfe the more by twenty fold :  
Prethee goe home ; and for thy credit be  
First cur'd thy selfe ; then come and cure me.

## UPON SUDDS, A LAUNDRESSE.

SUDDS launders bands in pisse ; and starches  
them  
Both with her husband's, and her own tough fleame.

## TO THE ROSE. SONG.

G OE, happy rose, and enterwove  
With other flowers, bind my love.  
Tell her too, she must not be,  
Longer flowing, longer free,  
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretfull, I have bands  
Of pearle, and gold, to bind her hands :  
Tell her, if she struggle still,  
I have mirtle rods, at will,  
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and goe,  
And tell her this, but doe not so,  
Lest a handsome anger flye,  
Like a lightning, from her eye,  
And burn thee up, as well as I.

## UPON GUESSE. EPIG.

GUESSE cuts his shooes, and limping, goes about  
To have men think he's troubled with the gout :  
But 'tis no gout, beleeeve it, but hard beere,  
Whose acrimonious humour bites him here.

## TO HIS BOOKE.

THOU art a plant sprung up to wither never,  
But like a laurell, to grow green for ever.

## UPON A PAINTED GENTLEWOMAN.

MEN say y'are faire; and faire ye are, 'tis true;  
But, hark! we praise the painter now, not you.

## UPON A CROOKED MAID.

CROOKED you are, but that dislikes not me;  
So you be straight, where virgins straight  
sho'd be.

## DRAW GLOVES.

AT draw-gloves we'l play,  
And prethee, let's lay  
A wager, and let it be this;  
Who first to the summe  
Of twenty shall come,  
Shall have for his winning a kisse.

## TO MUSICK, TO BECALME A SWEET-SICK-YOUTH.

CHARMS, that call down the moon from out her  
sphere,  
On this sick youth work your enchantments here:  
Bind up his senses with your numbers, so,  
As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.  
Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep  
Lost in the civill wilderness of sleep:  
That done, then let him, dispossess of paine,  
Like to a slumbring bride, awake againe.

TO THE HIGH AND NOBLE PRINCE, GEORGE,  
DUKE, MARQUESSE, AND EARLE  
OF BUCKINGHAM.

NEVER my book's perfection did appeare,  
Til I had got the name of Villars here.  
Now 'tis so full, that when therein I look,  
I see a cloud of glory fills my book.  
Here stand it stil to dignifie our muse,  
Your sober hand-maid; who doth wisely chuse,  
Your name to be a laureat-wreathe to hir,  
Who doth both love and feare you, Honour'd sir.

HIS RECANTATION.

LOVE, I recant,  
And pardon crave,  
That lately I offended,  
But 'twas,  
Alas,  
To make a brave,  
But no disdaine intended.

No more Ile vaunt,  
For now I see,  
Thou onely hast the power,  
To find,  
And bind  
A heart that's free,  
And slave it in an houre.

THE COMMING OF GOOD LUCK.

SO Good-luck came, and on my rooffe did light,  
Like noyse-lesse snow; or as the dew of night :  
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees  
Are, by the sun-beams, tickel'd by degrees.

## THE PRESENT : OR, THE BAG OF THE BEE.

FLY to my mistresse, pretty pilfring bee,  
 And say, thou bring'st this hony-bag from me :  
 When on her lip, thou hast thy sweet dew plac't,  
 Mark, if her tongue, but slily, steale a taste.  
 If so, we live ; if not, with mournfull humme,  
 Tole forth my death ; next, to my buryall come.

## ON LOVE.

LOVE bade me aske a gift,  
 And I no more did move,  
 But this, that I might shift  
 Still with my clothes, my love :  
 That favour granted was ;  
 Since which, though I love many,  
 Yet so it comes to passe,  
 That long I love not any.

## THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST HOME:

*To the Right Honourable, Mildmay, Earle of  
 Westmorland.*

COME, sons of summer, by whose toile,  
 We are the lords of wine and oile :  
 By whose tough labours, and rough hands,  
 We rip up first, then reap our lands.  
 Crown'd with the eares of corne, now come,  
 And, to the pipe, sing harvest home.  
 Come forth, my lord, and see the cart  
 Drest up with all the country art.  
 See, here a maukin, there a sheet,  
 As spotlesse pure, as it is sweet :  
 The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,  
 Clad, all, in linnen, white as lillies.  
 The harvest swaines, and wenches bound

For joy, to see the hock-cart crown'd.  
 About the cart, heare, how the rout  
 Of rurall younglings raise the shout ;  
 Pressing before, some coming after,  
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter.  
 Some blesse the cart ; some kisse the sheaves ;  
 Some prank them up with oaken leaves :  
 Some crosse the fill-horse ; some with great  
 Devotion, stroak the home-borne wheat :  
 While other rusticks, lesse attent  
 To prayers, then to merrymment,  
 Run after with their breeches rent.  
 Well, on, brave boyes, to your lord's hearth,  
 Glitt'ring with fire ; where, for your mirth,  
 Ye shall see first the large and cheefe  
 Foundation of your feast, fat beefe :  
 With upper stories, mutton, veale  
 And bacon, which makes full the mcale,  
 With sev'rall dishes standing by,  
 As here a custard, there a pie,  
 And here all tempting frumentie.  
 And for to make the merry cheere,  
 If smirking wine be wanting here,  
 There's that, which drowns all care, stout beere ;  
 Which freely drink to your lord's health,  
 Then to the plough, the common-wealth ;  
 Next to your flailes, your fanes, your fatts ;  
 Then to the maids with wheaten hats :  
 To the rough sickle, and crookt sythe,  
 Drink, frolick, boyes, till all be blythe.  
 Feed, and grow fat ; and as ye eat,  
 Be mindfull, that the lab'ring neat,  
 As you, may have their fill of meat.  
 And know, besides, ye must revoke  
 The patient oxo unto the yoke,  
 And all goe back unto the plough  
 And harrow, though they'r hang'd up now.  
 And, you must know, your lord's word's true,

Feed him ye must, whose food fils you.  
And that this pleasure is like raine,  
Not sent ye for to drowne your paine,  
But for to make it spring againe.

## THE PERFUME.

TO-MORROW, Julia, I betimes must rise,  
For some small fault, to offer sacrifice :  
The altar's ready ; fire to consume  
The fat ; breathe thou, and there's the rich perfume.

## UPON HER VOICE.

LET but thy voice engender with the string,  
And angels will be borne, while thou dost sing.

## NOT TO LOVE.

HE that will not love, must be  
My scholar, and learn this of me :  
There be in love as many feares,  
As the summer's corne has eares :  
Sighs, and sobs, and sorrowes more  
Then the sand, that makes the shore :  
Freezing cold, and fire heats,  
Fainting swoones, and deadly sweats ;  
Now an ague, then a fever,  
Both tormenting lovers ever.  
Wod'st thou know, besides all these,  
How hard a woman 'tis to please ?  
How crosse, how sullen, and how soone  
She shifts and changes like the moone.  
How false, how hollow she's in heart ;  
And how she is her owne least part :  
How high she's priz'd, and worth but small ;  
Little thou't love, or not at all.

TO MUSICK. A SONG.

MUSICK, thou Queen of Heaven, care-charming  
 spel,  
 That strik'st a stilnesse into hell :  
 Thou that tam'st tygers, and fierce storms, that rise,  
 With thy soule-melting lullabies :  
 Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming  
 spheres,  
 To charme our soules, as thou enchant'st our eares.

TO THE WESTERN WIND.

SWEET western wind, whose luck it is,  
 Made rivall with the aire,  
 To give Perenna's lip a kisse,  
 And fan her wanton haire.

Bring me but one, Ile promise thee,  
 Instead of common showers,  
 Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,  
 And all beset with flowers.

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SPARROW. AN ELEGIE.

WHY doe not all fresh maids appeare  
 To work love's sampler onely here,  
 Where spring-time smiles throughout the yeare ?  
 Are not here rose-buds, pinks, all flowers,  
 Nature begets by th' sun and showers,  
 Met in one hearce-cloth, to ore-sprede  
 The body of the under-dead ?  
 Phill, the late dead, the late dead deare,  
 O ! may no eye distill a teare  
 For you once lost, who weep not here !  
 Had Lesbia, too-too-kind, but known  
 This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own :  
 And for this dead which under-lies,  
 Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.

But endlesse Peace, sit here, and keep  
 My Phill, the time he has to sleep,  
 And thousand virgins come and weep,  
 To make these flowrie carpets show  
 Fresh, as their blood; and ever grow,  
 Till passengers shall spend their doome,  
 Not Virgil's gnat had such a tomb.

TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING-DEW.

WHY doe ye weep, sweet babes? can tears  
     Speak grieve in you,  
     Who were but borne  
     Just as the modest morne  
     Teem'd her refreshing dew?  
 Alas, you have not known that shower,  
     That marres a flower;  
     Nor felt th'unkind  
     Breath of a blasting wind;  
     Nor are ye worne with yeares;  
     Or warpt, as we,  
     Who think it strange to see,  
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
 To speak by teares, before ye have a tongue.  
 Speak, whimpr'ing younglings, and make known  
     The reason, why  
     Ye droop, and weep;  
     Is it for want of sleep?  
     Or childish lullabie?  
 Or that ye have not seen as yet  
     The violet?  
     Or brought a kisse  
     From that sweet-heart, to this?  
     No, no, this sorrow shown  
     By your teares shed,  
     Wo'd have this lecture read,  
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought  
     forth.



HOW ROSES CAME RED.

ROSES at first were white,  
Till they co'd not agree,  
Whether my Sapho's breast,  
Or they more white sho'd be.

But being vanquisht quite,  
A blush their cheeks bespred ;  
Since which, beleeve the rest,  
The roses first came red.

COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE DEATH OF  
HER HUSBAND.

DRY your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sor-  
rows raine ;  
Since clouds disperst, suns guild the aire again.  
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boile ;  
But turne soone after calme, as balme, or oile.  
Winds have their time to rage ; but when they cease,  
The leavie-trees nod in a still-born peace.  
Your storme is over ; lady, now appeare  
Like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare.  
Off then with grave clothes ; put fresh colours on ;  
And flow, and flame, in your vermillion.  
Upon your cheek sate Ysicles awhile ;  
Now let the rose raigne like a queene, and smile.

HOW VIOLETS CAME BLEW.

LOVE on a day, wise poets tell,  
Some time in wrangling spent,  
Whether the violets sho'd excell,  
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,  
Poore girles, she fell on you ;  
And beat ye so, as some dare say,  
Her blowes did make ye blew.

## UPON GROYNES. EPIG.

GROYNES, for his fleshly burglary of late,  
 Stood in the holy-forum candidate :  
 The word is Roman ; but in English knowne :  
 Penance, and standing so, are both but one.

## TO THE WILLOW-TREE.

THOU art to all lost love the best,  
 The onely true plant found,  
 Wherewith young men and maids distrest,  
 And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the lover's rose is dead,  
 Or laid aside forlorne ;  
 Then willow-garlands, 'bout the head,  
 Bedew'd with teares, are worne.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,  
 Poore maids rewarded be,  
 For their love lost : their onely gaine  
 Is but a wreathe from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,  
 When weary of the light,  
 The love-spent youth, and love-sick maid,  
 Come to weep out the night.

MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF THE  
 LOST SHEPARDESSE.

AMONG the mirtles, as I walkt,  
 Love and my sighs thus intertalkt :  
 Tell me, said I, in deep distresse,  
 Where I may find my shepardesse.  
 Thou foole, said Love, know'st thou not this ?  
 In every thing that's sweet, she is.  
 In yond' carnation goe and seek,  
 There thou shalt find her lip and cheek :

In that ennamel'd pansie by,  
 There thou shalt have her curious eye :  
 In bloome of peach, and roses bud,  
 There waves the streamer of her blood.  
 'Tis true, said I, and thereupon  
 I went to pluck them one by one,  
 To make of parts an union ;  
 But on a sudden all were gone.  
 At which I stopt : said Love, these be  
 The true resemblances of thee ;  
 For as these flowers, thy joyes must die,  
 And in the turning of an eye ;  
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,  
 Like those short sweets ere knit together.

## TO THE KING.

I F when these lyricks, Cesar, you shall heare,  
 And that Apollo shall so touch your eare,  
 As for to make this, that, or any one  
 Number, your owne, by free adoption ;  
 That verse, of all the verses here, shall be  
 The heire to this *great realme of poetry*.

## TO THE QUEENE.

GODDESSE of youth, and lady of the spring,  
 Most fit to be the consort to a king.  
 Be pleas'd to rest you in this sacred grove,  
 Beset with mirtles ; whose each leafe drops love.  
 Many a sweet-fac't wood-nymph here is seene,  
 Of which chast order you are now the queene :  
 Witnesse their homage, when they come and strew  
 Your walks with flowers, and give their crowns to  
     you.  
 Your leavie-throne, with lilly-work, possesse ;  
 And be both princesse here, and poetresse.

THE POET'S GOOD WISHES FOR THE MOST HOPE-  
FULL AND HANDSOME PRINCE, THE  
DUKE OF YORKE.

MAY his pretty duke-ship grow  
Like t'a rose of Jericho :  
Sweeter far, then ever yet  
Showrs or sun-shines co'd beget.  
May the graces, and the howers  
Strew his hopes, and him with flowers :  
And so dresse him up with love,  
As to be the chick of Jove.  
May the thrice-three-sisters sing  
Him the soveraigne of their spring :  
And entitle none to be  
Prince of Hellicon, but he.  
May his soft foot, where it treads,  
Gardens thence produce and meads :  
And those meddowes full be set  
With the rose, and violet  
May his ample name be knowne  
To the last succession :  
And his actions high be told  
Through the world, but writ in gold.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING.

BID me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be :  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free,  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart Ile give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
 To honour thy decree :  
 Or bid it languish quite away,  
 And't shall doe so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,  
 While I have eyes to see :  
 And having none, yet I will keep  
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,  
 Under that cypresse tree :  
 Or bid me die, and I will dare  
 E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
 The very eyes of me :  
 And hast command of every part,  
 To live and die for thee.

PREVISION, OR PROVISION.

**T**HAT prince takes soone enough the victor's roome,  
 Who first provides, not to be overcome.

OEDIENCE IN SUBJECTS.

**T**HE gods to kings the judgement give to sway :  
 The subjects onely glory to obey.

MORE POTENT, LESSE PECCANT.

**H**E that may sin, sins least; leave to transgresse  
 Enfeebles much the seeds of wickednesse.

UPON A MAID THAT DYED THE DAY SHE WAS  
 MARRIED.

**T**HAT morne which saw me made a bride,  
 The ev'ning witnest that I dy'd.  
 Those holy lights, wherewith they guide  
 Unto the bed the bashfull bride,

Serv'd, but as tapers, for to burne,  
 And light my reliques to their urne.  
 This epitaph, which here you see,  
 Supply'd the epithalamie.

UPON PINK AN ILL-FAC'D PAINTER. EPIG.

TO paint the fiend, Pink would the devill see ;  
 And so he may, if he'll be rul'd by me :  
 Let but Pink's face i' th' looking-glasse be showne,  
 And Pink may paint the devill's by his owne.

UPON BROCK. EPIG.

TO clense his eyes, Tom Brock makes much adoe,  
 But not his mouth, the fouler of the two.  
 A clammie reume makes loathsome both his eyes :  
 His mouth worse furr'd with oathes and blasphemies.

TO MEDDOWES.

YE have been fresh and green,  
 Ye have been fill'd with flowers :  
 And ye the walks have been  
 Where maids have spent their houres.

You have beheld, how they  
 With wicker arks did come  
 To kisse, and beare away  
 The richer couslips home.

Y'ave heard them sweetly sing,  
 And seen them in a round :  
 Each virgin, like a spring,  
 With hony-succes crown'd.

But now, we see, none here,  
 Whose silv'rie feet did tread,  
 And with dishevell'd haire,  
 Adorn'd this smother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent  
 Your stock, and needy grown,  
 Y'are left here to lament  
 Your poore estates, alone.

CROSSES.

THOUGH good things answer many good intents;  
*Crosses doe still bring forth the best events.*

MISERIES.

THOUGH hourelly comforts from the gods we see,  
*No life is yet life-prooffe from miserie.*

LAUGH AND LIE DOWNE.

Y'AVE laught enough, sweet, vary now your  
 text;  
 And laugh no more ; or laugh, and lie down next.

TO HIS HOUSHOLD-GODS.

RISE, houshold-gods, and let us goe ;  
 But whither, I my selfe not know.  
 First, let us dwell on rudest seas ;  
 Next, with severest salvages ;  
 Last, let us make our best abode,  
 Where humane foot, as yet, n'er trod :  
 Search worlds of ice ; and rather there  
 Dwell, then in lothed Devonshire.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE, AND ROBIN RED-BREST.

WHEN I departed am, ring thou my knell,  
 Thou pittifull, and pretty Philomel :  
 And when I'm laid out for a corse ; then be  
 Thou sexton, red-brest, for to cover me.

TO THE YEW AND CYPRESSE TO GRACE HIS  
FUNERALL.

BOTH you two have  
Relation to the grave :  
And where  
The fun'rall-trump sounds, you are there.

I shall be made  
Ere long a fleeting shade :  
Pray come,  
And doe some honour to my tomb.

Do not deny  
My last request ; for I  
Will be  
Thankfull to you, or friends, for me.

I CALL AND I CALL.

I CALL, I call : who doe ye call ?  
The maids to catch this cowslip-ball :  
But since these cowslips fading be,  
Troth, leave the flowers, and maids, take me.  
Yet, if that neither you will doe,  
Speak but the word, and Ile take you.

ON A PERFUM'D LADY.

YOU say y'are sweet ; how sho'd we know  
Whether that you be sweet or no ?  
From powders and perfumes keep free ;  
Then we shall smell how sweet you be.



A NUPTIAL SONG, OR EPITHALAMIE, ON SIR  
CLIPSEBY CREW AND HIS LADY.

WHAT'S that we see from far? the spring of day  
Bloom'd from the east, or faire injewel'd May  
Blowne out of April; or some new-  
Star fill'd with glory to our view.

Reaching at heaven,

To adde a nobler planet to the seven?

Say, or doe we not descrie

Some goddesses, in a cloud of tiffanie

To move, or rather the

Emergent Venus from the sea?

'Tis she! 'tis she! or else some more divine

Enlightned substance; mark how from the shrine

Of holy saints she paces on,

Treading upon vermillion

And amber; spice-

ing the chafte aire with fumes of paradise.

Then come on, come on, and yeeld

A savour like unto a blessed field,

When the bedabled morne

Washes the golden cares of corne.

See where she comes; and smell how all the street  
Breathes vine-yards and pomgranats: O how sweet!

As a fir'd altar, is each stone,

Perspiring pounded cynamon.

The phenix nest,

Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.

Who therein wo'd not consume -

His soule to ash-heaps in that rich perfume?

Bestroaking Fate the while

He burnes to embers on the pile.

Himen, O Himen! tread the sacred ground;

Shew thy white feet, and head with marjoram

crown'd:

Mount up thy flames, and let thy torch  
 Display the bridegroom in the porch,  
     In his desires  
 More tawring, more disparkling then thy fires :  
     Shew her how his eyes do turne  
 And roule about, and in their motions burne  
     Their balls to cinders : haste,  
     Or else to ashes he will waste.  
  
 Glide by the banks of virgins then, and passe  
 The shewers of roses, lucky foure-leav'd grasse :  
     The while the cloud of younglings sing,  
     And drown yee with a flowrie spring :  
     While some repeat  
 Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with wheat :  
     While that others doe divine ;  
*Blest is the bride, on whom the sun doth shine ;*  
     And thousands gladly wish  
     You multiply, as doth a fish.  
  
 And beauteous bride we do confess y'are wise,  
 In dealing forth these bashfull jealousies :  
     In Love's name do so ; and a price  
     Set on your selfe, by being nice :  
     But yet take heed ;  
 What now you seem, be not the same indeed,  
     And turne apostate : Love will  
 Part of the way be met ; or sit stone-still.  
     On then, and though you slowly  
     go, yet, howsoever, go.  
  
 And now y'are enter'd ; see the codled cook  
 Runs from his torrid zone, to prie, and look,  
     And blesse his dainty mistresse : see,  
     The aged point out, This is she,  
     Who now must sway  
 The house (Love shield her) with her yea and nay :  
     And the smirk butler thinks it  
 Sin, in's nap'rie, not to express his wit ;  
     Each striving to devise  
     Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind turtles, now, and write  
This the short'st day, and this the longest night ;

But yet too short for you : 'tis we,  
Who count this night as long as three,  
Lying alone,

Telling the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, one.

Quickly, quickly then prepare :

And let the young-men and the bride-maids share

Your garters ; and their joynts  
Encircle with the bride-grooms points.

By the bride's eyes, and by the teeming life

Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no strife,

Farther then gentlenes tends, gets place

Among ye, striving for her lace :

O doe not fall

Foule in these noble pastimes, lest ye call

Discord in, and so divide

The youthfull bride-groom, and the fragrant bride :

Which Lovefore-fend ; but spoken,

Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of spring-time, tender whimpring maids,

Now autumnne's come, when all those flowrie aids

Of her delays must end ; dispose

That lady-smock, that pansie, and that rose

Neatly apart ;

But for prick-madam, and for gentle-heart ;

And soft maidens-blush, the bride

Makes holy these, all others lay aside :

Then strip her, or unto her

Let him come, who dares undo her.

And to enchant yee more, see every where

About the rooffe a syren in a sphere,

As we think, singing to the dinne

Of many a warbling cherubim :

O marke yee how

The soule of nature melts in numbers : now

See, a thousand Cupids flye,  
To light their tapers at the bride's bright eye.

To bed ; or her they'l tire,  
Were she an element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see, the proud  
Plumpe bed beare up, and swelling like a cloud,  
Tempting the two too modest ; can  
Yee see it brusle like a swan,

And you be cold  
To meet it, when it woo's and seemes to fold  
The armes to hugge it ? throw, throw  
Your selves into the mighty over-flow  
Of that white pride, and drowne  
The night, with you, in floods of downe.

The bed is ready, and the maze of love  
Lookes for the treaders ; every where is wove  
Wit and new misterie ; read, and  
Put in practise, to understand

And know each wile,  
Each hieroglyphick of a kisse or smile ;  
And do it to the full ; reach  
High in your own conceipt, and some way teach  
Nature and art, one more  
Play, then they ever knew before.

If needs we must for ceremonies-sake,  
Blesse a sack-posset ; luck go with it ; take  
The night-charme quickly ; you have spells,  
And magicks for to end, and hells,

To passe ; but such  
And of such torture as no one would grutch  
To live therein for ever : frie  
And consume, and grow again to die,  
And live, and in that case,  
Love the confusion of the place.

But since it must be done, dispatch, and sowe  
Up in a sheet your bride, and what if so

It be with rock, or walles of brasse,  
 Ye towre her up, as Danae was ;  
   Thinke you that this,  
 Or hell it selfe a powerfull bulwarke is ?  
           I tell yee no ; but like a  
 Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,  
   And rend the cloud, and throw  
           The sheet about, like flakes of snow.

All now is husht in silence ; midwife-moone,  
 With all her owle-ey'd issue, begs a boon  
   Which you must grant ; that's entrance ; with  
   Which extract, all we can call pith  
   And quintiscentee  
 Of planetary bodies ; so commence  
           All faire constellations  
 Looking upon yee, that, that nations  
   Springing from two such fires,  
           May blaze the vertue of their sires.

THE SILKEN SNAKE.

FOR sport my Julia threw a lace  
 Of silke and silver at my face :  
 Watchet the silke was ; and did make  
 A shew, as if 't 'ad been a snake :  
 The suddenness did me affright ;  
 But though it scar'd, it did not bite.

UPON HIMSELFE.

I AM sive-like, and can hold  
 Nothing hot, or nothing cold.  
 Put in love, and put in too  
 Jealousie, and both will through :  
 Put in feare, and hope, and doubt ;  
 What comes in, runnes quickly out :

Put in secrecies withall,  
 What ere enters, out it shall :  
 But if you can stop the sive,  
 For mine own part I'de as lieve  
 Maides sho'd say, or virgins sing,  
 Herrick keeps, as holds nothing.

## UPON LOVE.

LOVE'S a thing, as I do heare,  
 Ever full of pensive feare ;  
 Rather then to which I'le fall,  
 Trust me, I'le not like at all :  
 If to love I should entend,  
 Let my haire then stand an end :  
 And that terrour likewise prove,  
 Fatall to me in my love.  
 But if horreur cannot slake  
 Flames, which wo'd an entrance make ;  
 Then the next thing I desire,  
 Is to love, and live i'th' fire.

## REVERENCE TO RICHES.

LIKE to the income must be our expence ;  
*Mun's fortune must be had in reverence.*

## DEVOTION MAKES THE DEITY.

WHO formes a godhead out of gold or stone,  
*Makes not a god ; but he that prayes to one.*

## TO ALL YOUNG MEN THAT LOVE.

I COULD wish you all, who love,  
 That ye could your thoughts remove  
 From your mistresses, and be,  
 Wisely wanton, like to me.  
 I could wish you dispossess  
 Of that *fiend that marres your rest ;*

And with tapers comes to fright  
Your weake senses in the night.  
I co'd wish, ye all, who frie  
Cold as ice, or coole as I.  
But if flames best like ye, then  
Much good do't ye, gentlemen.  
I a merry heart will keep,  
While you wring your hands and weep.

THE EYES.

'TIS a known principle in war,  
The eies be first, that conquer'd are.

NO FAULT IN WOMEN.

NO fault in women to refuse  
The offer, which they most wo'd chuse.  
No fault in women, to confesse  
How tedions they are in their dresse.  
No fault in women, to lay on  
The tincture of vermillion:  
And there to give the cheek a die  
Of white, where nature doth deny.  
No fault in women, to make show  
Of largeness, when th'are nothing so:  
When, true it is, the out-side swels  
With inward buckram, little else.  
No fault in women, though they be  
But seldome from suspition free:  
No fault in womankind, at all,  
If they but slip, and never fall.

UPON SHARK. EPIG.

SHARK when he goes to any publick feast,  
Eates to ones thinking, of all there, the least.  
What saves the master of the house thereby?

When if the servants search, they may desery  
 In his wide eodpeece, dinner being done,  
 Two napkins cram'd up, and a silver spoone.

OBERON'S FEAST.

*S* HAPCOT! to thee the fairy state  
 I, with discretion, dedicate.  
*Because thou prizest things that are*  
*Curious, and un-familiar.*  
*Take first the feast ; these dishes gone ;*  
*Wee'l see the fairy-court anon.*

*A* LITTLE mushroome table spred,  
 After short prayers, they set on bread ;  
 A moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,  
 With some small glit'ring gritt, to eate  
 His choyce bitts with ; then in a trice  
 They make a feast lesse great then nice.  
 But all this while his eye is serv'd,  
 We must not thinke his care was sterv'd :  
 But that there was in place to stir  
 His spleen, the churring grashopper ;  
 The merry cricket, puling flie,  
 The piping guat for minstraley.  
 And now, we must imagine first,  
 The elves present to quench his thirst  
 A pure seed-pearle of infant dew,  
 Brought and besweetned in a blew  
 And pregnant violet ; which done,  
 His kitling eyes begin to runne  
 Quite through the table, where he spies  
 The hornes of paperie butterflies,  
 Of which he eates, and tastes a litle  
 Of that we call the cuckoes spittle.  
 A little fuz-ball pudding stands  
 By, yet not blessed by his hands,



That was too coorse ; but then forthwith  
 He ventures boldly on the pith  
 Of sugred rush, and eates the sagge  
 And well bestrutted bees sweet bagge :  
 Gladding his pallat with some store  
 Of emits eggs ; what wo'd he more ?  
 But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,  
 A bloated earewig, and a flie ;  
 With the red-capt worme, that's shut  
 Within the concave of a nut,  
 Browne as his tooth. A little moth,  
 Late fatned in a piece of cloth :  
 With withered cherries ; mandrakes eares ;  
 Moles eyes ; to these, the slain-stags teares :  
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snaile ;  
 The broke-heart of a nightingale  
 Ore-come in musicke ; with a wine,  
 Ne're ravisht from the flattering vine,  
 But gently prest from the soft side  
 Of the most sweet and dainty bride,  
 Brought in a dainty daizie, which  
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch  
 His blood to height ; this done, commended  
 Grace by his priest ; *The feast is ended.*

EVENT OF THINGS NOT IN OUR POWER.

BY time, and counsell, doe the best we can,  
 Th'event is never in the power of man.

UPON HER BLUSH.

WHEN Julia blushes, she do's show  
 Cheeks like to roses, when they blow.

MERITS MAKE THE MAN.

OUR honours, and our commendations be  
 Due to the merits, not authoritie.

## TO VIRGINS.

HEARE, ye virgins, and Ile teach,  
What the times of old did preach.

Rosamond was in a bower  
Kept, as Danae in a tower :  
But yet Love, who subtile is,  
Crept to that, and came to this.  
Be ye lockt up like to these,  
Or the rich Hesperides ;  
Or those babies in your eyes,  
In their christall nunneries ;  
Notwithstanding Love will win,  
Or else force a passage in :  
And as coy be, as you can,  
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

## VERTUE.

EACH must, in vertue, strive for to excell ;  
*That man lives twice, that lives the first life well.*

## THE BELL-MAN.

FROM noise of scare-fires rest ye free,  
From murders benedicitie.  
From all mischances, that may fright  
Your pleasing slumbers in the night :  
Mercie secure ye all, and keep  
The goblin from ye, while ye sleep.  
Past one aclock, and almost two,  
My masters all, *Good day to you.*

## BASHFULNESSE.

OF all our parts, the eyes expresse  
The sweetest kind of bashfulnesse.

TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISH'D GENTLEMAN, MASTER  
EDWARD NORGATE, CLARK OF THE SIGNET  
TO HIS MAJESTY. EPIG.

FOR one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts ;  
For one to whom espous'd are all the arts ;  
Long have I sought for : but co'd never see  
Them all concenter'd in one man, but thee.  
Thus, thou that man art, whom the Fates conspir'd  
To make but one, and that's thy selfe, admir'd.

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN HER SICKNESSE.

PRUE, my dearest maid, is sick,  
Almost to be lunatick :  
Æsculapius ! come and bring  
Means for her recovering ;  
And a gallant cock shall be  
Offer'd up by her, to thee.

TO APOLLO. A SHORT HYMNE.

PHÆBUS ! when that I a verse.  
Of some numbers more rehearse ;  
Tune my words, that they may fall,  
Each way smoothly musicall :  
For which favour, there shall be  
Swans devoted unto thee.

A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

BACCHUS, let me drink no more ;  
Wild are seas, that want a shore.  
When our drinking has no stint,  
There is no one pleasure in't.  
I have drank up for to please  
Thee, that great cup Hercules :  
Urge no more ; and there shall be  
Daffadills g'en up to thee.

## UPON BUNGIE.

BUNGIE do's fast; looks pale; puts sack-cloth on;  
 Not out of conscience, or religion:  
 Or that this yonker keeps so strict a Lent,  
 Fearing to break the king's commandment:  
 But being poore, and knowing flesh is deare,  
 He keeps not one, but many Lents i'th'yeare.

## ON HIMSELFE.

HERE down my wearyed limbs Ile lay;  
 My pilgrims staffe; my weed of gray:  
 My palmers hat; my scallops shell;  
 My crosse; my cord; and all farewell.  
 For having now my journey done,  
 Just at the setting of the sun,  
 Here I have found a chamber fit,  
 God and good friends be thank't for it,  
 Where if I can a lodger be  
 A little while from tramlers free;  
 At my up-rising next, I shall,  
 If not requite, yet thank ye all.  
 Meane while, the holy-rood hence fright  
 The fouler fiend, and evill spright,  
 From scaring you or yours this night.

## CASUALTIES.

GOOD things, that come of course, far lesse doe  
 please,  
 Then those, which come by sweet contingences.

## BRIBES AND GIFTS GET ALL.

DEAD falls the cause, if once the hand be mute;  
 But let that speak, the client gets the suit.

THE END.

IF well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right ;  
*It is the end that crownes us, not the fight.*

UPON A CHILD THAT DYED.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud.  
 Lately made of flesh and blood :  
 Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,  
 As her little eyes did peep.  
 Give her strewings ; but not stir  
 The earth, that lightly covers her.

UPON SNEAPE. EPIG.

SNEAPE has a face so brittle, that it breaks  
 Forth into blushes, whensoere he speaks.

CONTENT, NOT CATES.

'TIS not the food, but the content  
 That makes the table's merriment.  
 Where trouble serves the board, we eate  
 The platters there, as soone as meat.  
 A little pipkin with a bit  
 Of mutton, or of veale in it,  
 Set on my table, trouble-free,  
 More then a feast contenteth me.

THE ENTERTAINMENT : OR, PORCH-VERSE, AT THE  
 MARRIAGE OF MR. HEN. NORTHLY, AND THE  
 MOST WITTY MRS. LETTICE YARD.

WHEELCOME! but yet no entrance, till we blesse  
 First you, then you, and both for white successe.  
 Profane no porch, young man and maid, for fear  
 Ye wrong the threshold-god, that keeps peace here :

Please him, and then all good-luck will betide  
 You, the brisk bridegroom, you, the dainty bride.  
 Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise;  
 Put on your garlands first, then sacrifice:  
 That done; when both of you have seemly fed,  
 We'll call on Night, to bring ye both to bed:  
 Where being laid, all faire signes looking on,  
 Fish-like, encrease then to a million:  
 And millions of spring-times may ye have,  
 Which spent, on death, bring to ye both one grave.

THE GOOD-NIGHT OR BLESSING.

BLESSINGS, in abundance come,  
 To the bride, and to her groom;  
 May the bed, and this short night,  
 Know the fulness of delight!  
 Pleasures many here attend ye,  
 And ere long, a boy Love send ye  
 Curld and comely, and so trimme,  
 Maides, in time, may ravish him.  
 Thus a dew of graces fall  
 On ye both; goodnight to all.

UPON LEECH.

LEECH boasts, he has a pill, that can alone,  
 With speed give sick men their salvation:  
 'Tis strange, his father long time has been ill,  
 And credits physick, yet not trusts his pill:  
 And why? he knowes he must of cure despaire,  
 Who makes the slie physitian his heire.

TO DAFFADILLS.

FAIRE Daffadills, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soone:  
 As yet the early-rising sun  
 Has not attain'd his noone.

Stay, stay,  
 Untill the hasting day  
     Has run  
 But to the Even-song;  
 And, having pray'd together, we  
     Will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
 We have as short a spring;  
 As quick a growth to meet decay,  
 As you, or any thing.  
     We die,  
 As your hours doe, and drie  
     Away,  
 Like to the summers raine;  
 Or as the pearles of morning's dew  
     Ne'r to be found againe.

TO A MAID.

YOU say, you love me; that I thus must prove;  
 If that you lye, then I will sweare you love.

UPON A LADY THAT DYED IN CHILD-BED, AND LEFT  
 A DAUGHTER BEHIND HER.

AS gilly flowers do but stay  
 To blow, and seed, and so away;  
 So you sweet lady, sweet as May,  
 The gardens-glory liv'd a while,  
 To lend the world your scent and smile.  
 But when your own faire print was set  
 Once in a virgin flosculet,  
 Sweet as your selfe, and newly blown,  
 To give that life, resign'd your own:  
 But so, as still the mother's power  
 Lives in the pretty lady-flower.

## A NEW-YEARES GIFT SENT TO SIR SIMEON STEWARD.

NO newes of navies burnt at seas ;  
No noise of late spawn'd tittyries :  
No closset plot, or open vent,  
That frights men with a parliament :  
No new devise, or late found trick,  
To read by th' starres, the kingdoms sick :  
No ginne to catch the state, or wring  
The free-born nostrills of the king,  
We send to you ; but here a jolly  
Verse crown'd with yvie, and with holly :  
That tels of winters tales and mirth,  
That milk-maids make about the hearth,  
Of Christmas sports, the wassell-boule,  
That tost up, after fox-i'th'hole :  
Of blind-man-buffe, and of the care  
That young men have to shooe the mare :  
Of twelf-tide cakes, of pease, and beanes  
Wherewith ye make those merry sceanes,  
When as ye chuse your king and queen,  
And cry out, *Hey, for our town green.*  
Of ash-heapes, in the which ye use  
Husbands and wives by streakes to chuse :  
Of crackling laurell, which fore-sounds,  
A plentious harvest to your grounds :  
Of these, and such like things, for shift,  
We send in stead of New-yeares gift.  
Read then, and when your faces shine  
With bucksome meat and capring wine :  
Remember us in cups full crown'd,  
And let our citie-health go round,  
Quite through the young maids and the men,  
To the ninth number, if not tenne ;  
Untill the fired chesnuts leape  
For joy, to see the fruits ye reape,



From the plumpe challice, and the cup,  
 That tempts till it be tossed up :  
 Then as ye sit about your embers,  
 Call not to mind those fled Decembers ;  
 But think on these, that are t'appeare,  
 As daughters to the instant yeare :  
 Sit crown'd with rose-buds, and carouse,  
 Till Liber Pater twirles the house  
 About your eares ; and lay upon  
 The yeare, your cares, that's fled and gon.  
 And let the russet swaines the plough  
 And harrow hang up resting now ;  
 And to the bag-pipe all addresse ;  
 Till sleep takes place of wearinesse.  
 And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes  
 Frolick the full twelve holy-dayes.

## MATTENS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

WHEN with the virgin morning thou do'st rise,  
 Crossing thy selfe ; come thus to sacrifice :  
 First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring  
 Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing.  
 Next to the altar humbly kneele, and thence,  
 Give up thy soule in clouds of frankinsence.  
 Thy golden censors fill'd with odours sweet,  
 Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

## EVENSONG.

BEGINNE with Jove ; then is the worke halfe done ;  
 And runnes most smoothly, when tis well begunne.  
 Jove's is the first and last : the morn's his due,  
 The midst is thine ; but Joves the evening too ;  
 As sure a Mattins do's to him belong,  
 So sure he layes claime to the Evensong.

## THE BRACELET TO JULIA.

WHY I tye about thy wrist,  
 Julia, this my silken twist;  
 For what other reason is't,  
 But to shew thee how in part,  
 Thou my pretty captive art?  
 But thy bondslave is my heart:  
 'Tis but silke that bindeth thee,  
 Knap the thread, and thou art free:  
 But 'tis otherwise with me;  
 I am bound, and fast bound so,  
 That from thee I cannot go,  
 If I co'd, I wo'd not so.

## THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A MAN prepar'd against all ills to come,  
 That dares to dead the fire of martirdome:  
 That sleeps at home; and sayling there at ease,  
 Feares not the fierce sedition of the seas:  
 That's counter-prooffe against the farms mis-haps,  
 Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps:  
 That weares one face, like heaven, and never showes  
 A change, when Fortune either comes, or goes:  
 That keepes his own strong guard, in the despite  
 Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night:  
 That takes and re-delivers every stroake  
 Of chance, as made up all of rock, and oake:  
 That sighs at other's death; smiles at his own  
 Most dire and horrid crucifixion.  
 Who for true glory suffers thus; we grant  
 Him to be here our Christian militant.

## A SHORT HYMNE TO LARR.

THOUGH I cannot give thee fires  
 Glit'ring to my free desires:  
 These accept, and Ile be free,  
 Offering poppy unto thee.

ANOTHER TO NEPTUNE.

MIGHTY Neptune, may it please  
Thee, the rector of the seas,  
That my barque may safely runne  
Through thy watrie-region ;  
And a tunnie-fish shall be  
Offer'd up, with thanks to thee.

UPON GREEDY. EPIG.

AN old, old widow Greedy needs wo'd wed,  
Not for affection to her, or her bed ;  
But in regard, 'twas often said, this old  
Woman wo'd bring him more then co'd be told,  
He tooke her ; now the jest in this appeares,  
So old she was, that none co'd tell her yeares.

HIS EMBALMING TO JULIA.

FOR my embalming, Julia, do but this,  
Give thou my lips but their supreamest kiss :  
Or else trans-fuse thy breath into the chest,  
Where my small reliques must for ever rest :  
That breath the balm, the myrrh, the nard shal be,  
To give an incorruption unto me.

GOLD, BEFORE GOODNESSE.

HOW rich a man is, all desire to know ;  
But none enquires if good he be, or no.

THE KISSE. A DIALOGUE.

1. AMONG thy fancies, tell me this,  
What is the thing we call a kisse?
2. I shall resolve ye, what it is.

It is a creature born and bred  
Between the lips, all cherrie-red,

By love and warme desires fed,

*Chor.* And makes more soft the bridall bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies,

First, to the babies of the eyes;

And charmes them there with lullabies;

*Chor.* And stils the bride too, when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the eare,

It frisks, and flyes, now here, now there,

'Tis now farre off, and then tis nere;

*Chor.* And here, and there, and every where.

1. Has it a speaking virtue? 2. Yes.

1. How speaks it, say? 2. Do you but this,

Part your joyn'd lips, then speaks your kisse;

*Chor.* And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body? 2. I, and wings,

With thousand rare encolourings:

And as it flyes, it gently sings,

*Chor.* Love, honie yeelds; but never stings.

#### THE ADMONITION.

SEEST thou those diamonds which she weares  
In that rich carkanet;

Or those on her dishevel'd haire,

Faire pearles in order set?

Beleeve, young man, all those were teares

By wretched woers sent,

In mournfull hyacinths and rue,

That figure discontent;

Which when not warmed by her view,

By cold neglect, each one,

Congeval'd to pearle and stone;

Which precious spoiles upon her,

She weares as trophees of her honour.

Ah, then consider what all this implies;

She that will weare thy teares, wo'd weare thine eyes.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN SIR WILLIAM  
SOAME. EPIG.

I CAN but name thee, and methinks I call  
All that have been, or are canonicall  
For love and bountie, to come neare, and see,  
Their many vertues volum'd up in thee ;  
In thee, brave man ! whose incorrupted fame,  
Casts forth a light like to a virgin flame :  
And as it shines, it throwes a scent about,  
As when a rain-bow in perfumes goes out.  
So vanish hence, but leave a name, as sweet,  
As Benjamin, and Storax, when they meet.

ON HIMSELFE.

ASKE me, why I do not sing  
To the tension of the string,  
As I did, not long ago,  
When my numbers full did flow ?  
Griefe, ay me ! hath struck my lute,  
And my tongue at one time mute.

TO LARR.

NO more shall I, since I am driven hence,  
Devote to thee my graines of frankinsence :  
No more shall I from mantle-trees hang downe,  
To honour thee, my little parsly crown :  
No more shall I, I feare me, to thee bring  
My chives of garlick for an offering :  
No more shall I, from henceforth, heare a quire  
Of merry crickets by my country fire.  
Go where I will, thou luckie Larr, stay here,  
Warmed by a glit'ring chimnie all the yeare.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD DÆMON.

WHAT can I do in poetry,  
Now the good spirit's gone from me?  
Why nothing now, but lonely sit,  
And over-read what I have writ.

## CLEMENCY.

FOR punishment in warre, it will suffice,  
If the chiefe author of the faction dyes ;  
Let but few smart, but strike a feare through all :  
Where the fault springs, there let the judgement fall.

HIS AGE, DEDICATED TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND,  
M. JOHN WICKES, UNDER THE NAME  
OF POSTHUMUS.

A H Posthumus! our yeares hence flye,  
And leave no sound; nor piety,  
Or prayers, or vow  
Can keepe the wrinkle from the brow :  
But we must on,  
As Fate do's lead or draw us; none,  
None, Posthumus, co'd ere decline  
The doome of cruell Proserpine.

The pleasing<sup>r</sup> wife, the house, the ground  
Must all be left, no one plant found  
To follow thee,  
Save only the curst-cipresse tree :  
A merry mind  
Looks forward, scornes what's left behind :  
Let's live, my Wickes, then, while we may,  
And here enjoy our holiday.

W've seen the past-best times, and these  
Will nere return, we see the seas,  
And moons to wain ;  
But they fill up their ebbs again :

But vanisht man,  
Like to a lilly-lost, nere can,  
Nere can repullulate, or bring  
His dayes to see a second spring.

But on we must, and thither tend,  
Where Anchus and rich Tullus blend

    Their sacred seed :  
Thus has infernall Jove decreed ;

    We must be made,  
Ere long, a song, ere long, a shade.  
Why then, since life to us is short,  
Lets make it full up, by our sport.

Crown we our heads with roses then,  
And 'noint with Tirian balme ; for when

    We two are dead,  
The world with us is buried.

    Then live we free,  
As is the air, and let us be  
Our own fair wind, and mark each one  
Day with the white and luckie stone.

We are not poore ; although we have  
No roofs of cedar, nor our brave

    Baïæ, nor keep  
Account of such a flock of sheep ;

    Nor bullocks fed  
To lard the shambles : barbels bred  
To kisse our hands, nor do we wish  
For Pollio's laupries in our dish.

If we can meet, and so conferre,  
Both by a shining salt-seller ;

    And have our rooffe,  
Although not archt, yet weather prooffe,

    And seeling free,  
From that cheape candle baudery :  
We'le eate our beane with that full mirth  
As we were lords of all the earth.

Well then, on what seas we are tost,  
Our comfort is, we can't be lost.

Let the winds drive  
Our barke; yet she will keepe alive  
Amidst the deepes;

'Tis constancy, my Wickes, which keeps  
The pinnace up; which though she erres  
I'th' seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part, sweet mercy blesse,  
Us both i'th'sea, camp, wilderness,  
Can we so farre

Stray, to become lesse circular,  
Then we are now?

No, no, that selfe same heart, that vow,  
Which made us one, shall ne'r undoe;  
Or ravell so, to make us two.

Live in thy peace; as for my selfe,  
When I am bruised on the shelve  
Of time, and show  
My locks behung with frost and snow:

When with the reume,  
The cough, the ptisick, I consume  
Unto an almost nothing; then,  
The ages fled, Ile call agen:

And with a teare compare these last  
Lame, and bad times, with those are past,  
While Baucis by,

My old leane wife, shall kisse it dry:  
And so we'l sit

By 'th'fire, foretelling snow and slit,  
And weather by our aches, grown  
Now old enough to be our own

True calenders, as pusses eare  
Washt or's, to tell what change is neare:  
Then to asswage

The gripings of the chine by age;  
I'le call my young



Iulus to sing such a song  
I made upon my Julia's brest ;  
And of her blush at such a feast.

Then shall he read that flowre of mine  
Enclos'd within a christall shrine :  
A primrose next ;  
A piece, then of a higher text :  
For to beget  
In me a more transcendant heate,  
Then that insinuating fire,  
Which crept into each aged sire.

When the faire Hellen, from her eyes,  
Shot forth her loving sorceries :  
At which I'll reare  
Mine aged limbs above my chaire :  
And hearing it,  
Flutter and crow, as in a fit  
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,  
*No lust theres like to poetry.*

Thus frantick crazie man, Got wot,  
Ile call to mind things half forgot :  
And oft between,  
Repeat the times that I have seen !  
Thus ripe with tears,  
And twisting my Iulus hairs ;  
Doting, Ile weep and say, In truth,  
Baucis, these were my sins of youth.

Then next Ile cause my hopefull lad,  
If a wild apple can be had,  
To crown the hearth,  
Larr thus conspiring with our mirth,  
Then to infuse  
Our browner ale into the cruse :  
Which sweetly spic't, we'l first carouse  
Unto the Genius of the house.

Then the next health to friends of mine,  
 Loving the brave Burgundian wine,  
                                 High sons of Pith,  
 Whose fortunes I have frolickt with :  
                                 Such as co'd well  
 Bear up the magick bough, and spel :  
 And dancing 'bout the mystick Thyrse,  
 Give up the just applause to verse :

To those, and then agen to thee  
 We'l drink, my Wickes, untill we be  
                                 Plump as the cherry,  
 Though not so fresh, yet full as merry  
                                 As the crickit ;  
 The untam'd heifer, or the prieket,  
 Untill our tongues shall tell our ears,  
 W'are younger by a score of years.

Thus, till we see the fire lesse shine  
 From th' embers, then the kitlings eyne,  
                                 We'l still sit up,  
 Sphering about the wassail cup,  
                                 To all those times,  
 Which gave me honour for my rhimes,  
 The cole once spent, we'l then to bed,  
 Farre more then night bewearied.

#### A SHORT HYMNE TO VENUS.

GODDESSE, I do love a girle  
 Rubie-lipt, and tooth'd with pearl :  
 If so be, I may but prove  
 Luckie in this maide I love :  
 I will promise there shall be  
 Mirtles offer'd up to thee.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN ON JUST DEALING.

TRUE to your self, and sheets, you'l have me  
 swear,  
 You shall; if righteous dealing I find there.  
 Do not you fall through frailty; Ile be sure  
 To keep my bond still free from forfeiture.

THE HAND AND TONGUE.

TWO parts of us successively command;  
 The tongue in peace; but then in warre the  
 hand.

UPON A DELAYING LADY.

COME, come away,  
 Or let me go;  
 Must I here stay,  
 Because y'are slow;  
 And will continue so?  
 Troth, lady, no.

I scorne to be  
 A slave to state:  
 And since I'm free,  
 I will not wait,  
 Henceforth at such a rate,  
 For needy Fate.

If you desire  
 My spark sho'd glow,  
 The peeping fire  
 You must blow;  
 Or I shall quickly grow,  
 To frost or snow.

TO THE LADY MARY VILLARS, GOVERNESSE TO THE  
PRINCESSE HENRETTA.

WHEN I of Villars doe but heare the name,  
It calls to mind, that mighty Buckingham,  
Who was your brave exalted uncle here,  
Binding the wheele of Fortune to his sphere;  
Who spurn'd at envie; and co'd bring, with ease,  
An end to all his stately purposes.  
For his love then, whose sacred reliques show  
Their resurrection, and their growth in you:  
And for my sake, whoever did prefer  
You, above all those sweets of Westminster:  
Permit my book to have a free accesse  
To kisse your hand, most dainty governesse.

UPON HIS JULIA.

WILL ye heare, what I can say  
Briefly of my Julia?  
Black and rowling is her eye,  
Double chinn'd, and forehead high:  
Lips she has, all rubie red,  
Cheeks like creame enclarited:  
And a nose that is the grace  
And proscenium of her face.  
So that we may guesse by these,  
The other parts will richly please.

TO FLOWERS.

IN time of life, I grac't ye with my verse;  
Doe now your flowrie honours to my herse.  
You shall not languish, trust me: virgins here  
Weeping, shall make ye flourish all the yeere.

TO MY ILL READER.

THOU say'st my lines are hard;  
 And I the truth will tell;  
 They are both hard, and marr'd,  
 If thou not read'st them well.

THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE.

LET kings command, and doe the best they may,  
 The saucie subjects still will beare the sway.

A HYMNE TO VENUS, AND CUPID.

SEA-BORN Goddess, let me be,  
 By thy sonne thus grac't, and thee;  
 That when ere I woove, I find  
 Virgins coy, but not unkind.  
 Let me when I kisse a maid,  
 Taste her lips, so over-laid  
 With loves-sirrop; that I may,  
 In your temple, when I pray,  
 Kisse the altar, and confess  
 Ther's in love, no bitterness.

ON JULIA'S PICTURE.

HOW am I ravisht! when I do but see,  
 The painter's art in thy sciography?  
 If so, how much more shall I dote thereon,  
 When once he gives it incarnation?

HER BED.

SEE'ST thou that cloud as silver cleare,  
 Plump, soft, & swelling everywhere?  
 'Tis Julia's bed, and she sleeps there.

HER LEGS.

FAIN would I kiss my Julia's dainty leg,  
 Which is as white and hair-less as an egge.

## UPON HER ALMES.

SEE how the poore do waiting stand,  
 For the expansion of thy hand.  
 A wafer dol'd by thee, will swell  
 Thousands to feed by miracle.

## REWARDS.

STILL to our gains our chief respect is had ;  
 Reward it is, that makes us good or bad.

## NOTHING NEW.

NOTHING is new : we walk where others went.  
 Ther's no vice now, but has his president.

## THE RAINBOW.

LOOK, how the rainbow doth appeare  
 But in one onely hemisphere :  
 So likewise after our disseace,  
 No more is seen the arch of peace.  
 That cov'nant's here ; the under-bow,  
 That nothing shoots, but war and woe.

THE MEDDOW VERSE OR ANIVERSARY TO MISTRIS  
 BRIDGET LOWMAN.

COME with the spring-time forth, fair maid, and  
 be  
 This year again, the medow's deity.  
 Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set  
 Upon your head this flowry coronet :  
 To make this neat distinction from the rest ;  
 You are the prime, and princesse of the feast :  
 To which, with silver feet lead you the way,  
 While sweet-breath nimphe, attend on you this day.

This is your houre; and best you may command,  
 Since you are lady of this fairie land.  
 Full mirth wait on you; and such mirth as shall  
 Cherrish the cheek, but make none blush at all.

THE PARTING VERSE, THE FEAST THERE ENDED.

LOTH to depart, but yet at last, each one  
 Back must now go to's habitation :  
 Not knowing thus much, when we once do sever,  
 Whether or no, that we shall meet here ever.  
 As for my self, since time a thousand cares  
 And griefs hath fil'de upon my silver hairs ;  
 'Tis to be doubted whether I next yeer,  
 Or no, shall give ye a re-meeting here.  
 If die I must, then my last vow shall be,  
 You'l with a tear or two, remember me,  
 Your sometime poet ; but if fates do give  
 Me longer date, and more fresh springs to live :  
 Oft as your field, shall her old age renew,  
 Herrick shall make the meddow-verse for you.

UPON JUDITH. EPIG.

JUDITH has cast her old-skin, and got new ;  
 And walks fresh varnisht to the publick view.  
 Foule Judith was ; and foule she will be known,  
 For all this fair transfiguration.

LONG AND LAZIE.

THAT was the proverb. Let my mistresse be  
 Lasie to others, but be long to me.

UPON RALPH. EPIG.

CURSE not the nice, no grist of thine they eat :  
 But curse thy children, they consume thy wheat.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, PHILIP, EARLE OF  
PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERIE.

HOW dull and dead are books, that cannot show  
A Prince of Pembroke, and that Pembroke, you!  
You, who are high born, and a lord no lesse  
Free by your fate, then Fortune's mightinesse,  
Who hug our poems, honour'd sir, and then  
The paper gild, and Laureat the pen.  
Nor suffer you the poets to sit cold,  
But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold.  
Others there be, who righteously will swear  
Those smooth-pac't numbers, amble every where;  
And these brave measures go a stately trot;  
Love those, like these; regard, reward them not.  
But you, my lord, are one, whose hand along  
Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your tongue;  
Paying before you praise; and cockring wit,  
Give both the gold and garland unto it.

AN HYMNE TO JUNO.

STATELY Goddess, do thou please,  
Who art chief at marriages,  
But to dresse the bridall-bed,  
When my love and I shall wed:  
And a peacock proud shall be  
Offerd up by us, to thee.

UPON MEASE. EPIG.

MEASE brags of pullets which he eats: but  
Mease  
Ne'r yet set tooth in stump, or rump of these.



UPON SAPHO, SWEETLY PLAYING, AND SWEETLY  
SINGING.

WHEN thou do'st play, and sweetly sing,  
Whether it be the voice or string,  
Or both of them, that do agree  
Thus to entrance and ravish me:  
This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute;  
And dye away upon thy lute.

UPON PASKE A DRAPER.

PASKE, though his debt be due upon the day  
Demands no money by a craving way;  
For why, sayes he, all debts and their arreares,  
Have reference to the shoulders, not the eares.

CHOP-CHERRY.

THOU gav'st me leave to kisse;  
Thou gav'st me leave to woove;  
Thou mad'st me thinke by this,  
And that, thou lov'dst me too.

But I shall ne'r forget,  
How for to make thee merry;  
Thou mad'st me chop, but yet,  
Another snapt the cherry.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, WISE, AND ARCH-  
ANTI-QUARY, M. JOHN SELDEN.

I WHO have favour'd many, come to be  
Grac't, now at last, or glorifi'd by thee.  
Loe, I, the lyrick prophet, who have set  
On many a head the Delphick coronet,  
Come unto thee for laurell, having spent,  
My wreaths on those, who little gave or lent.  
Give me the Daphne, that the world may know it,  
Whom they neglected, thou hast crown'd a poet.

A city here of heroes I have made,  
 Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,  
 Shall never shrink, where making thine abode,  
 Live thou a Selden, that's a demi-god.

## UPON HIMSELF.

THOU shalt not all die; for while Love's fire  
                   shines  
 Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines;  
 And learn'd musicians shall to honour Herrick's  
 Fame, and his name, both set, and sing his lyrics.

## UPON WRINKLES.

WRINKLES no more are, or no lesse,  
                   Then beauty turn'd to sowernesse.

## UPON PRIGG.

PRIGG, when he comes to houses, oft doth use,  
       Rather then fail, to steal from thence old shoes:  
 Sound or unsound, be they rent or whole,  
 Prigg bears away the body and the sole.

## UPON MOON.

MOON is an usurer, whose gain,  
       Seldome or never, knows a wain,  
 Onely Moon's conscience, we confesse,  
 That ebs from pittie lesse and lesse.

## PRAY AND PROSPER.

FIRST offer incense, then thy field and meads  
       Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads.  
 The spangling dew dreg'd o're the grasse shall be  
 Turn'd all to mell, and manna there for thee.

Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oile  
 Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy soyl.  
 Wod'st thou to sincere-silver turn thy mold?  
 Pray once, twice pray; and turn thy ground to gold.

HIS LACRIME OR MIRTH, TURN'D TO MOURNING.

CALL me no more,  
 As heretofore,  
 The musick of a feast;  
 Since now, alas,  
 The mirth, that was  
 In me, is dead or ceast.

Before I went  
 To banishment  
 Into the loathed west;  
 I co'd rehearse  
 A lyrick verse,  
 And speak it with the best.

But time, ai me,  
 Has laid, I see,  
 My organ fast asleep;  
 And turn'd my voice  
 Into the noise  
 Of those that sit and weep.

UPON SHIFT.

SHIFT now has cast his clothes: got all things  
 new;  
 Save but his hat, and that he cannot mew.

UPON CUTS.

IF wounds in clothes, Cuts calls his rags, 'tis cleere,  
 His linings are the matter running there.

## GAIN AND GETTINGS.

WHEN others gain much by the present cast,  
The coblers getting time, is at the last.

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MISTRIS, ANNE  
SOAME, NOW LADY ABDIE.

SO smell those odours that do rise  
From out the wealthy spiceries :  
So smels the flowre of blooming clove ;  
Or roses smother'd in the stove :  
So smells the aire of spiced wine ;  
Or essences of jessimine :  
So smells the breath about the hives,  
When well the work of hony thrives ;  
And all the busie factours come  
Laden with wax and hony home :  
So smell those neat and woven bowers,  
All over-archt with oringe flowers,  
And almond blossoms, that do mix  
To make rich these aromatikes :  
So smell those bracelets, and those bands  
Of amber chaf't between the hands,  
When thus enkindled they transpire  
A noble perfume from the fire.  
The wine of cherries, and to these,  
The cooling breath of respases ;  
The smell of mornings milk, and cream ;  
Butter of cowslips mixt with them ;  
Of rosted warden, or bak'd peare,  
These are not to be reckon'd here ;  
When as the meanest part of her,  
Smells like the maiden-pomander.  
Thus sweet she smells, or what can be  
More lik'd by her, or lov'd by mee.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MISTRESS ELIZABETH HERRICK.

SWEET virgin, that I do not set  
 The pillars up of weeping jet,  
 Or mournfull marble; let thy shade  
 Not wrathfull seem, or fright the maide,  
 Who hither at her wonted howers  
 Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.  
 No, know, blest maide, when there's not one  
 Remainder left of brasse or stone,  
 Thy living epitaph shall be,  
 Though lost in them, yet found in me.  
 Dear, in thy bed of roses, then,  
 Till this world shall dissolve as men,  
 Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,  
 Drawing thy curtains round: Good night.

A PANEGERICK TO SIR LEWIS PEMBERTON.

TILL I shall come again, let this suffice,  
 I send my salt, my sacrifice  
 To thee, thy lady, younglings, and as farre  
 As to thy genius and thy larre;  
 To the worn threshold, porch, hall, parlour, kitchen,  
 The fat-fed smoking temple, which in  
 The wholesome savour of thy mighty chines  
 Invites to supper him who dines,  
 Where laden spits, warp't with large ribbs of beefe,  
 Not represent, but give reliefe  
 To the lanke-stranger, and the sowre swain;  
 Where both may feed, and come againe:  
 For no black-bearded vigil from thy doore  
 Beats with a button'd-staffe the poore:  
 But from thy warm-love-hatching gates each may  
 Take friendly morsels, and there stay  
 To sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,  
 For thou no porter keep'st who strikes.

No commer to thy rooffe his guest-rite wants ;  
Or staying there, is scourg'd with taunts  
Of some rough groom, who, yirkt with corns, sayes,  
Sir,  
Y'ave dipt too long i'th vinegar ;  
And with our broth and bread, and bits ; sir friend,  
Y'ave fared well, pray make an end ;  
Two dayes y'ave larded here ; a third, yee know,  
Makes guests and fish smell strong ; pray go  
You to some other chimney, and there take  
Essay of other giblets ; make  
Merry at another's hearth ; y'are here  
Welcome as thunder to our beere :  
Manners knowes distance, and a man unrude  
Wo'd soon recoile, and not intrude  
His stomach to a second meale. No, no,  
Thy house, well fed and taught, can show  
No such crab'd vizard : thou hast learnt thy train,  
With heart and hand to entertain :  
And by the armes-full, with a brest unhid,  
As the old race of mankind did,  
When either's heart, and either's hand did strive  
To be the nearer relative :  
Thou do'st redeeme those times ; and what was lost  
Of antient honesty, may boast  
It keeps a growth in thee ; and so will runne  
A course in thy fames-pledge, thy sonne.  
Thus, like a Roman tribune, thou thy gate  
Early setts ope to feast, and late :  
Keeping no currish waiter to affright,  
With blasting eye, the appetite,  
Which fain would waste upon thy cates, but that  
The trencher-creature marketh what  
Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by  
Some private pinch tels danger's nie,  
A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites  
Skin deepe into the porke, or lights  
Upon some part of kid, as if mistooke,

When checked by the butler's look.  
 No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund beere  
 Is not reserv'd for Trebius here,  
 But all, who at thy table seated are,  
 Find equall freedome, equall fare ;  
 And thou, like to that hospitable god,  
 Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode  
 To eate thy bullocks thighs, thy veales, thy fat  
 Weathers, and never grndged at.  
 The phesant, partridge, gotwit, reeve, ruffe, raile,  
 The cock, the curlew, and the quaille ;  
 These, and thy choicest viands do extend  
 Their taste unto the lower end  
 Of thy glad table : not a dish more known  
 To thee, then unto any one :  
 But as thy meate, so thy immortall wine  
 Makes the smirk face of each to shine,  
 And spring fresh rose-buds, while the salt, the wit  
 Flowes from the wine, and graces it :  
 While Reverence, waiting at the bashfull board,  
 Honours my lady and my lord.  
 No scurrile jest ; no open sceane is laid  
 Here, for to make the face affraid ;  
 But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-  
 ly that it makes the meate more sweet ;  
 And adds perfumes unto the wine, which thou  
 Do'st rather poure forth, then allow  
 By cruse and measure ; thus devoting wine,  
 As the Canary Isles were thine :  
 But with that wisdom, and that method, as  
 No one that's there his guilty glasse  
 Drinks of distemper, or ha's cause to cry  
 Repentance to his liberty.  
 No, thou know'st order, ethicks, and ha's read  
 All oeconomicks, know'st to lead  
 A house-dance neatly, and can'st truly show,  
 How farre a figure ought to go,  
 Forward, or backward, side-ward, and what pace

Can give, and what retract a grace ;  
 What gesture, courtship ; comliness agrees,  
 With those thy primitive decrees,  
 To give subsistance to thy house, and prooffe,  
 What Genii support thy rooffe,  
 Goodnes and greatnes ; not the oaken piles ;  
*For these, and marbles have their whiles*  
*To last, but not their ever :* Vertues hand  
 It is, which builds, 'gainst Fate to stand.  
 Such is thy house, whose firme foundations trust  
 Is more in thee, then in her dust,  
 Or depth, these last may yeeld, and yearly shrinke,  
 When what is strongly built, no chinke  
 Or yawning rupture can the same devoure,  
 But fixt it stands, by her own power,  
 And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,  
 Which tryes, and couter-stands the shock,  
 And ramme of time, and by vexation growes  
 The stronger : *Vertue dies when foes*  
*Are wanting to her exercise, but great*  
*And large she spreads by dust, and sweat*  
 Safe stand thy walls, and thee, and so both will,  
 Since neithers height was rais'd by th'ill  
 Of others ; since no stud, no stone, no piece,  
 Was rear'd up by the poore-man's fleece :  
 No widowes tenement was rackt to guild  
 Or fret thy seeling, or to build  
 A sweating-closset, to annoint the silke-  
 soft-skin, or bath in asses milke :  
 No orphans pittance, left him, serv'd to set  
 The pillars up of lasting jet,  
 For which their eryes might beate against thine eares,  
 Or in the dampe jet read their teares.  
 No planke from hallowed altar, do's appeale  
 To yond' Star-chamber, or do's seale  
 A curse to thee, or thine ; but all things even  
 Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.  
 Go on directly so, as just men may



A thousand times, more sweare, then say,  
 This is that princely Pemberton, who can  
 Teach man to keepe a god in man :  
 And when wise poets shall search out to see  
 Good men, *They find them all in thee.*

TO HIS VALENTINE, ON S. VALENTINE'S DAY.

OFt have I heard both youths and virgins say,  
 Birds chuse their mates, and couple too, this  
 day :  
 But by their flight I never can divine,  
 When I shall couple with my Valentine.

UPON DOLL. EPIG.

DOLL she so soone began the wanton trade ;  
 She ne'r remembers that she was a maide.

UPON SKREW. EPIG.

SKREW lives by shifts ; yet sweares by no small  
 oathes ;  
 For all his shifts, he cannot shift his clothes.

UPON LINNIT. EPIG.

LINNIT playes rarely on the lute, we know ;  
 And sweetly sings, but yet his breath sayes no.

UPON M. BEN. JOHNSON. EPIG.

AFTER the rare arch-poet JOHNSON dy'd,  
 The sock grew loathsome, and the buskins pride,  
 Together with the stages glory stood  
 Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.  
 The cirque prophan'd was ; and all postures rackt :  
 For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.

Then temper flew from words; and men did squeake,  
 Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake :  
 No holy-rage, or frantick-fires did stirre,  
 Or flash about the spacious theater.  
 No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-prooffe  
 Did crack the play-house sides, or cleave her rooffe.  
 Artlesse the sceane was; and that monstrous sin  
 Of deep and arrant ignorance came in;  
 Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist  
 At thy unequal'd play, the Alchymist :  
 Oh fie upon 'em! Lastly too, all witt  
 In utter darkenes did, and still will sit  
 Sleeping the lucklesse age out, till that she  
 Her resurrection ha's again with thee.

## ANOTHER.

THOU had'st the wreath before, now take the  
 tree;  
 That henceforth none be laurel crown'd but thee.

TO HIS NEPHEW, TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS ART  
OF PAINTING.

ON, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get  
 The palme from Urbin, Titian, Tintarret,  
 Brugel and Coxu, and the workes out-doe,  
 Of Holben, and that mighty Ruben too.  
 So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,  
 No, not the glory of the world, Vandike.

## UPON GLASSE. EPIG.

GLASSE, out of deepe, and out of desp'rate want,  
 Turn'd, from a papist here, a predicant.  
 A vicarige at last Tom Glasse got here,  
 Just upon five and thirty pounds a yeare.  
 Adde to that thirty five, but five pounds more,  
 He'l turn a papist, rancker then before.

A VOW TO MARS.

STORE of courage to me grant,  
 Now I'm turn'd a combatant :  
 Helpe me so, that I my shield,  
 Fighting, lose not in the field.  
 That's the greatest shame of all,  
 That in warfare can befall.  
 Do but this ; and there shall be  
 Offer'd up a wolfe to thee.

TO HIS MAID PREW.

THESE summer-birds did with thy master stay  
 The times of warmth ; but then they flew away ;  
 Leaving their poet, being now grown old,  
 Expos'd to all the comming winters cold.  
 But thou, kind Prew, did'st with my fates abide,  
 As well the winter's, as the summer's tide :  
 For which thy love, live with thy master here,  
 Not two, but all the seasons of the yeare.

A CANTICLE TO APOLLO.

PLAY, Phœbus, on thy lute ;  
 And we will all sit mute :  
 By listning to thy lire,  
 That sets all eares on fire.

Hark, harke, the god do's play !  
 And as he leads the way  
 Through heaven, the very spheres,  
 As men, turne all to eares.

'A JUST MAN.

A JUST man's like a rock that turnes the wroth  
 Of all the raging waves, into a froth.

## UPON A HOARSE SINGER.

SING me to death ; for till thy voice be cleare,  
 'Twill never please the pallate of mine eare.

## HOW PANSIES OR HEARTS-EASE CAME FIRST.

FROLICK virgins once these were,  
 Over-loving, living here :  
 Being here their ends deny'd  
 Ranne for sweet-hearts mad, and dy'd.  
 Love in pitie of their teares,  
 And their losse in blooming yeares ;  
 For their restlesse here-spent houres,  
 Gave them hearts-ease turn'd to flow'rs.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND SIR EDWARD FISH,  
 KNIGHT BARONET.

SINCE for thy full deserts, with all the rest  
 Of these chaste spirits, that are here possess  
 Of life eternall, time has made thee one,  
 For growth in this my rich plantation :  
 Live here : but know 'twas vertue, & not chance,  
 That gave thee this so high inheritance.  
 Keepe it for ever ; grounded with the good,  
 Who hold fast here an endlesse lively-hood.

## LARR'S PORTION, AND THE POET'S PART.

AT my homely country-seat,  
 I have there a little wheat ;  
 Which I worke to meale, and make  
 Therewithall a holy-cake :  
 Part of which I give to Larr,  
 Part is my peculiar.

UPON MAN.

MAN is compos'd here of a two-fold part ;  
 The first of nature, and the next of art :  
 Art presupposes nature ; Nature shee  
 Prepares the way to man's docility.

LIBERTY.

THOSE ills that mortall men endure  
 So long are capable of cure,  
 As they of freedome may be sure :  
 But that deni'd ; a griefe, though small,  
 Shakes the whole rooffe, or ruines all.

LOTS TO BE LIKED.

LEARN this of me, where e'r thy lot doth fall ;  
 Short lot, or not, to be content with all.

GRIEFES.

JOVE may afford us thousands of reliefs ;  
 Since man expos'd is to a world of griefs.

UPON EELES. EPIG.

EELLES winds and turnes, and cheats and steales ;  
 yet Eeles  
 Driving these sharking trades, is out at heels.

THE DREAME.

BY dream I saw, one of the three  
 Sisters of Fate appeare to me.  
 Close to my beds side she did stand  
 Shewing me there a fire brand ;  
 She told me too, as that did spend,  
 So drew my life unto an end.

Three quarters were consum'd of it ;  
 Onely remain'd a little bit,  
 Which will be burnt up by and by,  
 Then Julia weep, for I must dy.

UPON RASPE. EPIG.

RASPE plays at nine-holes; and 'tis known he  
gets  
Many a teaster by his game, and bets:  
But of his gettings there's but little sign;  
When one hole wasts more then he gets by nine.

UPON CENTER A SPECTACLE-MAKER WITH A  
FLAT NOSE.

CENTER is known weak sighted, and he sells  
To others store of helpfull spectacles.  
Why weres he none? Because we may suppose,  
Where Leaven wants, there Levill lies the nose.

CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COUSEN US.

AWAY with silks, away with lawn,  
He have no sceans, or curtains drawn :  
Give me my mistresse, as she is,  
Drest in her nak't simplicities :  
For as my heart, ene so mine eye  
Is wone with flesh, not drapery.

TO DIANEME.

SHew me thy feet; shew me thy legs, thy thighs;  
Shew me those fleshie principalities;  
Shew me that hill (where smiling Love doth sit)  
Having a living fountain under it.  
Shew me thy waste; then let me there withall,  
By the assention of thy lawn, see all.

## UPON ELECTRA.

WHEN out of bed my love doth spring,  
*'Tis but as day a kindling :*  
 But when she's up and fully drest,  
*'Tis then broad day throughout the east.*

## TO HIS BOOKE.

HAVE I not blest thee ? Then go forth ; nor  
 fear  
 Or spice, or fish, or fire, or close-stools here.  
 But with thy fair fates leading thee, go on  
 With thy most white predestination.  
 Nor thinke these ages that do hoarcely sing  
 The farting tanner, and familiar king ;  
 The dancing frier, tatter'd in the bush ;  
 Those monstrous lies of little Robin Rush :  
 Tom Chipperfeild, and pritty-lisping Ned,  
 That doted on a maide of gingerbred :  
 The flying pilcher, and the frisking dace,  
 With all the rabble of Tim-Trundells race,  
 (Bred from the dung-hils, and adulterous rhimes,) Shall live, and thou not superlast all times ?  
 No, no, thy stars have destin'd thee to see  
 The whole world die, and turn to dust with thee.  
*He's greedie of his life, who will not fall,*  
*When as a publick ruine bears down all.*

## OF LOVE.

I DO not love, nor can it be  
 Love will in vain spend shafts on me :  
 I did this god-head once defie ;  
 Since which I freeze, but cannot frie.  
 Yet out, alas ! the death's the same,  
 Kil'd by a frost or by a flame.

## UPON HIMSELF.

I DISLIKT but even now ;  
 Now I love I know not how.  
 Was I idle, and that while  
 Was I fier'd with a smile ?  
 Ile too work, or pray ; and then  
 I shall quite dislike agen.

## ANOTHER.

LOVE he that will ; it best likes me,  
 To have my neck from Love's yoke free.

## UPON SKINNS. EPIG.

SKINNS he dined well to day ; how do you think ?  
 His nails they were his meat, his reume the  
 drink.

## UPON PIEVISH. EPIG.

PIEVISH doth boast, that he's the very first  
 Of English poets, and 'tis thought the worst.

## UPON JOLLY AND JILLY. EPIG.

JOLLY and Jillie, bite and scratch all day,  
 But yet get children, as the neighbours say.  
 The reason is, though all the day they fight,  
 They cling and close, some minutes of the night.

## THE MAD MAIDS SONG.

GOOD morrow to the day so fair ;  
 Good morning, sir, to you :  
 Good morrow to mine own torn hair  
 Bedabled with the dew.



Good morning to this prim-rose too ;  
 Good morrow to each maid ;  
 That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,  
 Wherein my love is laid.

Ah ! woe is mee, woe, woe is me,  
 Alack and welladay !  
 For pittty, sir, find out that bee,  
 Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave ;  
 Ile seek him in your eyes ;  
 Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave  
 I'th'bed of strawburies.

Ile seek him there ; I know, ere this,  
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;  
 But I will go, or send a kisse  
 By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,  
 He knowes well who do love him,  
 And who with green-turfes reare his head,  
 And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (pray take heed)  
 With bands of cow-slips bind him ;  
 And bring him home ; but 'tis decreed,  
 That I shall never find him.

TO SPRINGS AND FOUNTAINS.

I HEARD ye co'd coole heat ; and came  
 With hope you would allay the same :  
 Thrice I have washt, but feel no cold,  
 Nor find that true, which was foretold.  
 Me thinks like mine, your pulses beat ;  
 And labour with unequall heat :  
 Cure, cure your selves, for I discrie,  
 Ye boil with love, as well as I.

## UPON JULIA'S UNLACING HER SELF.

TELL, if thou canst, and truly, whence doth come  
 This camphire, storax, spiknard, galbanum :  
 These musks, these ambers, and those other smells,  
 Sweet as the vestrie of the oracles.  
 He tell thee ; while my Julia did unlace  
 Her silken bodies, but a breathing space :  
 The passive aire such odour then assum'd,  
 As when to Jove great Juno goes perfum'd.  
 Whose pure-immortall body doth transmit  
 A scent, that fills both heaven and earth with it.

## TO BACCHUS, A CANTICLE.

WHITHER dost thou whorry me,  
 Bacchus, being full of thee ?  
 This way, that way, that way, this,  
 Here, and there a fresh love is.  
 That doth like me, this doth please ;  
 Thus a thousand mistresses,  
 I have now ; yet I alone,  
 Having all, injoy not one.

## THE LAWNE.

WO'D I see lawn, clear as the heaven, and thin ?  
 It sho'd be onely in my Julia's skin :  
 Which so betrayes her blood, as we discover  
 The blush of cherries, when a lawn's cast over.

## THE FRANKINCENSE.

WHEN my off'ring next I make,  
 Be thy hand the hallowed cake :  
 And thy brest the altar, whence  
 Love may smell the frankincense.

UPON PATRICK A FOOTMAN. EPIG.

NOW Patrick with his footmanship has done,  
His eyes and ears strive which sho'd fastest run.

UPON BRIDGET. EPIG.

OF foure teeth onely Bridget was possest;  
Two she spat out, a cough forc't out the rest.

TO SYCAMORES.

I'M sick of love; O let me lie  
Under your shades, to sleep or die!  
Either is welcome; so I have  
Or here my bed, or here my grave:  
Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep  
Time with the tears, that I do weep?  
Say, have ye sence, or do you prove  
What crucifixions are in love?  
I know ye do; and that's the why,  
You sigh for love, as well as I.

A PASTORALL SUNG TO THE KING:

*Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, Shepherds.*

*Mon.* BAD are the times. *Sil.* And wors then  
they are we.

*Mon.* Troth, bad are both; worse fruit, and ill the  
tree:

The feast of shepherds fail. *Sil.* None crowns the  
cup

Of wassaile now, or sets the quintell up:  
And he, who us'd to leade the country-round,  
Youthfull Mirtillo, here he comes, grief drownd.

*Ambo.* Lets cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him weep-  
ing ripe.

*Mirt.* Ah ! Amarillis, farewell mirth and pipe ;  
 Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play,  
 To these smooth lawns, my mirthfull roundelay.  
 Dear Amarillis! *Mon.* Hark! *Sil.* mark: *Mir.*  
     this earth grew sweet  
 Where, Amarillis, thou didst set thy feet.

*Ambo.* Poor pittied youth! *Mir.* And here the  
     breth of kine  
 And sheep, grew more sweet, by that breth of thine.  
 This flock of wooll, and this rich lock of hair,  
 This ball of cow-slips, these she gave me here.

*Sil.* Words sweet as love it self. *Montano*, hark.

*Mirt.* This way she came, and this way too she went;  
 How each thing smells divinely redolent !  
 Like to a field of beans, when newly blown ;  
 Or like a medow being lately mown.

*Mon.* A sweet-sad passion.—

*Mirt.* In dewie-mornings when she came this way,  
 Sweet bents wode bow, to give my love the day :  
 And when at night, she folded had her sheep,  
 Daysies wo'd shut, and closing, sigh and weep.  
 Besides, ai me ! since she went hence to dwell,  
 The voices daughter nea'r spake syllable.  
 But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whether,

*Mirt.* Where she and I shall never meet together.

*Mon.* Fore-fend it Pan, and Pales do thou please  
 To give an end: *Mir.* To what? *Sil.* such griefs  
     as these.

*Mirt.* Never, O never ! Still I may endure  
 The wound I suffer, never find a cure.

*Mont.* Love for thy sake will bring her to these hills  
 And dales again : *Mir.* No I will languish still ;  
 And all the while my part shall be to weepe ;  
 And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep :  
 And in the rind of every comely tree  
 He carve thy name, and in that name kisse thee :

*Mon.* Set with the sunne, thy woes: *Sil.* The  
     day grows old :

And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

*Chor.* The shades grow great ; but greater grows  
our sorrow,  
But lets go steepe  
Our eyes in sleepe ;  
And meet to weepe  
To morrow.

THE POET LOVES A MISTRESSE, BUT NOT TO MARRY.

I DO not love to wed,  
Though I do like to wooe ;  
And for a maidenhead  
Ile beg, and buy it too.

Ile praise, and Ile approve  
Those maids that never vary ;  
And fervently Ile love ;  
But yet I would not marry.

Ile hug, Ile kisse, Ile play,  
And cock-like hens Ile tread :  
And sport it any way ;  
But in the bridall bed :

For why ? that man is poore,  
Who hath but one of many ;  
But crown'd he is with store,  
That single may have any.

Why then, say, what is he,  
To freedome so unknown,  
Who having two or three,  
Will be content with one ?

UPON FLIMSEY. EPIG.

WHY walkes Nick Flimsey like a male-content ?  
Is it because his money all is spent ?  
No, but because the ding-thrift now is poore,  
And knowes not where i'th world to borrow more.

## UPON SHEWBREAD. EPIG.

LAST night thou didst invite me home to eate;  
 And shew'st me there much plate, but little  
 meate.

Prithee, when next thou do'st invite, barre state,  
 And give me meate, or give me else thy plate.

## THE WILLOW GARLAND.

A WILLOW garland thou did'st send  
 Perfum'd, last day, to me:  
 Which did but only this portend,  
 I was forsooke by thee.

Since so it is; Ile tell thee what,  
 To morrow thou shalt see  
 Me weare the willow; after that,  
 To dye upon the tree.

As beasts unto the altars go  
 With garlands drest, so I  
 Will, with my willow-wreath also,  
 Come forth and sweetly dye.

## A HYMNE TO CLIPSEBY CREW.

'T WAS not Lov's dart;  
 Or any blow  
 Of want, or foe,  
 Did wound my heart  
 With an eternall smart:

But only you,  
 My sometimes known  
 Companion,  
 My dearest Crew,  
 That me unkindly slew.

May your fault dye,  
And have no name  
In bookes of fame ;  
Or let it lye  
Forgotten now, as I.

We parted are,  
And now no more,  
As heretofore,  
By jocund Larr,  
Shall be familiar.

But though we sever  
My Crew shall see,  
That I will be  
Here faithlesse never ;  
But love my Clipseby ever.

UPON ROOTS. EPIG.

ROOTS had no money ; yet he went o'th score  
For a wrought purse ; can any tell wherefore ?  
Say, what sho'd Roots do with a purse in print,  
That h'ad nor gold nor silver to put in't ?

UPON CRAW.

CRAW cracks in sirrop ; and do's stinking say,  
Who can hold that, my friends, that will away ?

OBSERVATION.

WHO to the north, or south, doth set  
His bed, male children shall beget.

EMPIRES.

EMPIRES of kings, are now, and ever were,  
As Salust saith, co-incident to feare

## FELICITY, QUICK OF FLIGHT.

EVERY time seemes short to be,  
 That's measur'd by felicity :  
 But one halfe houre, that's made up here  
 With grieve ; seemes longer then a yeare.

## PUTREFACTION.

PUTREFACTION is the end  
 Of all that Nature doth entend.

## PASSION.

WERE there not a matter known,  
 There wo'd be no passion.

## JACK AND JILL.

SINCE Jack and Jill both wicked be ;  
 It seems a wonder unto me,  
 That they no better do agree.

## UPON PARSON BEANES.

OLD Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week,  
 And on the seaventh, he has his notes to seek.  
 Six dayes he hollows so much breath away,  
 That on the seaventh, he can nor preach, or pray.

## THE CROWD AND COMPANY.

IN holy meetings, there a man may be  
 One of the crowd, not of the companie.

## SHORT AND LONG BOTH LIKES.

THIS lady's short, that mistresse she is tall;  
 But long or short, I'm well content with all.



## POLLICIE IN PRINCES.

THAT princes may possesse a surer seat,  
 'Tis fit they make no one with them too great.

## UPON ROOK. EPIG.

ROOK he sells feathers, yet he still doth crie  
 Fie on this pride, this female vanitie.  
 Thus, though the Rooke do's raile against the sin,  
 He loves the gain that vanity brings in.

## UPON THE NIPPLES OF JULIA'S BREAST.

HAVE ye beheld, with much delight,  
 A red-rose peeping through a white?  
 Or else a cherrie, double grae't,  
 Within a lillie? Center plac't?  
 Or ever mark't the pretty beam,  
 A strawberry shewes halfe drown'd in creame?  
 Or seen rich rubies blushing through  
 A pure smooth pearle, and orient too?  
 So like to this, nay all the rest,  
 Is each neate niplet of her breast.

## TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOONE.

SHUT not so soon; the dull-ey'd night  
 Ha's not as yet begunne  
 To make a seisure on the light,  
 Or to seale up the sun.  
 No marigolds yet closed are;  
 No shadowes great appeare;  
 Nor doth the early shepheards starre  
 Shine like a spangle here.  
 Stay but till my Julia close  
 Her life-begetting eye;  
 And let the whole world then dispose  
 It selfe to live or dye.

## TO THE LITTLE SPINNERS.

YEE pretty huswives, wo'd ye know  
 The worke that I wo'd put ye to?  
 This, this it sho'd be, for to spin,  
 A lawn for me, so fine and thin,  
 As it might serve me for my skin.  
 For cruell Love ha's me so whipt,  
 That of my skin, I all am stript;  
 And shall dispaire, that any art  
 Can ease the rawnesse, or the smart;  
 Unlesse you skin again each part.  
 Which mercy if you will but do,  
 I call all maids to witnesse too  
 What here I promise, that no broom  
 Shall now, or ever after come  
 To wrong a spinner or her loome.

## OBERON'S PALACE.

AFTER the feast, my Shapcot, see,  
 The fairie court I give to thee:  
 Where we'le present our Oberon led  
 Halfe tipsie to the fairie bed,  
 Where Mab he finds; who there doth lie  
 Not without mickle majesty.  
 Which, done; and thence remov'd the light,  
 We'l wish both them and thee, good night.

Full as a bee with thyme, and red,  
 As cherry harvest, now high fed  
 For lust and action; on he'l go,  
 To lye with Mab, though all say no.  
 Lust ha's no eares; he's sharpe as thorn;  
 And fretfull, carries hay in's horne,  
 And lightning in his eyes; and flings  
 Among the elves, if mov'd, the stings  
 Of peltish wasps; we'l know his guard  
*Kings though th'are hated, will be fear'd.*

Wine lead him on. Thus to a grove,  
Sometimes devoted unto Love,  
Tinseld with twilight, he, and they  
Lead by the shine of snails ; a way  
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by  
Many a neat perplexity,  
Many a turn, and man' a crosse-  
Track they redeem a bank of mosse  
Spungie and swelling, and farre more  
Soft then the finest Lemster ore.  
Mildly disparkling, like those fiers,  
Which break from the injeweld tyres  
Of curious brides ; or like those mites  
Of candi'd dew in moony nights.  
Upon this convex, all the flowers,  
Nature begets by th' sun, and showers,  
Are to a wilde digestion brought,  
As if Love's sampler here was wrought :  
Or Citherea's ceston, which  
All with temptation doth bewitch.  
Sweet aires move here ; and more divine  
Made by the breath of great ey'd-kine,  
Who as they lowe empearl with milk  
The four-leav'd grasse, or mosse-like silk.  
The breath of munkies met to mix  
With musk-flies, are th' aromatics.  
Which cense this arch ; and here and there,  
And farther off, and every where,  
Throughout that brave mosaick yard  
Those picks or diamonds in the card :  
With peeps of harts, of club and spade,  
Are here most neatly inter-laid.  
Many a counter, many a die,  
Half rotten, and without an eye,  
Lies here abouts ; and for to pave  
The excellency of this cave,  
Squirrils' and children's teeth late shed,  
Are neatly here enchequered.

With brownest toadstones, and the gum  
That shines upon the blewer plum.  
The nails faln off by whit-flawes : Art's  
Wise hand enchasing here those warts,  
Which we to others, from our selves,  
Sell, and brought hither by the elves.  
The tempting mole, stoln from the neck  
Of the shie virgin, seems to deck  
The holy entrance ; where within  
The roome is hung with the blew skin  
Of shifted snake : enfrez'd throughout  
With eyes of peacocks trains, & trout-  
flies curious wings ; and these amoug  
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue  
Of the red infant, neatly hung.  
The glow-wormes eyes ; the shining scales  
Of silv'rie fish ; wheat-strawes, the snailes  
Soft candle-light ; the kitling's eyne ;  
Corrupted wood ; serve here for shine.  
No glaring light of bold-fac't day,  
Or other over radiant ray  
Ransacks this roome ; but what weak beams  
Can make reflected from these jems,  
And multiply ; such is the light,  
But ever doubtfull day, or night.  
By this quaint taper-light he winds  
His errours up ; and now he finds  
His moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,  
And, Love knowes, tender as a chick.  
Upon six plump dandillions, high-  
Rear'd, lyes her elvish-majestie :  
Whose woollie-bubbles seem'd to drowne  
Hir Mab-ship in obedient downe.  
For either sheet, was spread the caule  
That doth the infants face enthrall,  
When it is born : (by some enstyl'd  
The luckie omen of the child)  
And next to these two blankets ore-

Cast of the finest gossamore.  
 And then a rug of carded wooll,  
 Which, sponge-like drinking in the dull-  
 Light of the moon, seem'd to comply,  
 Cloud-like, the daintie deitie.  
 Thus soft she lies : and over-head  
 A spinners circle is bespread,  
 With cob-web-curtains : from the roof  
 So neatly sunck, as that no proof  
 Of any tackling can declare  
 What gives it hanging in the aire.  
 The fringe about this, are those threds  
 Broke at the losse of maiden-heads :  
 And all behung with these pure pearls,  
 Dropt from the eyes of ravisht girles  
 Or writhing brides ; when, panting, they  
 Give unto love the straiter way.  
 For musick now ; he has the cries  
 Of fained-lost-virginities ;  
 The which the elves make to excite  
 A more unconquer'd appetite.  
 The king's undrest ; and now upon  
 The gnats-watch-word the elves are gone.  
 And now the bed, and Mab possest  
 Of this great-little-kingly-guest.  
 We'll nobly think, what's to be done,  
 He'll do no donbt ; *This flax is spun.*

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND MASTER THOMAS  
 SHAPCOTT, LAWYER.

I'VE paid thee, what I promis'd ; that's not all ;  
 Besides I give thee here a verse that shall  
 (When hence thy circum-mortall-part is gon)  
 Arch-like, hold up, thy name's inscription.  
*Brave men can't die ;* whose candid actions are  
 Writ in the poets endlesse-kalendar :

Whose velome, and whose volumne is the skie,  
And the pure starres the praising poetic.

Farewell.

TO JULIA IN THE TEMPLE.

BESIDES us two, i' th' temple here's not one  
To make up now a congregation.  
Let's to the altar of perfumes then go,  
And say short prayers ; and when we have done so,  
Then we shall see, how in a little space,  
Saints will come in to fill each pew and place.

TO OENONE.

WHAT conscience, say, is it in thee  
When I a heart had one,  
To take away that heart from me,  
And to retain thy own ?

For shame or pitty now encline  
To play a loving part ;  
Either to send me kindly thine,  
Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both ; but if thou dost  
Resolve to part with neither ;  
Why ! yet to shew that thou art just,  
Take me and mine together.

HIS WEAKNESSE IN WOES.

I CANNOT suffer ; and in this, my part  
Of patience wants. *Grief breaks the stoutest heart.*

FAME MAKES US FORWARD.

TO print our poems, the propulsive cause  
Is fame, the breath of popular applause.

TO GROVES.

YEE silent shades, whose each tree here  
 Some relique of a saint doth weare :  
 Who for some sweet-hearts sake, did prove  
 The fire, and martyrdome of love.  
 Here is the legend of those saints  
 That di'd for love ; and their complaints :  
 Their wounded hearts ; and names we find  
 Encarv'd upon the leaves and rind.  
 Give way, give way to me, who come  
 Scorch't with the selfe-same martyrdome :  
 And have deserv'd as much, Love knowes,  
 As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those,  
 Whose deeds, and deaths here written are  
 Within your greenie-kalendar :  
 By all those virgins fillets hung  
 Upon your boughs, and requiems sung  
 For saints and soules departed hence,  
 (Here honour'd still with frankincense)  
 By all those teares that have been shed,  
 As a drink-offering, to the dead :  
 By all those true-love-knots, that be  
 With motto's carv'd on every tree,  
 By sweet S. Phillis ; pitie me :  
 By deare S. Iphis ; and the rest,  
 Of all those other saints now blest ;  
 Me, me, forsaken, here admit  
 Among your mirtles to be writ :  
 That my poore name may have the glory  
 To live remembred in your story.

AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

HERE a solemne fast we keepe,  
 While all beauty lyes asleep,  
 Husht be all things ; no noyse here,

But the toning of a teare:  
Or a sigh of such as bring  
Cowslips for her covering.

TO THE RIGHT GRATIOUS PRINCE, LODWICK, DUKE  
OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

O F all those three-brave-brothers, slain i' th'  
warre,  
Not without glory, noble sir, you are,  
Despite of all concussions left the stem  
To shoot forth generations like to them.  
Which may be done, if, sir, you can beget  
Men in their substance, not in counterfeit.  
Such essences as those three brothers; known  
Eternall by their own production.  
Of whom, from Fam's white trumpet, this Ile tell,  
Worthy their everlasting chronicle,  
Never since first Bellona us'd a shield,  
*Such three brave brothers fell in Mars his field.*  
These were those three Horatii Rome did boast,  
Rom's where these three Horatii we have lost.  
One Cordelion had that age long since;  
This, three; which three, you make up foure  
brave Prince.

TO JEALOUSIE.

O JEALOUSIE, that art  
The canker of the heart :  
And mak'st all hell  
Where thou do'st dwell ;  
For pitie be  
No furie, or no fire-brand to me.

Farre from me Ile remove  
All thoughts of irksome love :



And turn to snow,  
Or christall grow ;  
To keep still free  
O ! soul-tormenting Jealousie, from thee.

TO LIVE FREELY.

LET'S live in hast ; use pleasures while we may :  
Co'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.

UPON SPUNGE. EPIG.

SPUNGE makes his boasts that he's the onely man  
Can hold of beere and ale an ocean ;  
Is this his glory ? then his triumph's poore ;  
I know the tunne of Hidleberge holds more.

HIS ALMES.

HERE, here I live,  
And somewhat give,  
Of what I have,  
To those, who crave.  
Little or much,  
My almnes is such :  
But if my deal  
Of oyl and meal  
Shall fuller grow,  
More Ile bestow :  
Mean time be it  
E'en but a bit,  
Or else a crum,  
The scrip hath some.

UPON HIMSELF.

COME, leave this loathed country-life, and then  
Grow up to be a Roman citizen.  
Those mites of time, which yet remain unspent,

Waste thou in that most civill government.  
 Get their comportment, and the gliding tongue  
 Of those mild men, thou art to live among :  
 Then being seated in that smother sphere,  
 Decree thy everlasting topick there.  
 And to the farm-house nere return at all,  
 Though granges do not love thee, cities shall.

## TO ENJOY THE TIME.

WHILE Fates permit us, let's be merry ;  
 Passe all we must the fatall ferry :  
 And this our life too whirles away,  
 With the rotation of the day.

## UPON LOVE.

LOVE, I have broke  
 Thy yoke ;  
 The neck is free :  
 But when I'm next  
     Love vext,  
 Then shackell me.

'Tis better yet  
     To fret  
 The feet or hands ;  
 Then to enthrall,  
     Or gall  
 The neck with bands.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MILDMAI, EARLE  
OF WESTMORLAND.

YOU are a lord, an earle, nay more, a man,  
 Who writes sweet numbers well as any can :  
 If so, why then are not these verses hurld,  
 Like Sybels leaves, throughout the ample world ?

What is a jewell if it be not set  
 Forth by a ring, or some rich carkanet?  
 But being so; then the beholders cry,  
 See, see a jemme (as rare as Bælus eye.)  
 Then publick praise do's runne upon the stone,  
 For a most rich, a rare, a precious one.  
 Expose your jewels then unto the view,  
 That we may praise them, or themselves prize you.  
*Vertue conceal'd, with Horace you'l confesse,*  
*Differs not much from drowzie slothfullnesse.*

THE PLUNDER.

I AM of all bereft;  
 Save but some few beanes left,  
 Whereof, at last, to make,  
 For me, and mine a cake:  
 Which eaten, they and I  
 Will say our grace, and die.

LITTLENESSE NO CAUSE OF LEANNESSE.

ONE feeds on lard, and yet is leane;  
 And I but feasting with a beane,  
 Grow fat and smooth: the reason is,  
 Jove prospers my meat, more then his.

UPON ONE WHO SAID SHE WAS ALWAYS YOUNG.

YOU say y'are young; but when your teeth are  
 told  
 To be but three, black-ey'd, wee'l thinke y'are old.

UPON HUNCKS. EPIG.

HUNCKS ha's no money (he do's sweare, or say)  
 About him, when the taverns shot 's to pay.  
 If he ha's none in 's pockets, trust me, Huncks  
 Ha's none at home, in coffers, desks, or trunks.

## THE JIMMALL RING, OR TRUE-LOVE-KNOT.

THOU sent'st to me a true-love-knot; but I  
 Return'd a ring of jimmals, to imply  
 Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tye.

THE PARTING VERSE, OR CHARGE TO HIS SUPPOSED  
WIFE WHEN HE TRAVELLED.

GO hence, and with this parting kisse,  
 Which joyns two souls, remember this;  
 Though thou beest young, kind, soft, and faire,  
 And may'st draw thousands with a haire:  
 Yet let these glib temptations be  
 Furies to others, friends to me.  
 Looke upon all; and though on fire  
 Thou set'st their hearts, let chaste desire  
 Steere thee to me; and thinke, me gone,  
 In having all, that thou hast none.  
 Nor so immured wo'd I have  
 Thee live, as dead and in thy grave;  
 But walke abroad, yet wisely well  
 Stand for my comming, sentinell.  
 And think, as thou do'st walke the street,  
 Me, or my shadow thou do'st meet.  
 I know a thousand greedy eyes  
 Will on thy feature tirannize,  
 In my short absence; yet behold  
 Them like some picture, or some mould  
 Fashion'd like thee; which though 'tave cares  
 And eyes, it neither sees or heares.  
 Gifts will be sent, and letters, which  
 Are the expressions of that itch,  
 And salt, which frets thy suters; fly  
 Both, lest thou lose thy liberty:  
 For that once lost, thou't fall to one,  
 Then prostrate to a million.  
 But if they wooc thee, do thou say,  
 As that chaste Queen of Ithaca

Did to her suitors, this web done  
 (Undone as oft as done) I'm wonne ;  
 I will not urge thee, for I know,  
 Though thou art young, thou canst say no,  
 And no again, and so deny,  
 Those thy lust-burning incubi.  
 Let them enstile thee fairest faire,  
 The pearle of princes, yet despaire  
 That so thou art, because thou must  
 Believe, Love speaks it not, but Lust ;  
 And this their flatt'rie do's commend  
 Thee chiefly for their pleasures end.  
 I am not jealous of thy faith,  
 Or will be ; for the axiome saith,  
 He that doth suspect, do's haste  
 A gentle mind to be unchaste.  
 No, live thee to thy selfe, and keep  
 Thy thoughts as cold, as is thy sleep :  
 And let thy dreames be only fed  
 With this, that I am in thy bed.  
 And thou then turning in that sphere,  
 Waking shalt find me sleeping there.  
 But yet if boundlesse Lust must skaile  
 Thy fortress, and will needs prevaile ;  
 And wildly force a passage in,  
 Banish consent, and 'tis no sinne  
 Of thine ; so Lucrece fell, and the  
 Chaste Syracusian Cyane.  
 So Medullina fell, yet none  
 Of these had imputation  
 For the least trespassse ; 'cause the mind  
 Here was not with the act combin'd.  
*The body sins not, 'tis the will*  
*That makes the action, good, or ill*  
 And if thy fall sho'd this way come,  
 Triumph in such a martirdome.  
 I will not over-long enlarge  
 To thee, this my religious charge.

Take this compression, so by this  
 Means I shall know what other kisse  
 Is mixt with mine ; and truly know,  
 Returning, if 't be mine or no :  
 Keepe it till then ; and now my spouse,  
 For my wisht safety pay thy vowes,  
 And prayers to Venus ; if it please  
 The great-blew-ruler of the seas ;  
 Not many full-fac't-moons shall waine,  
 Lean-horn'd, before I come again  
 As one triumphant ; when I find  
 In thee, all faith of woman-kind.  
 Nor wo'd I have thee thinke, that thou  
 Had'st power thy selfe to keep this vow ;  
 But having scapt temptations shelve,  
 Know vertue taught thee, not thy selfe.

TO HIS KINSMAN, SIR THO. SOAME.

SEEING thee Soame, I see a goodly man,  
 And in that good, a great patrician.  
 Next to which two ; among the city-powers,  
 And thrones, thy selfe one of those senatours :  
 Not wearing purple only for the show ;  
 As many conscripts of the citie do ;  
 But for true service, worthy of that gowne,  
 The golden chain too, and the civick crown.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIRE pledges of a fruitfull tree,  
 Why do yee fall so fast ?  
 Your date is not so past ;  
 But you may stay yet here a while,  
 To blush and gently smile ;  
 And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be  
 An houre or half's delight ;  
 And so to bid goodnight ?

'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth  
 Meerly to shew your worth,  
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'r so brave :  
 And after they have shown their pride,  
 Like you a while : they glide  
 Into the grave.

MAN'S DYING-PLACE UNCERTAIN.

MAN knowes where first he ships himselfe ;  
 but he  
 Never can tell, where shall his landing be.

NOTHING FREE-COST.

NOTHING comes free-cost here ; Jove will not  
 let  
 His gifts go from him ; if not bought with sweat.

FEW FORTUNATE.

MANY we are, and yet but few possesse  
 Those fields of everlasting happinesse.

TO PERENNA.

HOW long, Perenna, wilt thou see  
 Me languish for the love of thee ?  
 Consent and play a friendly part  
 To save ; when thou may'st kill a heart.

TO THE LADIES.

TRUST me, ladies, I will do  
 Nothing to distemper you ;  
 If I any fret or vex,  
 Men they shall be, not your sex.

## THE OLD WIVES PRAYER.

HOLY-ROOD come forth and shield  
 Us i'th' citie, and the field :  
 Safely guard us, now and aye,  
 From the blast that burns by day ;  
 And those sounds that us affright  
 In the dead of dampish night.  
 Drive all hurtfull feinds us fro,  
 By the time the cocks first crow.

## UPON A CHEAP LAUNDRESSE. EPIG.

FEACIE, some say, doth wash her clothes i'th'lie  
 That sharply trickles from her either eye.  
 The laundresses, they envie her good-luck,  
 Who can with so small charges *drive the buck*.  
 What needs she fire and ashes to consume,  
 Who can scoure linnens with her own salt reeume ?

## UPON HIS DEPARTURE HENCE.

THUS I  
 Passe by,  
 And die :  
 As one,  
 Unknown,  
 And gon :  
 I'm made  
 A shade,  
 And laid  
 I'th grave,  
 There have  
 My cave.  
 Where tell  
 I dwell,  
 Farewell.



THE WASSAILE.

GIVE way, give way, ye gates, and win  
 An easie blessing to your bin,  
 And basket, by our entring in.

May both with manchet stand repleat ;  
 Your larders too so hung with meat,  
 That though a thousand, thousand eat ;

Yet, ere twelve moones shall whirl about  
 Their silv'rie spheres, ther's none may doubt,  
 But more's sent in, then was serv'd out.

Next, may your dairies prosper so,  
 As that your pans no ebbe may know ;  
 But if they do, the more to flow.

Like to a solemne sober stream  
 Bankt all with lillies, and the cream  
 Of sweetest cow-slips filling them.

Then, may your plants be prest with fruit,  
 Nor bee, or hive you have be mute ;  
 But sweetly sounding like a lute.

Next may your duck and teeming hen  
 Both to the cocks-tread say Amen ;  
 And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your harrows, shares and ploughes,  
 Your stacks, your stocks, your sweetest mowes,  
 All prosper by your virgin-vowes.

Alas ! we blesse, but see none here,  
 That brings us either ale or beere ;  
*In a drie-house all things are neere.*

Let's leave a longer time to wait,  
 Where rust and cobwebs bind the gate ;  
 And all live here with needy Fate.

Where chimneys do for ever weepe,  
 For want of warmth, and stomachs keepe  
 With noise, the servants eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay  
 Our free-feet here; but we'l away:  
 Yet to the Lares this we'l say,

The time will come, when you'l be sad,  
 And reckon this for fortune bad,  
 T'ave lost the good ye might have had.

UPON A LADY FAIRE, BUT FRUITLESSE.

TWICE has Pudica been a bride, and led  
 By holy Himen to the nuptiall bed.  
 Two youths sha's known, thrice two, and twice three  
 yeares;  
 Yet not a lillie from the bed appeares;  
 Nor will; for why, Pudica, this may know,  
*Trees never beare, unlesse they first do blow.*

HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST.

THESE springs were maidens once that lov'd,  
 But lost to that they most approv'd:  
 My story tells, by Love they were  
 Turn'd to these springs, which wee see here:  
 The pretty whimpering that they make,  
 When of the banks their leave they take;  
 Tels ye but this, they are the same,  
 In nothing chang'd but in their name.

TO ROSEMARY AND BAIES.

MY wooing's ended: now my wedding's neere;  
 When gloves are giving, *Guilded be you there.*

UPON SKURFFE.

SKURFFE by his nine-bones sweares, and well he  
 may,  
 All know a fellow eate the tenth away.

UPON A SCARRE IN A VIRGIN'S FACE.

'TIS heresie in others : in your face  
That scarr's no schisme, but the sign of grace.

UPON HIS EYE-SIGHT FAILING HIM.

I BEGINNE to waine in sight ;  
Shortly I shall bid goodnight :  
Then no gazing more about,  
When the tapers once are out.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. THO. FALCONBURGE.

STAND with thy graces forth, brave man, and rise  
High with thine own auspitious destinies :  
Nor leave the search, and prooffe, till thou canst find  
These, or those ends, to which thou wast design'd.  
Thy lucky genius, and thy guiding starre,  
Have made thee prosperous in thy wayes, thus farre :  
Nor will they leave thee, till they both have shown  
Thee to the world a prime and publique one.  
Then, when thou see'st thine age all turn'd to gold,  
Remember what thy Herrick thee foretold,  
When at the holy threshold of thine house,  
*He boded good-luck to thy selfe and spouse.*  
Lastly, be mindfull, when thou art grown great,  
*That towers high rear'd dread most the lightnings threat :*  
*When as the humble cottages not feare*  
*The cleaving bolt of Jove the Thunderer.*

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE FILL'D WITH DEW.

DEW sate on Julia's haire,  
And spangled too,  
Like leaves that laden are  
With trembling dew :

Or glitter'd to my sight,  
                   As when the beames  
 Have their reflected light,  
                   Daunc't by the streames.

ANOTHER ON HER.

HOW can I choose but love, and follow her,  
       Whose shadow smels like milder pomander !  
 How can I chuse but kisse her, whence do's come  
 The storax, spiknard, myrrhe, and ladanum.

LOSSE FROM THE LEAST.

GREAT men by small meanes oft are overthrown :  
       *He's lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.*

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

ALL things are open to these two events,  
       Or to rewards, or else to punishments.

SHAME, NO STATIST.

SHAME is a bad attendant to a state :  
       *He rents his crown, that feares the peoples hate.*

TO SIR CLISEBIE CREW.

SINCE to th' country first I came,  
       I have lost my former flame :  
 And, methinks, I not inherit,  
 As I did, my ravisht spirit.  
 If I write a verse, or two,  
 'Tis with very much ado ;  
 In regard I want that wine,  
 Which sho'd conjure up a line.  
 Yet, though now of muse bereft,  
 I have still the manners left

For to thanke you, noble sir,  
For those gifts you do conferre  
Upon him, who only can  
Be in prose a gratefull man.

UPON HIMSELFE.

I CO'D never love indeed ;  
Never see mine own heart bleed :  
Never crucifie my life ;  
Or for widow, maid, or wife.

I co'd never seeke to please  
One, or many mistresses :  
Never like their lips, to sweare  
Oyle of roses still smelt there.

I co'd never breake my sleepe,  
Fold mine armes, sob, sigh, or weep :  
Never beg, or humbly wooe  
With oathes, and lyes, as others do.

I co'd never walke alone ;  
Put a shirt of sackcloth on :  
Never keep a fast, or pray  
For good luck in love (that day).

But have hitherto liv'd free,  
As the aire that circles me :  
And kept credit with my heart,  
Neither broke i'th whole, or part.

FRESH CHEESE AND CREAM.

WO'D yee have fresh cheese and cream ?  
Iulia's breast can give you them :  
And if more ; each nipple cries,  
To your cream, her's strawberries.

AN ECLOGUE, OR PASTORALL BETWEEN ENDIMION  
PORTER AND LYCIDAS HERRICK,  
SET AND SUNG.

*Endym.* A H! Lycidas, come tell me why  
Thy whilome merry oate  
By thee doth so neglected lye;  
And never purls a note?

I prithee speake : *Lyc.* I will. *End.* Say on :  
*Lyc.* 'Tis thou, and only thou,  
That art the cause, Endimion ;  
*End.* For Love's-sake, tell me how.

*Lyc.* In this regard, that thou do'st play  
Upon an other plain :  
And for a rurall roundelay,  
Strik'st now a courtly strain.

Thou leav'st our hills, our dales, our bowers,  
Our finer fleeced sheep :  
Unkind to us, to spend thine houres,  
Where shepheards sho'd not keep.

I meane the court : let Latmos be  
My lov'd Endymions court ;  
*End.* But I the courtly state wo'd see :  
*Lyc.* Then see it in report.

What ha's the court to do with swaines,  
Where Phillis is not known ?  
Nor do's it mind the rustick straines  
Of us, or Coridon.

Breake, if thou lov'st us, this delay ;  
*End.* Dear Lycidas, e're long,  
I vow by Pan, to come away  
And pipe unto thy song.

Then Jessimine, with Florabell ;  
 And dainty Amarillis,  
 With handsome-handed Drosomell  
 Shall pranke thy hooke with lillies.

*Lyc.* Then Tityrus, and Coridon,  
 And Thyrsis, they shall follow  
 With all the rest ; while thou alone  
 Shalt lead, like young Apollo.  
 And till thou com'st, thy Lycidas,  
 In every geniall cup,  
 Shall write in spice, Endimion 'twas  
 That kept his piping up.

And my most luckie swain, when I shall live to see  
 Endimion's moon to fill up full, remember me :  
 Mean time, let Lycidas have leave to pipe to thee.

TO A BED OF TULIPS.

BRIGHT tulips, we do know,  
 You had your comming hither ;  
 And fading-time do's show,  
 That ye must quickly wither.  
 Your sister-hoods may stay,  
 And smile here for your houre ;  
 But dye ye must away :  
 Even as the meanest flower.  
 Come, virgins, then, and see  
 Your frailties ; and bemone ye ;  
 For lost like these, 'twill be,  
 As time had never known ye.

A CAUTION.

THAT love last long ; let it thy first care be  
 To find a wife, that is most fit for thee.  
 Be she too wealthy, or too poore ; be sure,  
*Love in extreames, can never long endure.*

TO THE WATER NYMPHS, DRINKING AT THE  
FOUNTAIN.

REACH, with your whiter hands, to me,  
Some christall of the spring;  
And I, about the cup shall see  
Fresh lillies flourishing.

Or else sweet nimphs do you but this;  
To'th' glasse your lips encline;  
And I shall see by that one kisse,  
The water turn'd to wine.

TO HIS HONOURED KINSMAN, SIR RICHARD STONE.

TO this white temple of my heroes, here  
Beset with stately figures, every where,  
Of such rare saint-ships, who did here consume  
Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume.  
Come, thou brave man! And bring with thee a stone  
Unto thine own edification.  
High are these statues here, besides no lesse  
Strong then the heavens for everlastingnesse:  
Where build aloft; and being fixt by these,  
Set up thine own eternall images.

UPON A FLIE.

A GOLDEN flie one shew'd to me,  
Clos'd in a box of yvorie:  
Where both seem'd proud; the flie to have  
His buriall in an yvorie grave:  
The yvorie tooke state to hold  
A corps as bright as burnisht gold.  
One fate had both; both equall grace;  
The buried, and the burying-place.  
Not Virgils gnat, to whom the spring  
All flowers sent to'is burying.  
Not Marshals bee, which in a bead  
Of amber quick was buried.



Nor that fine worme that do's interre  
Her selfe i'th' silken sepulchre.  
Nor my rare Phil,\* that lately was  
With lillies tomb'd up in a glasse ;  
More honour had, then this same flie ;  
Dead, and closed up in yvorie.

UPON JACK AND JILL. EPIG.

WHEN Jill complains to Jack for want of meate ;  
Jack kisses Jill, and bids her freely eate :  
Jill sayes, of what ? sayes Jack, on that sweet kisse,  
Which full of nectar and ambrosia is,  
The food of poets ; so I thought sayes Jill,  
That makes them looke so lanke, so ghost-like still.  
Let poets feed on aire, or what they will ;  
Let me feed full, till that I fart, sayes Jill.

TO JULIA.

JULIA, when thy Herrick dies,  
Close thou up thy poets eyes :  
And his last breath, let it be  
Taken in by none but thee.

TO MISTRESSE DOROTHY PARSONS.

IF thou aske me, deare, wherefore  
I do write of thee no more :  
I must answer, sweet, thy part  
Lesse is here, then in my heart.

UPON PARRAT.

PARRAT protests 'tis he, and only he  
Can teach a man the art of memory :  
Believe him not ; for he forgot it quite,  
Being drunke, who 'twas that can'd his ribs last night.

---

\* Sparrow.

## HOW HE WOULD DRINKE HIS WINE.

FILL me my wine in christall ; thus, and thus  
 I see't in's *puris naturalibus* :  
 Unmixt. I love to have it smirke and shine,  
*'Tis sin I know, 'tis sin to throttle wine.*  
 What mad-man's he, that when it sparkles so,  
 Will coole his flames, or quench his fires with snow?

## HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW.

JEALOUS girles these sometimes were,  
 While they liv'd, or lasted here :  
 Turn'd to flowers, still they be  
 Yellow, markt for jealousy.

## THE BROKEN CHRISTALL.

TO fetch me wine my Lucia went,  
 Bearing a christall continent :  
 But making haste, it came to passe,  
 She brake in two the purer glasse,  
 Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed ;  
 So with a blush, beshrew'd the deed.

## PRECEPTS.

GOOD precepts we must firmly hold,  
 By daily learning we wax old.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD EARLE OF  
DORSET.

IF I dare write to you, my lord, who are,  
 Of your own selfe, a p<sup>u</sup>blick theater.  
 And sitting, see the wiles, wayes, walks of wit,  
 And give a righteous judgement upon it.  
 What need I care, though some dislike me sho'd,  
 If Dorset say, what Herrick writes. is good ?

We know y'are learn'd i'th' Muses, and no lesse  
 In our state-sanctions, deep, or bottomlesse.  
 Whose smile can make a poet; and your glance  
 Dash all bad poems out of countenance.  
 So, that an author needs no other bayes  
 For coronation, then your onely praise.  
 And no one mischief greater then your frown,  
 To null his numbers, and to blast his crowne.  
*Few live the life immortall. He ensures*  
*His fame's long life, who strives to set up yours.*

UPON HIMSELF.

THart hence removing, like a shepherds tent,  
 And walk thou must the way that others went:  
 Fall thou must first, then rise to life with these,  
 Markt in thy book for faithfull witnesses.

HOPE WELL AND HAVE WELL: OR, FAIRE AFTER  
 FOULE WEATHER.

WHAT though the heaven be lowring now,  
 And look with a contracted brow?  
 We shall discover, by and by,  
 A repurgation of the skie:  
 And when those clouds away are driven,  
 Then will appeare a cheerfull heaven.

UPON LOVE.

I HELD Love's head while it did ake;  
 But so it chanc't to be;  
 The cruell paine did his forsake,  
 And forthwith came to me.

Ai me! how shal my grieve be stil'd?  
 Or where else shall we find  
 One like to me, who must be kill'd  
 For being too-too-kind?

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. PENELOPE WHEELER.

NEXT is your lot, faire, to be number'd one,  
 Here, in my book's canonization :  
 Late you come in ; but you a saint shall be,  
 In chiefe, in this poetick Liturgie.

ANOTHER UPON HER.

FIRST, for your shape, the curious cannot shew  
 Any one part that's dissonant in you :  
 And 'gainst your chaste behaviour there's no plea,  
 Since you are knowne to be Penelope.  
 Thus faire and cleane you are, although there be  
*A mighty strife 'twixt forme and chastitie.*

KISSING AND BUSSING.

KISSING and bussing differ both in this ;  
 We busse our wantons, but our wives we kisse.

CROSSE AND PILE.

FAIRE and foule dayes trip crosse and pile ; the  
     faire  
 Far lesse in number, then our foule dayes are.

TO THE LADY CREW, UPON THE DEATH OF  
 HER CHILD.

WHY, madam, will ye longer weep,  
 When as your baby's lull'd asleep ?  
 And, pretty child, feeles now no more  
 Those paines it lately felt before.  
 All now is silent ; groanes are fled :  
 Your child lyes still, yet is not dead :  
 But rather like a flower hid here  
 To spring againe another yeare.

HIS WINDING-SHEET.

COME thou, who art the wine, and wit  
     Of all I've writ :  
 The grace, the glorie, and the best  
     Piece of the rest.  
 Thou art of what I did intend  
     The all, and end.  
 And what was made, was made to meet  
     Thee, thee my sheet.  
 Come then, and be to my chaste side  
     Both bed, and bride.  
 We two, as reliques left, will have  
     One rest, one grave.  
 And, hugging close, we will not feare  
     Lust entring here :  
 Where all desires are dead, or cold  
     As is the mould :  
 And all affections are forgot,  
     Or trouble not.  
 Here, here the slaves and pris'ners be  
     From shackles free :  
 And weeping widowes long opprest  
     Doe here find rest.  
 The wronged client ends his lawes  
     Here, and his cause.  
 Here those long suits of Chancery lie  
     Quiet, or die :  
 And all Star-chamber-bils doe cease,  
     Or hold their peace  
 Here needs no court for our request  
     Where all are best ;  
 All wise ; all equall ; and all just  
     Alike i'th' dust.  
 Nor need we here to feare the frowne  
     Of Court, or Crown.  
*Where Fortune bears no sway o're things*  
     *There all are Kings.*

In this securer place we'll keep,  
As lull'd asleep;  
Or for a little time we'll lye,  
As robes laid by ;  
To be another day re-worne,  
Turn'd, but not torn :  
Or like old testaments ingrost,  
Lockt up, not lost :  
And for a while lye here conceal'd,  
To be reveal'd  
Next, at that great Platonick yeere,  
And then meet here.

TO MISTRESSE MARY WILLAND.

ONE more by thee, love, and desert have sent,  
 T' enspangle this expansive firmament.  
 O flame of beauty ! come, appeare, appeare  
 A virgin taper, ever shining here.

## CHANGE GIVES CONTENT.

WHAT now we like, anon we disapprove :  
*The new successor drives away old love.*

UPON MAGOT A FREQUENTER OF ORDINARIES.

MAGOT frequents those houses of good-cheere,  
Talkes most, eates most, of all the feeders  
there.

He raves through leane, he rages through the fat ;  
(What gets the master of the meal by that ?)  
He who with talking can devoure so much,  
How wo'd he eate, were not his hindrance such ?

ON HIMSELF.

BORNE I was to meet with age,  
And to walke life's pilgrimage.  
Much I know of time is spent,  
Tell I can't, what's resident.

Howsoever, cares, adue ;  
 Ile have nought to say to you :  
 But Ile spend my comming houres,  
 Drinking wine, & crown'd with flowres.

FORTUNE FAVOURS.

FORTUNE did never favour one  
 Fully, without exception ;  
 Though free she be, ther's something yet  
 Still wanting to her favourite.

TO PHILLIS TO LOVE, AND LIVE WITH HIM.

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see  
 The pleasures Ile prepare for thee :  
 What sweets the country can afford  
 Shall blesse thy bed, and blesse thy board.  
 The soft sweet mosse shall be thy bed,  
 With crawling woodbine over-spread :  
 By which the silver-shedding streames  
 Shall gently melt thee into dreames.  
 Thy clothing next, shall be a gowne  
 Made of the fleeces purest downe.  
 The tongues of kids shall be thy meate ;  
 Their milke thy drinke ; and thou shalt eate  
 The paste of filberts for thy bread  
 With cream of cowslips buttered :  
 Thy feasting-tables shall be hills  
 With daisies spread, and daffadils ;  
 Where thou shalt sit, and red-brest by,  
 For meat, shall give thee melody.  
 Ile give thee chaines and carkanets  
 Of primroses and violets.  
 A bag and bottle thou shalt have ;  
 That richly wrought, and this as brave ;  
 So that as either shall expresse  
 The wearer's no meane shephcardesse.

At sheering-times, and yearely wakes,  
 When Themilis his pastime makes,  
 There thou shalt be ; and be the wit,  
 Nay more, the feast, and grace of it.  
 On holy-dayes, when virgins meet  
 To dance the heyes with nimble feet ;  
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appeare  
 The queen of roses for that yeere.  
 And having danc't ('bove all the best)  
 Carry the garland from the rest.  
 In wicker-baskets maids shal bring  
 To thee, my dearest shepharling,  
 The blushing apple, bashfull peare,  
 And shame-fac't plum, all simp'ring there,  
 Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find  
 The name of Phillis in the rind  
 Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree ;  
 Where kissing that, Ile twice kisse thee.  
 To thee a sheep-hook I will send,  
 Be-pranckt with ribbands, to this end,  
 This, this alluring hook might be  
 Lesse for to catch a sheep, then me.  
 Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,  
 Not made of ale, but spiced wine ;  
 To make thy maids and selfe free mirth,  
 All sitting neer the glitt'ring hearth.  
 Thou sha't have ribbands, roses, rings,  
 Gloves, garters, stockings, shooes, and strings  
 Of winning colours, that shall move  
 Others to lust, but me to love.  
 These, nay, and more, thine own shal be,  
 If thou wilt love, and live with me.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESSE SUSANNA HERRICK.

WHEN I consider, dearest, thou dost stay  
 But here awhile, to languish and decay ;



Like to these garden-glories, which here be  
The flowrie-sweet resemblances of thee :  
With grieffe of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry,  
Wo'd thou hast ne'r been born, or might'st not die.

UPON MISTRESSE SUSANNA SOUTHWELL  
HER CHEEKS.

RARE are thy cheeks, Susanna, which do show  
Ripe cherries smiling, while that others blow.

UPON HER EYES.

CLEERE are her eyes,  
Like purest skies.  
Discovering from thence  
A babie there  
That turns each sphere,  
Like an intelligence.

UPON HER FEET.

HER pretty feet  
Like snailes did creep  
A little out, and then,  
As if they played at bo-peep,  
Did soon draw in agen.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN MINCE.

FOR civill, cleane, and circumcised wit,  
And for the comely carriage of it ;  
Thou art the man, the onely man best known,  
Markt for the true-wit of a million :  
From whom we'l reckon. Wit came in, but since  
The calculation of thy birth, brave Mince.

## UPON HIS GRAY HAIREs.

FLY me not, though I be gray,  
 Lady, this I know you'l say;  
 Better look the roses red,  
 When with white commingled.  
 Black your haire are; mine are white;  
 This begets the more delight,  
 When things meet most opposite:  
 As in pictures we descry,  
 Venus standing Vulcan by.

## ACCUSATION.

IF accusation onely can draw blood,  
 None shall be guiltlesse, be he n'er so good.

## PRIDE ALLOWABLE IN POETS.

AS thou deserv'st, be proud; then gladly let  
 The Muse give thee the Delphick coronet.

## A VOW TO MINERVA.

GODDESSE, I begin an art;  
 Come thou in, with thy best part,  
 For to make the texture lye  
 Each way smooth and civilly:  
 And a broad-fac't owle shall be  
 Offer'd up with vows to thee.

## ON JONE.

JONE wo'd go tel her haire; and well she might,  
 Having but seven in all; three black, foure white.

## UPON LETCHER. EPIG.

LETCHER was carted first about the streets,  
 For false position in his neighbours sheets:  
 Next, hang'd for theeving: now the people say,  
 His carting was the prologue to this play.

UPON DUNDRIGE.

DUNDRIGE his issue hath ; but is not styl'd  
For all his issue, father of one child.

TO ELECTRA.

'TIS ev'ning, my sweet,  
And dark ; let us meet ;  
Long time w'ave here been a toying :  
And never, as yet,  
That season co'd get,  
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.  
For pittty or shame,  
Then let not love's flame,  
Be ever and ever a spending ;  
Since now to the port  
The path is but short ;  
And yet our way has no ending.  
Time flyes away fast ;  
Our houres doe waste :  
The while we never remember,  
How soone our life, here,  
Growes old with the yeere,  
That dyes with the next December.

DISCORD NOT DISADVANTAGEOUS.

FORTUNE no higher project can devise,  
Then to sow discord 'mongst the enemies.

ILL GOVERNMENT.

PREPOSTEROUS is that government, and rude,  
When kings obey the wilder multitude.

TO MARYGOLDS.

GIVE way, and be ye ravisht by the sun,  
And hang the head when as the act is done,  
Spread as he spreads ; wax lesse as he do's wane ;  
And as he shuts, close up to maids again.

TO DIANEME.

GIVE me one kisse,  
And no more ;  
If so be, this  
Makes you poore ;  
To enrich you,  
Ile restore  
For that one, two  
Thousand score.

TO JULIA, THE FLAMINICA DIALIS, OR  
QUEEN-PRIEST.

THOU know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne  
This mornings incense to prepare, and burne.  
The chaplet, and inareculum\* here be,  
With the white vestures, all attending thee.  
This day, the queen-priest, thou art made t'appease  
Love for our very-many trespasses.  
One chiefe transgression is among the rest,  
Because with flowers her temple was not drest :  
The next, because her altars did not shine  
With daily fyers : the last, neglect of wine :  
For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume  
Us all, unlesse preserv'd by thy perfume.  
Take then thy censer ; put in fire, and thus,  
O pious-priestresse ! make a peace for us.  
For our neglect, Love did our death decree,  
That we escape. *Redemption comes by thee.*

ANACREONTIKE.

BORN I was to be old,  
And for to die here :  
After that, in the mould  
Long for to lye here.

---

\* A twig of a pomgranat, which the queen-priest did use  
to weare on her head at sacrificing.

But before that day comes,  
Still I be bousing ;  
For I know, in the tombs  
There's no carousing.

MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH.

EATEN I have ; and though I had good cheere,  
I did not sup, because no friends were there.  
Where mirth and friends are absent when we dine  
Or sup, there wants the incense and the wine.

LARGE BOUNDS DOE BUT BURY US.

ALL things o'r-rul'd are here by chance ;  
The greatest mans inheritance.  
Where ere the luckie lot doth fall,  
Serves but for place of buriall.

UPON URSLEY.

URSLEY, she thinks those velvet patches grace  
The candid temples of her comely face :  
But he will say, who e'r those cirelets seeth,  
They be but signs of Ursleys hollow teeth.

AN ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBIE CREW.

HERE we securely live, and eate  
The creame of meat ;  
And keep eternal fires,  
By which we sit, and doe divine  
As wine  
And rage inspires.  
If full we charme ; then call upon  
Anacreon  
To grace the frantick thyse :  
And having drunk, we raise a shout  
Throughout  
To praise his verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,  
     Which sung, or seyd,  
     A goblet, to the brim,  
 Of lyrick wine, both swell'd and crown'd,  
     A round  
     We quaffe to him.  
 Thus, thus, we live, and spend the houres  
     In wine and flowers :  
     And make the frolick yeere,  
 The month, the week, the instant day  
     To stay  
     The longer here.  
 Come then, brave knight, and see the cell  
     Wherein I dwell ;  
     And my enchantments too ;  
 Which love and noble freedome is ;  
     And this  
     Shall fetter you.  
 Take horse, and come ; or be so kind,  
     To send your mind  
     (Though but in numbers few)  
 And I shall think I have the heart,  
     Or part  
     Of Clipseby Crew.

TO HIS WORTHY KINSMAN, MR. STEPHEN SOAME.

NOR is my number full, till I inscribe  
 Thee sprightly Soame, one of my righteous  
     tribe :  
 A tribe of one lip ; leven, and of one  
 Civil behaviour, and religion.  
 A stock of saints ; where ev'ry one doth weare  
 A stole of white, and eanonized here,  
 Among which holies, be thou ever known,  
 Brave kinsman, markt out with the whiter stone :  
 Which seals thy glorie ; since I doe prefer  
 Thee here in my eternall calender.

TO HIS TOMB-MAKER.

GO I must ; when I am gone,  
Write but this upon my stone ;  
Chaste I liv'd, without a wife,  
That's the story of my life.  
Strewings need none, every flower  
Is in this word, batchelour.

GREAT SPIRITS SUPERVIVE.

OUR mortall parts may wrapt in seare-cloths lye :  
*Great spirits never with their bodies dye.*

NONE FREE FROM FAULT.

OUT of the world he must, who once comes in :  
*No man exempted is from death, or sinne.*

UPON HIMSELFE BEING BURIED.

LET me sleep this night away,  
Till the dawning of the day :  
Then at th' opening of mine eyes,  
I, and all the world shall rise.

PITIE TO THE PROSTRATE.

'TIS worse then barbarous cruelty to show  
No part of pitie on a conquer'd foe.

WAY IN A CROWD.

ONCE on a Lord-Mayors day, in Cheapside, when  
Skulls co'd not well passe through that scum  
of men.

For quick dispatch, Skulls made no longer stay,  
Then but to breath, and every one gave way :  
For as he breath'd, the people swore from thence  
A fart flew out, or a *Sir-reverence*.

## HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

**H**ERE, here I live with what my board,  
 Can with the smallest cost afford.  
 Though ne'r so mean the viands be,  
 They well content my Prew and me.  
 Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,  
 What ever comes, content makes sweet :  
 Here we rejoyce, because no rent  
 We pay for our poore tenement :  
 Wherein we rest, and never feare  
 The landlord, or the usurer.  
 The quarter-day do's ne'r affright  
 Our peacefull slumbers in the night.  
 We eate our own, and batten more,  
 Because we feed on no mans score :  
 But pitie those, whose flanks grow great,  
 Swel'd with the lard of others meat.  
 We blesse our fortunes, when we see  
 Our own beloved privacie :  
 And like our living, where w'are known  
 To very few, or else to none.

## THE CREDIT OF THE CONQUERER.

**H**E who commends the vanquisht, speaks the  
 power,  
 And glorifies the worthy conquerer.

## ON HIMSELFE.

**S**OME parts may perish ; dye thou canst not all :  
 The most of thee shall scape the funerall.

## UPON ONE-EY'D BROOMSTED. EPIG.

**B**ROOMSTED a lamenesse got by cold and beere ;  
 And to the bath went, to be cured there :  
 His feet were helpt, and left his crutch behind :  
 But home return'd, as he went forth, halfe blind.



## THE FAIRIES.

IF ye will with Mab find grace,  
 Set each platter in his place :  
 Rake the fier up, and get  
 Water in, ere sun be set.  
 Wash your pailcs, and clense your dairies ;  
 Sluts are loathsome to the fairies :  
 Sweep your house : who doth not so,  
 Mab will pinch her by the toe.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, M. JOHN WEARE,  
 COUNCELLOUR.

DID I or love, or could I others draw  
 To the indulgence of the rugged law :  
 The first foundation of that zeale sho'd be  
 By reading all her paragraphs in thee.  
 Who dost so fitly with the lawes unite,  
 As if you two, were one hermaphrodite :  
 Nor courts thou her because she's well attended  
 With wealth, but for those ends she was entended :  
 Which were, and still her offices are known,  
*Law is to give to ev'ry one his owne.*  
 To shore the feeble up, against the strong ;  
 To shield the stranger, and the poore from wrong :  
 This was the founders grave and good intent,  
 To keepe the out-cast in his tenement :  
 To free the orphan from that wolfe-like-man,  
 Who is his butcher more then guardian.  
 To drye the widowes teares ; and stop her swoones,  
 By pouring balme and oyle into her wounds.  
 This was the old way ; and 'tis yet thy course,  
 To keep those pious principles in force.  
 Modest I will be ; but one word Ile say  
 (Like to a sound that's vanishing away)  
 Sooner the in-side of thy hand shall grow  
 Hisped, and hairie, ere thy palm shall know

A postern-bribe tooke, or a forked-fee  
 To fetter Justice, when she might be free.  
*Eggs Ile not shave* : but yet, brave man, if I  
 Was destin'd forth to golden sovereignty :  
 A prince I'de be, that I might thee preferre  
 To be my counsell both, and chancellor.

## THE WATCH.

MAN is a watch, wound up at first, but never  
 Wound up again : once down, he's down for  
 ever.

The watch once downe, all motions then do cease ;  
 And mans pulse stopt, *All passions sleep in peace.*

LINES HAVE THEIR LININGS, AND BOOKES THEIR  
BUCKRAM.

AS in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes,  
 Shall find much farcing buckram in our books.

## ART ABOVE NATURE, TO JULIA.

WHEN I behold a forrest spread  
 With silken trees upon thy head ;  
 And when I see that other dresse  
 Of flowers set in comlinesse :  
 When I behold another grace  
 In the ascent of curious lace,  
 Which like a pinnacle doth shew  
 The top, and the top-gallant too.  
 Then, when I see thy tresses bound  
 Into an ovall, square, or round ;  
 And knit in knots far more then I  
 Can tell by tongue ; or true-love tie :  
 Next, when those lawnie filmes I see  
 Play with a wild civility :  
 And all those airie silks to flow,  
 Alluring me, and tempting so :

I must confesse, mine eye and heart  
Dotes less on Nature, then on Art.

UPON SIBILLA.

WITH paste of almonds, Syb her hands doth  
scoure ;  
Then gives it to the children to devoure.  
In cream she bathes her thighs, more soft then silk,  
Then to the poore she freely gives the milke.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MISTRESSE BRIDGET  
HERRICK.

SWEET Bridget blusht, & therewithall,  
Fresh blossoms from her cheekes did fall.  
I thought at first 'twas but a dream,  
Till after I had handled them ;  
And smelt them, then they smelt to me,  
As blossomes of the almond tree.

UPON LOVE.

I PLAID with Love, as with the fire  
The wanton Satyre did ;  
Nor did I know, or co'd descry  
What under there was hid.  
That Satyre he but burnt his lips ;  
(But min's the greater smart)  
For kissing Loves dissembling chips,  
The fire scorcht my heart.

UPON A COMELY, AND CURIOUS MAIDE.

IF men can say that beauty dyes ;  
Marbles will sweare that here it lyes.  
If, reader, then thou canst forbear,  
In publique loss to shed a teare :  
The dew of grieve upon this stone  
Will tell thee pitie thou hast none.

## UPON THE LOSSE OF HIS FINGER.

ONE of the five straight branches of my hand  
 Is lopt already ; and the rest but stand  
 Expecting when to fall : which soon will be ;  
 First dyes the leafe, the bough next, next the tree.

## UPON IRENE.

ANGRY if Irene be  
 But a minutes life with me :  
 Such a fire I espie  
 Walking in and out her eye,  
 As at once I freeze, and frie.

## UPON ELECTRA'S TEARES.

UPON her cheekes she wept, and from those  
 showers  
 Sprang up a sweet nativity of flowres.

## UPON TOOLY.

THE eggs of pheasants wrie-nosed Tooly sells ;  
 But ne'r so much as licks the speckled shells :  
 Only, if one prove addled, that he eates  
 With superstition, as the cream of meates.  
 The cock and hen he feeds ; but not a bone  
 He ever pickt, as yet, of any one.

## A HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

WHEN I love, (as some have told,  
 Love I shall when I am old)  
 O ye Graces ! make me fit  
 For the welcoming of it.  
 Clean my roomes, as temples be,  
 T' entertain that deity.

Give me words wherewith to wooe,  
 Suppling and successefull too :  
 Winning postures ; and withall,  
 Manners each way musicall :  
 Sweetnesse to allay my sowre  
 And unsmooth behaviour.  
 For I know you have the skill  
 Vines to prune, though not to kill,  
 And of any wood ye see,  
 You can make a Mercury.

TO SILVIA.

NO more, my Silvia, do I mean to pray  
 For those good dayes that ne'r will come away.  
 I want believe ; O gentle Silvia, be  
 The patient saint, and send up vowes for me.

UPON BLANCH. EPIG.

I HAVE seen many maidens to have haire ;  
 Both for their comely need, and some to spare :  
 But Blanch has not so much upon her head,  
 As to bind up her chaps when she is dead.

UPON UMBER. EPIG.

UMBER was painting of a lyon fierce,  
 And working it, by chance from Umbers erse  
 Flew out a crack, so mighty, that the fart,  
 (As UMBER sweares) did make his lyon start.

THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE.

I CANNOT pipe as I was wont to do,  
 Broke is my reed, hoarse is my singing too :  
 My wearied oat Ile hang upon the tree,  
 And give it to the silvan deitie.

## TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WILT thou my true friend be?  
Then love not mine, but me.

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESSE CALLING HIM  
TO ELIZIUM.

*Desunt nonnulla* —

COME then, and like two doves with silv'rie wings,  
Let our soules flie to'the'shades, where ever  
springs  
Sit smiling in the meads; where balme and oile,  
Roses and cassia crown the untill'd soyle.  
Where no disease raignes, or infection comes  
To blast the aire, but amber-greece and gums.  
This, that, and ev'ry thicket doth transpire  
More sweet, then storax from the hallowed fire:  
Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue beares  
Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or peares:  
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew  
Like morning-sun-shine tinsilling the dew.  
Here in green meddowes sits eternall May,  
Purfling the margents, while perpetuall day  
So double gilds the aire, as that no night  
Can ever rust th' enamel of the light.  
Here, naked younglings handsome striplings run  
Their goales for virgins kisses; which when done,  
Then unto dancing forth the learned round  
Commixt they meet, with endlesse roses crown'd.  
And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and see  
Love's chorus led by Cupid; and we'll be  
Two loving followers too unto the grove,  
Where poets sing the stories of our love.  
There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing  
Of Hero, and Leander; then Ile bring

Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer reades  
His Odisees, and his high Iliads.  
About whose throne the crowd of poets throng  
To heare the incantation of his tongue :  
To Linus, then to Pindar ; and that done,  
He bring thee Herrick to Anacreon,  
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowles of burning wine,  
And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,  
Like to his subject ; and as his frantick-  
Looks, shew him truly Bacchanalian like,  
Besmear'd with grapes ; welcome he shall thee  
thither,

Where both may rage, both drink and dance together.

Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by  
Whom faire Corinna sits, and doth comply  
With yvorie wrists, his laureat head, and steeps  
His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.  
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,  
And trowning Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,  
And snakie Perseus, these, and those, whom rage  
(Dropt for the jarres of heaven) fill'd t'engage  
All times unto their frenzies ; thou shalt there  
Behold them in a spacious theater.

Among which glories, crown'd with sacred bayes,  
And flatt'ring ivie, two recite their plaies,  
Beumont and Fletcher, swans, to whom all eares  
Listen, while they, like syrens in their spheres,  
Sing their Evadne ; and still more for thee  
There yet remaines to know, then thou can'st see  
By glim'ring of a fancie ; doe but come,  
And there He shew thee that capacious roome  
In which thy father Johnson now is plac't,  
As in a globe of radiant fire, and grac't  
To be in that orbe crown'd, that doth include  
Those prophets of the former magnitude,  
And he one chiefe ; but harke, I heare the cock,  
The bell-man of the night, proclaime the clock

Of late struck one; and now I see the prime  
 Of day break from the pregnant east, 'tis time  
 I vanish; more I had to say;  
 But night determines here, away.

## LIFE IS THE BODIES LIGHT.

LIFE is the bodies light; which once declining,  
 Those crimson clouds i'th' cheeks & lips leave  
 shining.

Those counter-changed tabbies in the ayre,  
 The sun once set, all of one colour are.  
 So, when death comes, fresh tinctures lose their  
 place,  
 And dismall darknesse then doth smutch the face.

## UPON URLES. EPIG.

URLES had the gout so, that he co'd not stand;  
 Then from his feet, it shifted to his hand:  
 When 'twas in's feet, his charity was small;  
 Now tis in's hand, he gives no almes at all.

## UPON FRANCK.

FRANCK ne'r wore silk she sweares; but I reply.  
 She now weares silk to hide her blood-shot eye.

## LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

LET faire or foule my mistresse be,  
 Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me:  
 Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,  
 The posture hers, I'm pleas'd with it.  
 Or let her tongue be still, or stir,  
 Gracefull is ev'ry thing from her.  
 Or let her grant, or else deny,  
*My love will fit each historie.*



THE PRIMROSE.

ASKE me why I send you here  
 This sweet Infanta of the yeere?  
 Aske me why I send to you  
 This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?  
 I will whisper to your eares,  
 The sweets of love are mixt with tears.

Ask me why this flower do's show  
 So yellow-green, and sickly too?

Ask me why the stalk is weak  
 And bending, yet it doth not break?  
 I will answer, These discover  
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

THE TYTHE. TO THE BRIDE.

IF nine times you your bride-groome kisse;  
 The tenth you know the parsons is.  
 Pay then your tythe; and doing thus,  
 Prove in your bride-bed numerous.  
 If children you have ten, Sir John  
 Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

A FROLICK.

BRING me my rose-buds, Drawer, come;  
 So, while I thus sit crown'd;  
 Ile drink the aged Cecubum,  
 Untill the rooffe turne round.

CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

ALL things subjected are to fate;  
 Whom this morne sees most fortunate,  
 The ev'ning sees in poore estate.

## TO JULIA.

THE saints-bell calls ; and, Julia, I must read  
 The proper lessons for the saints now dead :  
 To grace which service, Julia, there shall be  
 One Holy Collect, said or sung for thee.  
 Dead when thou art, deare Julia, thou shalt have  
 A tentrall sung by virgins o're thy grave :  
 Meane time we two will sing the dirge of these ;  
 Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

## NO LUCK IN LOVE.

I DOE love I know not what ;  
 Sometimes this, & sometimes that :  
 All conditions I aime at.

But, as lucklesse, I have yet  
 Many shrewd disasters met,  
 To gaine her whom I wo'd get.

Therefore now Ile love no more,  
 As I've doted heretofore :  
 He who must be, shall be poore.

## IN THE DARKE NONE DAINTY.

NIGHT hides our thefts ; all faults then pardon'd  
 be :  
 All are alike faire, when no spots we see.  
 Lais and Lucrece, in the night time are  
 Pleasing alike ; alike both singular :  
 Jone, and my lady have at that time one,  
 One and the selfe-same priz'd complexion.  
 Then please alike the pewter and the plate ;  
 The chosen rubie, and the reprobate.

A CHARME, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE.

IF so be a toad be laid  
In a sheeps-skin newly flaid,  
And that ty'd to man 'twil sever  
Him and his affections ever.

UPON A FREE MAID, WITH A FOULE BREATH.

YOU say you'll kiss me, and I thanke you for it :  
But stinking breath, I do as hell abhorre it.

UPON COONE. EPIG.

WHAT is the reason Coone so dully smels ?  
His nose is over-cool'd with isicles.

TO HIS BROTHER IN LAW MASTER JOHN  
WINGFIELD.

FOR being comely, consonant, and free  
To most of men, but most of all to me :  
For so decreeing, that thy clothes expence  
Keepes still within a just circumference:  
Then for contriving so to loade thy board,  
As that the messes ne'r o'r-laid the lord :  
Next for ordaining, that thy words not swell  
To any one unsobber syllable.  
These I co'd praise thee for beyond another,  
Wert thou a Winckfield onely, not a brother.

THE HEAD-AKE.

MY head doth ake,  
O Sappho! take  
Thy fillit,  
And bind the paine ;  
Or bring some bane,  
To kill it.

But lesse that part,  
 Then my poore heart,  
     Now is sick :  
 One kisse from thee  
 Will counsell be,  
     And physick.

## ON HIMSELFE.

LIVE by thy muse thou shalt ; when others die,  
 Leaving no fame to long posterity :  
 When monarchies trans-shifted are, and gone ;  
 Here shall endure thy vast dominion.

## UPON A MAIDE.

HENCE a blessed soule is fled,  
 Leaving here the body dead :  
 Which, since here they can't combine,  
 For the saint, we'll keep the shrine.

## UPON SPALT.

OF pushes Spalt has such a knottie race,  
 He needs a tucker for to burle his face.

## OF HORNE, A COMB-MAKER.

- HORNE sells to others teeth ; but has not one  
 To grace his own gums, or of box, or bone.

## UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

O ! times most bad,  
 Without the scope  
     Of hope  
 Of better to be had !

Where shall I goe,  
 Or whither run  
     To shun  
 This publique overthrow ?

No places are  
 (This I am sure)  
 Secure  
 In this our wasting warre.  
 Some storms w've past ;  
 Yet we must all  
 Down fall,  
 And perish at the last.

CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDERS.

**N**OTHING can be more loathsome, then to see  
 Power conjoyn'd with natures crueltie.

UPON A SOWRE-BREATH LADY. EPIG.

**F**IE, (quoth my lady) what a stink is here ?  
 When 'twas her breath that was the carrionere.

UPON LUCIA.

**I** ASKT my Lucia but a kisse ;  
 And she with scorne deny'd me this :  
 Say then, how ill sho'd I have sped,  
 Had I then askt her maidenhead ?

LITTLE AND LOUD.

**L**ITTLE you are ; for womans sake be proud ;  
 For my sake next, (though little) be not loud.

SHIP-WRACK.

**H**E, who has suffer'd ship-wrack, feares to saile  
 Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale.

PAINES WITHOUT PROFIT.

**A** LONG-lifes-day I've taken paines  
 For very little, or no gaines :  
 The ev'ning's come ; here now Ile stop,  
 And work no more ; but shut up shop.

## TO HIS BOOKE.

**B**E bold, my booke, nor be abasht, or feare  
 The cutting thumb-naile, or the brow severe.  
 But by the Muses sweare, all here is good,  
 If but well read ; or ill read, understood.

## HIS PRAYER TO BEN. JOHNSON.

**W**HEN I a verse shall make,  
 Know I have praid thee,  
 For old religions sake,  
 Saint Ben, to aide me.  
 Make the way smooth for me,  
 When I, thy Herrick,  
 Honouring thee, on my knee  
 Offer my lyrick.  
 Candles Ile give to thee,  
 And a new altar ;  
 And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be  
 Writ in my Psalter.

## POVERTY AND RICHES.

**G**IVE Want her welcome if she comes ; we find,  
 Riches to be but burthens to the mind.

## AGAIN.

**W**HO with a little cannot be content,  
 Endures an everlasting punishment.

## THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

**L**ET'S live with that smal pittance that we have ;  
*Who covets more, is evermore a slave.*

## LAWES.

**W**HEN lawes full power have to sway, we see  
 Little or no part there of tyrannie.

OF LOVE.

I LE get me hence,  
 Because no fence,  
 Or fort that I can make here;  
 But Love by charmes,  
 Or else by armes  
 Will storme, or starving take here.

UPON COCK.

COCK calls his wife his hen: when Cock goes too't,  
 Cock treads his hen, but treads her under-foot.

TO HIS MUSE.

GO wooe young Charles no more to looke,  
 Then but to read this in my booke:  
 How Herrick beggs, if that he can-  
 Not like the muse; to love the man,  
 Who by the shepheards, sung, long since,  
 The starre-led-birth of Charles the Prince.

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

DULL to my selfe, and almost dead to these  
 My many fresh and fragrant mistresses:  
 Lost to all musick now; since every thing  
 Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.  
 Sick is the land to'th' heart; and doth endure  
 More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.  
 But if that golden age wo'd come again,  
 And Charles here rule, as he before did raign;  
 If smooth and unperplext the seasons were,  
 As when the sweet Maria lived here:  
 I sho'd delight to have my curles halfe drown'd  
 In Tyrian dewes, and head with roses crown'd.  
 And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)  
*Knock at a starre with my exalted head.*

## TO VULCAN.

THY sooty godhead, I desire  
 Still to be ready with thy fire :  
 That sho'd my booke despised be,  
 Acceptance it might find of thee.

## LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

THIS is the height of justice, that to doe  
 Thy selfe, which thou put'st other men unto.  
 As great men lead; the meaner follow on,  
 Or to the good, or evill action.

## PURPOSES.

NO wrath of men, or rage of seas  
 Can shake a just mans purposes :  
 No threats of tyrants, or the grim  
 Visage of them can alter him ;  
 But what he doth at first entend,  
 That he holds firmly to the end.

## TO THE MAIDS TO WALKE ABROAD.

COME sit we under yonder tree,  
 Where merry as the maids we'l be.  
 And as on primroses we sit,  
 We'l venter (if we can) at wit :  
 If not, at draw-gloves we will play ;  
 So spend some minutes of the day :  
 Or else spin out the thread of sands,  
 Playing at questions and commands :  
 Or tell what strange tricks Love can do,  
 By quickly making one of two.  
 Thus we will sit and talke ; but tell  
 No cruell truths of Philomell,  
 Or Phillis, whom hard Fate forc't on,  
 To kill her selfe for Demophon.  
 But fables we'l relate ; how Jove  
 Put on all shapes to get a love :



As now a satyr, then a swan ;  
 A bull but then ; and now a man.  
 Next we will act, how young men wooe ;  
 And sigh, and kiss, as lovers do :  
 And talke of brides ; & who shall make  
 That wedding-smock, this bridal-cake ;  
 That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine ;  
 That smooth and silken Columbine.  
 This done, we'l draw lots, who shall buy  
 And guild the baies and rosemary :  
 What posies for our wedding rings ;  
 What gloves we'l give, and ribanings :  
 And smiling at our selves, decree,  
 Who then the joyning priest shall be.  
 What short sweet prayers shall be said ;  
 And how the posset shall be made  
 With cream of lillies (not of kine)  
 And maiden's-blush, for spiced wine.  
 Thus, having talkt, we'l next commend  
 A kiss to each ; and so we'l end.

HIS OWN EPITAPH.

AS wearied pilgrims, once possest  
 Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest :  
 So I, now having rid my way ;  
 Fix here my button'd staffe and stay.  
 Youth (I confess) hath me mis-led ;  
 But age hath brought me right to bed.

A NUPTIAL VERSE TO MISTRESSE ELIZABETH LEE,  
 NOW LADY TRACIE.

SPRING with the larke, most comely bride, and  
     meet  
 Your eager bridegroomme with auspicious feet.  
 The morn's farre spent ; and the immortall Sunne  
 Corrols his cheek, to see those rites not done.

Fie, lovely maid ! Indeed you are too slow,  
 When to the temple Love sho'd runne, not go.  
 Dispatch your dressing then ; and quickly wed :  
 Then feast, and coy't a little ; then to bed.  
 This day is Loves day ; and this busie night  
 Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight  
 With such an arm'd, but such an easie foe,  
 As will if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.  
 The field is pitch't ; but such must be your warres,  
 As that your kisses must out-vie the starres.  
 Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye  
 Drown'd in the bloud of rubies there, not die.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,  
 The shooting starres attend thee ;  
 And the elves also,  
 Whose little eyes glow,  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'th'-Wispe mis-light thee ;  
 Nor snake, or slow-worme bite thee :  
 But on, on thy way  
 Not making a stay,  
 Since ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber ;  
 What though the moon do's slumber ?  
 The starres of the night  
 Will lend thee their light,  
 Like tapers cleare without number.

Then Julia let me wooe thee,  
 Thus, thus to come unto me :  
 And when I shall meet  
 Thy silv'ry feet,  
 My soule I'll poure into thee.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

GIVE me wine, and give me meate,  
 To create in me a heate,  
 That my pulses high may beate.  
 Cold and hunger never yet  
 Co'd a noble verse beget ;  
 But your boules with sack repleat.  
 Give me these, my knight, and try  
 In a minutes space how I  
 Can runne mad, and prophesie.  
 Then if any peece proves new,  
 And rare, Ile say, my dearest Crew,  
 It was full enspir'd by you.

GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

IF well the dice runne, lets applaud the cast :  
*The happy fortune will not alwayes last.*

A KISSE.

WHAT is a kisse ? Why this, as some approve ;  
 The sure sweet-sement, glue, and lime of love.

GLORIE.

MAKE no haste to have my numbers read.  
*Seldome comes glorie till a man be dead.*

POETS.

WANTONS we are ; and though our words be  
 such,  
 Our lives do differ from our lines by much.

NO DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

REPROACH we may the living ; not the dead :  
*'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.*

## TO HIS VERSES.

**W**HAT will ye, my poor orphans, do  
 When I must leave the world (and you)  
 Who'l give ye then a sheltring shed,  
 Or credit ye, when I am dead?  
 Who'l let ye by their fire sit?  
 Although ye have a stock of wit,  
 Already coin'd to pay for it.  
 I cannot tell; unlesse there be  
 Some race of old humanitie  
 Left (of the large heart, and long hand)  
 Alive, as noble Westmorland;  
 Or gallant Newark; which brave two  
 May fost'ring fathers be to you.  
 If not; expect to be no less  
 Ill us'd, then babes left fatherless.

## HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

**D**EAREST of thousands, now the time drawes  
 neere,  
 That with my lines, my life must full-stop here.  
 Cut off thy haire; and let thy teares be shed  
 Over my turfe, when I am buried.  
 Then for effusions, let none wanting be,  
 Or other rites that doe belong to me;  
 As Love shall helpe thee, when thou do'st go hence  
 Unto thy everlasting residence.

## UPON LOVE.

**I**N a dreame, Love bad me go  
 To the gallies there to rowe;  
 In the vision I askt, why?  
 Love as briefly did reply;  
 'Twas better there to toyle, then prove  
 The turmoiles they endure that love.  
 I awoke, and then I knew  
 What Love said was too too true:

Henceforth therefore I will be  
As from love, from trouble free.  
*None pities him that's in the snare,*  
*And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.*

THE COBLERS CATCH.

COME sit we by the fires side ;  
And roundly drinke we here ;  
Till that we see our cheekes ale-dy'd  
And noses tann'd with beere.

UPON BRAN. EPIG.

WHAT made that mirth last night, the neigh-  
bours say,  
That Bran the baker did his breech bewray :  
I rather thinke, though they may speake the worst,  
'Twas to his batch, but leaven laid there first.

UPON SNARE, AN USURER.

SNARE, ten i'th' hundred calls his wife ; and why ?  
Shee brings in much, by carnall usury.  
He by extortion brings in three times more :  
Say, who's the worst, th' exactor, or the whore ?

UPON GRUDGINGS.

GRUDGINGS turnes bread to stones, when to  
the poore  
He gives an almes, and chides them from his doore.

CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES AT  
WEDDINGS.

*Chorus Sacerdotum.*

FROM the temple to your home  
May a thousand blessings come !  
And a sweet concurring stream  
Of all joyes, to joyn with them.

*Chorus Juvenum.*

Happy day  
 Make no long stay  
 Here  
 In thy sphere ;  
 But give thy place to night,  
 That she,  
 As thee,  
 May be  
 Partaker of this sight.  
 And since it was thy care  
 To see the younglings wed ;  
 'Tis fit that night, the paire,  
 Sho'd see safe brought to bed.

*Chorus Senum.*

Go to your banquet then, but use delight,  
 So as to rise still with an appetite.  
 Love is a thing most nice ; and must be fed  
 To such a height ; but never surfeited.  
 What is beyond the mean is ever ill :  
 'Tis best to feed love ; but not over-fill :  
 Go then discreetly to the bed of pleasure ;  
 And this remember, *Vertue keepes the measure.*

*Chorus Virginum.*

Luckie signes we have discri'd  
 To encourage on the bride ;  
 And to these we have espi'd,  
 Not a kissing Cupid flies  
 Here about, but has his eyes,  
 To imply your love is wise.

*Chorus Pastorum.*

Here we present a fleece  
 To make a peece  
 Of cloth ;  
 Nor, faire, must you be loth

Your finger to apply  
To huswiferie.  
Then, then begin  
To spin :

And, sweetling, marke you, what a web will come  
Into your chests, drawn by your painfull thumb.

*Chorus Matronarum.*

Set you to your wheele, and wax  
Rich, by the ductile wool and flax.  
Yarne is an ineome ; and the huswives thread  
The larder fils with meat ; the bin with bread.

*Chorus Senum.*

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,  
And not by any sordid shift :  
'Tis haste  
Makes waste :  
Extreames have still their fault ;  
*The softest fire makes the sweetest mault.*  
*Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,*  
*Holds none at all, or little in his hand.*

*Chorus Virginum.*

Goddesse of pleasure, youth, and peace,  
Give them the blessing of encrease :  
And thou, Lucina, that do'st heare  
The voves of those, that children beare :  
When as her Aprill houre drawes neare,  
Be thou then propitious there.

*Chorus Juvenum.*

Farre hence be all speech, that may anger move :  
*Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love.*

*Chorus omnium.*

Live in the love of doves, and having told  
The ravens yeares, go hence more ripe then old.

## TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

ONE night i'th'yeare, my dearest beauties, come  
And bring those dew-drink-offerings to my  
tomb.

When thence ye see my reverend ghost to rise,  
And there to lick th' effused sacrifice :  
Though palenes be the livery that I weare,  
Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare.  
Trust me, I will not hurt ye ; or once shew  
The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you :  
Nor shall the tapers when I'm there, burn blew.  
This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,  
Cast on my girles a glance, and loving eye :  
Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost  
The world so soon, and in it, you the most.  
Then these, no feares more on your fancies fall,  
Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

## UPON LOVE.

A CHRISTALL viol Cupid brought,  
Which had a juice in it :  
Of which who drank, he said no thought  
Of Love he sho'd admit.

I greedy of the prize, did drinke,  
And emptied soon the glasse ;  
Which burnt me so, that I do thinke  
The fire of hell it was.

Give me my earthen cups again,  
The christall I contemne ;  
Which, though enchas'd with pearls, contain  
A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O Cupid ! come not to  
My threshold, since I see,  
For all I have, or else can do,  
Thou still wilt cozen me.



## UPON GANDER. EPIG.

SINCE Gander did his prettie youngling wed;  
 Gander, they say, doth each night pisse a bed :  
 What is the cause ? Why, Gander will reply,  
*No goose layes good eggs that is trodden drye.*

## UPON LUNGS. EPIG.

LUNGS, as some say, ne'r sets him down to eate,  
 But that his breath do's fly-blow all the meate.

## THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRIE QUEEN.

PLEASE your grace, from out your store,  
 Give an almes to one that's poore,  
 That your mickle, may have more.  
 Black I'm grown for want of meat ;  
 Give me then an ant to eate ;  
 Or the cleft eare of a mouse  
 Over-sowr'd in drinke of souce :  
 Or, sweet lady, reach to me  
 The abdomen of a bee ;  
 Or commend a crickets-hip,  
 Or his huckson, to my scrip.  
 Give for bread, a little bit  
 Of a pease, that 'gins to chit,  
 And my full thanks take for it.  
 Floure of fuz-balls, that's too good  
 For a man in needy-hood :  
 But the meal of mill-dust can  
 Well content a craving man.  
 Any orts the elves refuse  
 Well will serve the beggars use.  
 But if this may seem too much  
 For an almes ; then give me such  
 Little bits, that nestle there  
 In the pris'ners panier.

So a blessing light upon  
 You, and mighty Oberon :  
 That your plenty last till when,  
 I return your almes agen.

## AN END DECREED.

LET'S be jocund while we may ;  
 All things have an ending day :  
 And when once the work is done ;  
*Fates revolve no flax th'ave spun.*

## UPON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty baby lies  
 Sung asleep with lullabies :  
 Pray be silent, and not stirre  
 Th' easie earth that covers her.

## PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

IF nature do deny  
 Colours, let art supply.

## FARWELL FROST, OR WELCOME SPRING.

FLED are the frosts, and now the fields appeare  
 Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant diaper.  
 Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty spring  
 Gives to each mead a neat enameling.  
 The palms put forth their gemmes, and every tree  
 Now swaggers in her leavy gallantry.  
 The while the Daulian minstrell sweetly sings  
 With warbling notes, her Tyrean sufferings.  
 What gentle winds perspire ? As if here  
 Never had been the northern plunderer  
 To strip the trees, and fields, to their distresse,  
 Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.  
 And look how when a frantick storme doth tear

A stubborn oake, or holme (long growing there)  
 But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze  
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees :  
 So when this war, which tempest-like doth spoil  
 Our salt, our corn, our bonie, wine, and oile,  
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast  
 His inconsiderate frenzie off (at last)  
 The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,  
 Bring in her bill, once more, the branch of peace.

THE HAG.

THE hag is astride,  
 This night for to ride ;  
 The devill and shee together :  
 Through thick, and through thin,  
 Now out, and then in,  
 Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

A thorn or a burr  
 She takes for a spurre :  
 With a lash of a bramble she rides now,  
 Through brakes and through bryars,  
 O're ditches, and mires,  
 She followes the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,  
 Dares now range the wood ;  
 But husht in his laire he lies lurking :  
 While mischeifs, by these,  
 On land and on seas,  
 At noone of night are a working,

The storme will arise,  
 And trouble the skies ;  
 This night, and more for the wonder,  
 The ghost from the tomb  
 Affrighted shall come,  
 Cal'd out by the clap of the thunder.

## UPON AN OLD MAN A RESIDENCIARIE.

TREAD, sirs, as lightly as ye can  
 Upon the grave of this old man.  
 Twice fortie (bating but one year,  
 And thrice three weekes) he lived here.  
 Whom gentle fate translated hence  
 To a more happy residence.  
 Yet, reader, let me tell thee this,  
 Which from his ghost a promise is,  
 If here ye will some few teares shed,  
 He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

## UPON TEARES.

TEARES, though th'are here below the sinners  
 brine,  
 Above they are the angels spiced wine.

## PHYSITIANS.

PHYSTITIANS fight not against men ; but these  
 Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

## THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

OUR houshold-gods our parents be ;  
 And manners good require, that we  
 The first fruits give to them, who gave  
 Us hands to get what here we have.

## UPON COB. EPIG.

COB clouts his shooes, and as the story tells,  
 His thumb-nailes-par'd, afford him sperrables.

## UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

SOUND teeth has Lucie, pure as pearl, and small,  
 With mellow lips, and luscious there withall.

UPON SKOLES. EPIG.

SKOLES stinks so deadly, that his breeches loath  
His dampish buttocks furthermore to cloath :  
Cloy'd they are up with arse ; but hope, one blast  
Will whirle about, and blow them thence at last.

TO SILVIA.

I AM holy, while I stand  
Circum-crost by thy pure hand :  
But when that is gone ; again,  
I, as others, am prophane.

TO HIS CLOSET-GODS.

WHEN I goe hence, ye closet-gods, I feare  
Never againe to have ingression here :  
Where I have had, what ever things co'd be  
Pleasant, and precious to my muse and me.  
Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none  
Co'd reade the intext but my selfe alone.  
About the cover of this book there went  
A curious-comely clean compartlement :  
And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set  
A blushing-pretty-peeping rubelet :  
But now 'tis clos'd ; and being shut, & seal'd,  
Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd !  
Keep here still, closet-gods, 'fore whom I've set  
Oblations oft, of sweetest marmelet.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty bowle  
Up to the brim :  
That I may drink  
Unto my Johnsons soule.

Crowne it agen agen ;  
 And thrice repeat  
 That happy heat ;  
 To drink to thee my Ben.

Well I can quaffe, I see,  
 To th' number five,  
 Or nine ; but thrive  
 In frenzie ne'r like thee.

LONG LOOKT FOR COMES AT LAST.

THOUGH long it be, yeeres may repay the debt ;  
*None loseth that, which he in time may get.*

To YOUTH.

DRINK wine, and live here blithesfull, while ye  
 may :  
*The morrowes life too late is, live to-day.*

NEVER TOO LATE TO DYE.

NO man comes late unto that place from whence  
 Never man yet had a regredience.

A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

O ! YOU the virgins nine !  
 That doe our soules encline  
 To noble discipline !  
 Nod to this vow of mine :  
 Come then, and now enspire  
 My violl and my lyre  
 With your eternall fire :  
 And make me one entire  
 Composer in your quire.  
 Then I'le your altars strew  
 With roses sweet and new ;  
 And ever live a true  
 Acknowledger of you.

ON HIMSELF.

I LE sing no more, nor will I longer write  
Of that sweet lady, or that gallant knight :  
He sing no more of frosts, snowes, dewes and showers ;  
No more of groves, meades, springs, and wreaths of  
flowers :

He write no more, nor will I tell or sing  
Of Cupid, and his wittie coozning :  
He sing no more of death, or shall the grave  
No more my dirges, and my trentalls have.

UPON JONE AND JANE.

J ONE is a wench that's painted ;  
Jone is a girle that's tainted ;  
Yet Jone she goes  
Like one of those  
Whom purity had sainted.

Jane is a girle that's prittie ;  
Jane is a wench that's wittie ;  
Yet, who wo'd think,  
Her breath do's stinke,  
As so it doth ? that's pittie.

To MOMUS.

WHO read'st this book that I have writ,  
And can'st not mend, but carpe at it :  
By all the muses ! thou shalt  
Anathema to it, and me.

AMBITION.

I N wayes to greatnesse, think on this,  
*That slippery all ambition is.*

THE COUNTRY LIFE, TO THE HONOURED M. END.  
PORTER, GROOME OF THE BED-CHAMBER  
TO HIS MAJ.

SWEET countrie life, to such unknown,  
Whose lives are others, not their own !  
But serving courts, and cities, be  
Less happy, less enjoying thee.  
Thou never plow'st the oceans foame  
To seek, and bring rough pepper home :  
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove  
To bring from thence the scorched clove.  
Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,  
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.  
No, thy ambition's master-piece  
Flies no thought higher then a fleece :  
Or how to pay thy hinds, and cleere  
All scores ; and so to end the yeere :  
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,  
Not envying others larger grounds :  
For well thou know'st, *'tis not th' extent  
Of land makes life, but sweet content.*  
When now the cock (the plow-mans horne)  
Calls forth the lilly-wristed morne ;  
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,  
Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know,  
That the best compost for the lands  
Is the wise masters feet, and hands.  
There at the plough thou find'st thy teame,  
With a hind whistling there to them :  
And cheer'st them up, by singing how  
The kingdoms portion is the plow.  
This done, then to th' enameld meads  
Thou go'st ; and as thy foot there treads,  
Thou seest a present God-like power  
Imprinted in each herbe and flower :  
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,  
Sweet as the blossomes of the vine.



Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat  
Unto the dew-laps up in meat :  
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steere,  
The heifer, cow, and ox draw neere  
To make a pleasing pastime there.  
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks  
Of sheep, safe from the wolfe and fox,  
And find'st their bellies there as full  
Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.  
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,  
A shepherd piping on a hill.  
For sports, for pagentrie, and playes,  
Thou hast thy eves, and holydayes :  
On which the young men and maids meet,  
To exercise their dancing feet :  
Tripping the comely country round,  
With daffadils and daisies crown'd.  
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,  
Thy May-poles too with garlands grac't :  
Thy Morris-dance ; thy Whitsun-ale ;  
Thy sheering-feast, which never faile.  
Thy harvest home ; thy wassaile bowle,  
That's tost up after fox i'th' hole.  
Thy mummeries ; thy Twelfe-tide kings  
And queenes ; thy Christmas revellings :  
Thy nut-browne mirth ; thy russet wit ;  
And no man payes too deare for it.  
To these, thou hast thy times to goe  
And trace the hare i'th' trecherous snow :  
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get  
The larke into the trammell net :  
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade  
To take the precious phesant made :  
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then  
To catch the pilfring birds, not men.  
O happy life ! if that their good  
The husbandmen but understood !  
Who all the day themselves doe please,

And younglings, with such sports as these.  
 And, lying down, have nought t' affright  
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

*Cætera desunt* —

TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kisse ;  
 I dare not beg a smile ;  
 Lest having that, or this,  
 I might grow proud the while.  
 No, no, the utmost share  
 Of my desire, shall be  
 Onely to kisse that aire,  
 That lately kissed thee.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

WHEN after many lusters thou shalt be  
 Wrapt up in seare-cloth with thine ancestrie :  
 When of thy ragg'd escutcheons shall be seene  
 So little left, as if they ne'r had been :  
 Thou shalt thy name have, and thy fames best trust,  
 Here with the generation of my just.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE WOULD HAVE.

BE the mistresse of my choice,  
 Cleane in manners, cleere in voice :  
 Be she witty, more then wise ;  
 Pure enough, though not precise :  
 Be she shewing in her dresse,  
 Like a civill wilderness ;  
 That the curious may detect  
 Order in a sweet neglect :  
 Be she rowling in her eye,  
 Tempting all the passers by :  
 And each ringlet of her haire,  
 An enchantment, or a snare,

For to catch the lookers on ;  
But her self held fast by none.  
Let her Lucrece all day be,  
Thais in the night, to me.  
Be she such, as neither will  
*Famish me, nor over-fill.*

UPON ZELOT.

IS Zelot pure? he is : ye see he weares  
The signe of circumcision in his eares.

THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH.

GROW for two ends, it matters not at all,  
Be't for my bridall, or my buriall.

UPON MADAM URSLY. EPIG.

FOR ropes of pearle, first Madam Ursly shoves  
A chaine of cornes, pickt from her eares and  
toes :

Then, next, to match Tradescant's curious shels,  
Nailes from her fingers mew'd, she shewes : what els ?  
Why then, forsooth, a carcanet is shown  
Of teeth, as deaf as nuts, and all her own.

UPON CRAB. EPIG.

CRAB faces gownes with sundry furies ; 'tis  
known,  
He keeps the fox-furre for to face his own.

A PARANÆTICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO HIS  
FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKS.

IS this a life, to break thy sleep ?  
To rise as soon as day doth peep ?  
To tire thy patient ox or asse  
By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,  
Not knowing this, that Jove decrees  
Some mirth, t'adulce mans miseries ?

No ; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,  
 Without extortion, from thy soyle :  
 Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee graine,  
 Although with some, yet little paine :  
 To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,  
 With feares, and cares uncumbered :  
 A pleasing wife, that by thy side  
 Lies softly panting like a bride.  
 This is to live, and to endeere  
 Those minutes, Time has lent us here.  
 Then, while Fates suffer, live thou free,  
 As is that ayre that circles thee,  
 And crown thy temples too, and let  
 Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,  
 To strut thy barnes with sheafs of wheat.  
 Time steals away like to a stream,  
 And we glide hence away with them.  
*No sound recalls the houres once fled,*  
*Or roses, being withered :*  
 Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,  
 Like to a deaw, or melted frost.  
 Then live we mirthfull, while we should,  
 And turn the iron age to gold.  
 Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play,  
 And thus lesse last, then live our day.  
*Whose life with care is overcast,*  
*That man's not said to live, but last :*  
*Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell,*  
*But for to live that half seven well :*  
 And that wee'l do ; as men, who know,  
 Some few sands spent, we hence must go,  
 Both to be blended in the urn,  
 From whence there's never a return.

ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

THOUSANDS each day passe by, which wee,  
 Once past and gone, no more shall see.

LOVE.

THIS axiom I have often heard,  
*Kings ought to be more lov'd, then fear'd.*

TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

OR lookt I back unto the times hence flown,  
 To praise those muses, and dislike our own ?  
 Or did I walk those pean-gardens through,  
 To kick the flow'rs, and scorn their odours too ?  
 I might, and justly, be reputed (here)  
 One nicely mad, or peevishly severe.  
 But by Apollo ! as I worship wit,  
 Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it :  
 So, I confesse, 'tis somewhat to do well  
 In our high art, although we can't excell,  
 Like thee ; or dare the buskins to unloose  
 Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian muse.  
 But since I'm cal'd, rare Denham, to be gone,  
 Take from thy Herrick this conclusion :  
 'Tis dignity in others, if they be  
 Crown'd poets ; yet live princes under thee :  
 The while their wreaths and purple robes do shine,  
 Lesse by their own jemms, then those beams of  
 thine.

A HYMNE, TO THE LARES.

IT was, and still my care is,  
 To worship ye, the Lares,  
 With crowns of greenest parsley,  
 And garlick chives not scarcely :  
 For favours here to warme me,  
 And not by fire to harne me.  
 For gladding so my hearth here,  
 With inoffensive mirth here ;  
 That while the wassaile bowle here  
 With North-down ale doth troule here,

No sillable doth fall here,  
 To marre the mirth at all here.  
 For which, ô chimney-keepers !  
 (I dare not call ye sweepers)  
 So long as I am able  
 To keep a countrey-table,  
 Great be my fare, or small cheere,  
 I'le eat and drink up all here.

DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTNING TO MEN.

WOMEN, although they ne're so goodly make it,  
 Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

ADVERSITY.

LOVE is maintain'd by wealth ; when all is spent,  
 Adversity then breeds the discontent.

TO FORTUNE.

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit  
 Upon my ruines (smiling yet :)  
 Teare me to tatters ; yet I'le be  
 Patient in my necessitie.  
 Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun  
 Me, as a fear'd infection :  
 Yet scarre-crow-like I'le walk, as one,  
 Neglecting thy derision.

TO ANTHEA.

COME, Anthea, know thou this,  
*Love at no time idle is :*  
 Let's be doing, though we play  
 But at push-pin, half the day :  
 Chains of sweet bents let us make,  
 Captive one, or both, to take :  
 In which bondage we will lie,  
 Soules transfusing thus, and die.

CRUELITIES.

NERO commanded ; but withdrew his eyes  
From the beholding death, and cruelties.

PERSEVERANCE.

HAST thou begun an act ? ne're then give o're:  
*No man despires to do what's done before.*

UPON HIS VERSES.

WHAT off-spring other men have got,  
The how, where, when, I question not.  
These are the children I have left ;  
Adopted some ; none got by theft.  
But all are toucht, like lawfull plate,  
And no verse illegitimate.

DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

KINGS must not oft be seen by publike eyes ;  
*State at a distance adds to dignities.*

HEALTH.

HEALTH is no other, as the learned hold,  
But a just measure both of heat and cold.

TO DIANE. A CEREMONIE IN GLOCESTER.

I LE to thee a simnell bring,  
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering ;  
So that, when she blesseth thee,  
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

TO THE KING.

GIVE way, give way, now, now my Charles shines  
here,  
A publike light, in this immensive sphere.  
Some starres were fixt before ; but these are dim,

Compar'd (in this my ample orbe) to him.  
 Draw in your feeble fiers, while that he  
 Appeares but in his meaner majestie.  
 Where, if such glory flashes from his name,  
 Which is his shade, who can abide his flame!  
*Princes, and such like publike lights as these,*  
*Must not be lookt on, but at distances :*  
*For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too neer,*  
*Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer.*

#### THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE rose was sick, and smiling di'd ;  
 And, being to be sanctifi'd,  
 About the bed, there sighing stood  
 The sweet, and flowrie sisterhood.  
 Some hung the head, while some did bring  
 (To wash her) water from the spring.  
 Some laid her forth, while others wept,  
 But all a solemne fast there kept.  
 The holy sisters some among  
 The sacred dirge and trentall sung.  
 But ah ! what sweets smelt every where,  
 As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.  
 At last, when prayers for the dead,  
 And rites were all accomplished ;  
 They, weeping, spread a lawnie loome,  
 And clos'd her up, as in a tombe.

#### THE RAINBOW: OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine,  
 And as they thus did entertaine  
 The gentle beams from Julia's sight  
 To mine eyes level'd opposite :  
 O thing admir'd ! there did appeare  
 A curious rainbow smiling there ;  
 Which was the covenant, that she  
 No more wo'd drown mine eyes, or me.



THE LAST STROKE STRIKE SURE.

THOUGH by well-warding many blowes w'ave  
 past,  
*That stroke most fear'd is, which is struck the last.*

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE'S a blind profuser of her own,  
 Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

STOOL-BALL.

A T stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,  
 For sugar-cakes and wine ;  
 Or for a tansie let us pay,  
 The losse or thine, or mine.  
 If thou, my deere, a winner be  
 At trundling of the ball,  
 The wager thou shalt have, and me,  
 And my misfortunes all.  
 But if, my sweetest, I shall get,  
 Then I desire but this ;  
 That likewise I may pay the bet,  
 And have for all a kisse.

TO SAPPHO.

LET us now take time, and play,  
 Love, and live here while we may ;  
 Drink rich wine ; and make good cheere,  
 While we have our being here :  
 For, once dead, and laid i'th grave,  
 No return from thence we have.

ON POET PRAT. EPIG.

PRAT he writes satyres ; but herein's the fault,  
 In no one satyre there's a mite of salt.

## UPON TUCK. EPIG.

A<sup>T</sup> post and paire, or slam, Tom Tuck would  
     play  
 This Christmas, but his want wherwith, sayes Nay.

## BITING OF BEGGARS.

W<sup>H</sup>O, railing, drives the lazar from his door,  
 Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

## THE MAY-POLE.

T<sup>H</sup>E May-pole is up,  
     Now give me the cup;  
 I'll drink to the garlands a-round it :  
     But first unto those  
     Whose hands did compose  
 The glory of flowers that crown'd it.  
     A health to my girles,  
     Whose husbands may earles  
 Or lords be, (granting my wishes)  
     And when that ye wed  
     To the bridall bed,  
 Then multiply all, like to fishes.

## MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

T<sup>H</sup>AT flow of gallants which approach  
     To kisse thy hand from out the coach;  
 That fleet of lackeyes, which do run  
 Before thy swift postilion :  
 Those strong-hoof'd mules, which we behold,  
 Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,  
 And shod with silver, prove to be  
 The drawers of the axeltree.  
 Thy wife, thy children, and the state  
 Of Persian loomes, and antique plate :  
 All these, and more, shall then afford  
 No joy to thee their sickly lord.

## ADVERSITY.

**A**DVERSITY hurts none, but onely such  
Whom whitest Fortune dandled has too much.

## WANT.

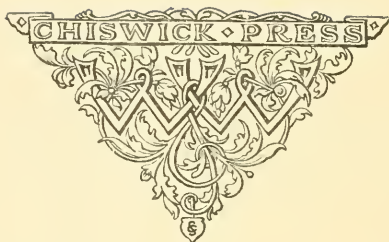
**N**EED is no vice at all ; though here it be,  
With men, a loathed inconveniencie.

## GRIEFE.

**S**ORROWES divided amongst many, lesse  
Discruciate a man in deep distresse.

## LOVE PALPABLE.

**I** PREST my Julia's lips, and in the kisse  
Her soule and love were palpable in this.



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